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BEN
JONSON



William Elders portrait of Jonson 1692

BEN
J O N S O N

Edited by C. H. HERFORD
PERCY *and* EVELYN SIMPSON

VOLUME VI

Bartholomew Fair
The Devil is an Ass
The Staple of News
The New Inn
The Magnetic Lady

O X F O R D
At the Clarendon Press
1938

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P R E F A C E

THE present volume concludes the most important section of Jonson's work, the Plays, with the exception of the fragmentary *Sad Shepherd*. This will be printed in the seventh volume at the head of the *Masques*.

Mrs. Simpson, who has given valuable help in the past, has in this volume become a collaborator. The fact is recorded on the title-page.

The Editors gratefully acknowledge the help they have received in getting access to copies of the text and permission to photograph title-pages. His Grace the Duke of Portland deposited in Bodley his copy of the second volume of the 1640 Folio with the 1669 title-page of *The Devil is an Ass*; no other copy with this title-page is recorded. For our knowledge of it we are indebted to the librarian at Welbeck, Mr. F. W. Needham, who obtained permission for us to reproduce it. Mr. H. L. Ford supplied us with another rare, if not unique, title-page of *Bartholomew Fair*. Sir Charles Oman and the Library Committee of All Souls College allowed photographs to be taken of title-pages in their copies of the Folio. One of the last services rendered to us by the late T. J. Wise was to deposit in Bodley his copy of *The New Inn* with the untrimmed leaves and to allow us to photograph it for purposes of collation. Many years ago, before

this copy passed into Mr. Wise's collection, the late Bertram Dobell allowed us to collate it and lent a second copy which he had then in his keeping. For access to special copies in order to solve a textual problem, we are indebted to the assistant librarian of Christ Church, Mr. W. G. Hiscock, to the late librarian of Jesus College, the Rev. L. B. Cross, and to the librarian of Manchester College, the Rev. R. V. Holt.

We are deeply indebted to Dr. W. W. Greg for some very valuable criticism.

We have once again to thank the staff of the Clarendon Press for their skill and vigilance.

The present volume was prepared for the press concurrently with the fifth volume. The explanation of this more rapid execution of our long and difficult task was given in the preface to that volume. In 1935 a Leverhulme Research Fellowship was awarded to the Editor for two years. A further result of the award is that we have prepared the earlier portion of the seventh volume. Some of the worst difficulties in the text of the *Masques* have been solved, and there is reasonable ground for hoping that the volume will be ready for the printer by the end of 1938. Lovers of Ben Jonson will share our gratitude to the Leverhulme Trustees.

P. S.

Oriel College, Oxford,
December, 1937.

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS AND FACSIMILES

WILLIAM ELDER'S PORTRAIT OF JONSON . *Frontispiece*

This portrait was engraved by Elder for a frontispiece to the Folio of 1692. He copied it from Robert Vaughan's engraving in the Folio of 1640, which we have reproduced as the frontispiece to our third volume. The Vaughan engraving is reversed by Elder; the details are copied with slight modifications. The poet's laurel wreath has a cluster of full-sized overlapping leaves; Vaughan had two sprays of laurel meeting above the head. The face is fuller than in Vaughan's portrait, and the lines are less deep. The hair over the brow and above the right ear is sharper drawn with ampler curls, but the thin beard is reproduced. The lappet is on the right shoulder, and the collar is tied by the double loop. The braid on either side of the buttons which fasten the doublet is marked simply by lighter shading without any trace of the pattern found in Vaughan. The cloak is here thrown over the right arm, and the gloves are held in the right hand. The portrait, framed in oval with the inscription '*Vera effigies doctissimi poetarum Anglorum, Ben: Iohnsonii*', rests on an altar, on the pedestal of which are Abraham Holland's lines—

*Johnsoni typus ; ecce! qui furoris,
Antistes sacer, Enthei, Camenis,
Vindex Ingenij recens Sepulchri,
Antiquæ reparator unus artis,
Defunctæ Pater Eruditionis,
Et Scenæ veteris Novator audax,
Nec felix minus, aut minus politus,
Cui solus similis, Figura vivet.*

*O could there be an art found out that might
Produce his Shape so lively as to Write.*

Only one detail of the Vaughan portrait is omitted—the wart close by the right nostril. As a matter of fact the fine painting in

x *List of Illustrations and Facsimiles*

the National Portrait Gallery shows that the wart was by the left nostril. This is a feature which Vaughan need not have reversed.

Elder's engraving was also sold separately. It has the advertisement, 'Sold at the George near St. Dunstons Church in Fleet Street'. Elder worked from 1680 to 1700. He was popular with booksellers, who employed him for these frontispieces. His engraved portraits, says Mr. Lionel Cust in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, 'show more mechanical than artistic skill and are mostly copied from older engravings'. This particular portrait of Jonson, George Vertue thought 'the best of Elder's plates', and it certainly shows some degree of technical accomplishment.

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR

- The trial title-page in Mr. H. L. Ford's copy . . . *To face p. 8*
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THE TEXT: INTRODUCTORY NOTE

I AM sorry to observe', Gifford wrote in his prefatory note to *Bartholomew Fair*, 'that the excellent folio of 1616 deserts us here.' We share his regret, for the Folio of 1631-1640 is carelessly printed and the text has to be constantly corrected in such points as the punctuation. Four of the plays in the present volume were included in it: *Bartholomew Fair*, *The Devil is an Ass*, and *The Staple of News*, dated 1631, *The Magnetic Lady*, dated 1640. *The New Inn* was not included; it was published in octavo in 1631 and in the one-volume folio of 1692.

Twelve copies of the 1640 Folio have been collated for the text of the present edition: three copies in the British Museum, two copies in the Bodleian, two copies in the library of All Souls College, Oxford, the Oriel College copy, and four copies belonging to the Editor. Selden's copy of the 1631 edition of *The Devil is an Ass* (H 1. 9 Art. Seld. in Bodley) and the Editor's copy, bound in contemporary vellum, have also been collated. Sometimes an uncorrected state of a portion of the text has been found only in a single copy. In the hope of finding some corrections of the blundering in quires L and M of *Bartholomew Fair* thirty-four copies were examined, without result. That is an instructive example of the difficulties that confront an editor who tries to cope with the text of the 1640 Folio.

The seven copies of the 1631 Octavo of *The New Inn* which have been collated are recorded in the introduction to the text of that play; it is the best printed play in this volume.

The following symbols and abbreviations have been used in the critical apparatus:

F = the Folio of 1631-1640.

F3 = the Folio of 1692.

W = Whalley's edition of 1736.

G = Gifford's edition of 1816.

In *Bartholomew Fair*:

Re = the reset L 2 recto and L 3 verso of the 1631 Folio.

In *The New Inn*:

O = the Octavo of 1631.

Corrections, whether printer's or author's, are indicated by the formula, '*corr. F.*', the misprint by '*F originally*'. Similarly, in *The New Inn*, '*corr. O*', '*O originally*'. The few emendations for which the Editor is responsible are marked '*Editor*': for example, when the imbecile jeerers run away from the usurer Peni-boy's home on hearing that Peni-boy Canter is upon them, in Act V, scene v, lines 56-7 of *The Staple of News*, the Folio reads:

See! the whole *Couy* is scatter'd,
'Ware, 'ware the *Hawkes*. I loue to see him flye.

Whalley thought to correct the grammar by altering 'him' to 'em', Gifford by printing 'them'. We have made the obvious change of '*Hawke*' for '*Hawkes*'. Conical brackets enclose words inserted in the text to supply an omission of the original: for instance, '(*Enter Lovel.*)' in Act III, scene ii, after line 24 of *The New Inn*. Square brackets enclose a word wrongly inserted in the original: for instance, '[*Iron-side*]' in the heading of Act V, scene ix of *The Magnetic Lady*; he is not present in that scene.

Gifford's scene-locations, scene-numberings, and stage directions, where these last are not anticipated in the original, are added in the critical apparatus. He wrongly marks a new scene in *The Devil is an Ass* at Act II, scene vii, line 23. We ourselves have been forced—we hope with more justification—to mark a new scene in the third Act of *The Magnetic Lady*, scene iii; Jonson's text appears to have been confused at that point, and the printer failed to grapple with it.

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR

THE TEXT

With the play of *Bartholomew Fair* the text of Jonson enters on a new phase. *Catiline* was the last play printed in the 1616 Folio under Jonson's supervision; *Bartholomew Fair*, though acted in 1614, was not included. The three plays of *Bartholomew Fair*, *The Devil is an Ass*, and *The Staple of News* were printed in 1631 by John Beale for Robert Allot; they were afterwards included in the 1640 Folio. Jonson had evidently planned to bring out a second folio, but in 1628 he had an attack of paralysis. His own infirmity and the incompetence of Beale put an end to the project, which went no further than these three plays. In a letter to the Earl of Newcastle¹ he complained of 'the Lewd Printer', with whose 'delays and vexation' he had almost become blind and suggested that their relations would make a tragi-comedy of 'The Absolute Knave' with Beale in the title part.

Of the three plays printed in 1631 only *The Staple of News* was entered on the Stationers' Register; John Waterson entered it on 14 April 1626, and transferred it to Allot on 7 September 1631.² But *Bartholomew Fair*, though not entered, was transferred by Allot's widow, Mary, after her husband's death, to the younger John Legatt and Allot's old servant Andrew Crooke, along with *The Staple of News* and fifty-nine other books, on 1 July 1637.³

The collation of *Bartholomew Fair* in the folio text of 1631 is as follows: A 1 blank; A 2 recto, the title-page; A 2 verso, blank; A 3 recto, the prologue to the King for the Court performance; A 3 verso, the persons of the play; A 4-6, the induction; B to M in fours, the text of the play, concluding with the Epilogue to the King. A 1 is blank in a copy belonging to Dr. Greg; in all other copies examined it is missing or a title is printed on the recto, dated 1640, and describing the book as 'The second Volume' of the 'Workes'. It gives the three plays in wrong chronological

¹ Printed in vol 1, p. 211

² Arber's *Transcript*, iv 156 and 260.

³ *Ibid.* 387

order, viz. *Bartholomew Fair, The Staple of News, The Devil is an Ass*, and bears the device of Bernard Alsop¹ and the imprint of Richard Meighen.

The title-page of *Bartholomew Fair* on A 2 is found in two states, both of which are reproduced in this edition. (1) The commoner form in which, after the reference to the dedication of the play to King James, the author's name is printed between two rules in a single line, 'By the Author, BENIAMIN IOHNSON'; (2) a trial title-page in a copy belonging to Mr. H. L. Ford, in which the rules are taken out and the name is printed in the usual abbreviated form

BY

The Author, BEN: IOHNSON.

Except for the 'BY' this is the form in which the name appears in the two other plays of 1631. The misprint '*assello*' occurs in both states of the title-page. Beale's device (No. 374 in McKerrow) is on the title-page, a griffin's head erased in the centre with the arms of the Stationers' Company and Beale's arms in the upper corners. The ill-printed crest in the latter should be, Dr. McKerrow notes, a unicorn's head *semée d'estorles*.

How does Beale's printing of the text stand the test of critical scrutiny? Were Jonson's strictures justified? Beale made almost every mistake which a bad and careless printer was capable of making. Letters are frequently omitted: a representative example is the stage-direction in *rv. v. 61* 'Alice *eners, beating he Iustice's wife*'. Words are dropped, as in the unintelligible 'A very lesse then *Ames-ace*, on two Dice' in *i. i. 10*. Words are printed twice over: for example 'then then' (*iii. v. 32*), 'and and' (*iii. vi. 36*). Misspellings, such as 'Soueragine' (*Ind. 69*), abound; a number due to foul case may be more fully illustrated, for example, *c* and *e* in 'Licencc' (*i. ii. 23*), 'shce' (*ib. 48*), 'fatnessc' (*ii. ii. 118*), 'sneerc' (*ii. v. 123*), 'baitcd' (*iii. iv. 131*), 'hce' (*iii. v. 8*); similarly with *r* and *t* we have 'wirh'

¹ No 339 in McKerrow.

(III. v. 11), 'Heatt' (ib. 304), 'rhe' (iv. vi. 43), and 'fot' (v. vi. 12). Misspacing of words and mispunctuation of sentences occur so frequently that one accepts them as the printer's normal practice : it is sufficient to quote 'persway or, aswage' in II. vi. 39. Another point is the sparing use of the Jonsonian bracket when a speech interrupts the run of the dialogue ; Beale apparently ignored it. Thus in iv. iv. 21, in the fatuous game of vapours—

K N O. Nay, I know nothing, Sir, pardon me there.

E D G. They are at it stil, Sir, this they call vapours.

W H I. He shall not pardon dee, Captaine, dou shalt not be pardon'd.—

At the second line Edgworth enters behind with Quarlous, to whom he explains what is passing. Jonson would certainly have bracketed his speech. Similarly Overdoo's numerous asides would have been helped by the use of this favourite device of Jonson's.

Finally, it may be noted that the printing—never good—deteriorates badly towards the end of the play. Everything suggests hurried composition and no subsequent examination by a press-corrector in Beale's office.

How did Jonson, now in failing health and with bad eyesight, face the problem thus presented to him ? Gifford in his introductory note to the present play observed that the plays printed after *Catiline* 'do not exhibit, to my eye, the same marks of Jonson's care as those already given : nor do I think that he concerned himself with the revision of the folio now before us'—he means all the plays published in 1640, not merely the three plays printed in 1631—'or, indeed ever saw it, though many of the pieces contained in it are dated several years antecedent to his death.' The letter to the Earl of Newcastle proves that Jonson 'concerned himself' with these early plays : he sent the Earl advance copies of *Bartholomew Fair* and *The Devil is an Ass*, but could not extract from Beale a copy of *The Staple of News* after it had been printed off. Further,

Jonson seems to have made some attempt to correct these plays.

To take the evidence afforded by the text of *Bartholomew Fair*. One alteration on C 2 recto, 'your head' for 'you head' (l. v. 93), might have been made by a compositor; but those on D 1 verso and D 4 recto are probably Jonson's—on D 1 verso two misspellings, 'Who'ld' for 'Wou'ld' (ll. ii. 40) and 'Edgeworth' for 'Egdeworth' (l. 56); and two corrections of the punctuation 'Heere,' for 'Heere.' (l. 46), and 'morning,' for 'morning' (l. 59), on D 4 recto, a stage-direction is inserted '*This they whisper, that Ouerdoo heares it not.*' (ll. iv. 37), 'on on 'hem' is corrected to 'one on 'hem' (ib. l. 58), and commas are inserted after 'sing' (l. 40) and 'here' (l. 65). Beale would not have troubled to supply defective stops in such passages as these, considering the number he left out elsewhere, and he certainly would not have invented a stage-direction.

But the blundering in Beale's office was quite beyond Jonson's control. During the printing—presumably as the result of an accident with the forme—L 2 recto and L 3 verso, containing Act v, scene iii, lines 92–137 and scene iv, lines 90–138, were reset. This was done line for line, but differences in spacing, changes in the type (e.g. the catch-word on signature L 2 was reduced in size), misspelling, and one bad misprint ('Sestos height' for 'Sestos hight' in the Marlowe quotation, v. iii. 113) show clearly what happened. There are such pointless variants as 'here' for 'heere' (l. 104), 'doe' for 'do' (l. 114), 'he' for 'hee' (l. 127), 'Iudgement' for 'iudgement' (l. 130), and 'Drum' for 'drum' (l. 136). The textual errors are rather worse on L 3 verso: 'fault himselfe' for 'fault in himselfe' (iv. 100), 'I pray' for 'I pray you' (l. 108), 'expresse' for 'to expresse' (l. 113), 'call our Abidus' for 'call it our Abidus' (l. 120), 'That's' for 'That is' (l. 129), 'you manners' for 'your manners' (l. 134). Of mistakes in punctuation it is sufficient to instance, 'Well, then' for 'Well then,' (l. 109) and 'now, I thinke on't' for 'now I thinke on't' (l. 111).

A finishing touch is given to the blundering by omitting the catchword 'Pvr.' after line 138.

The 'tragi-comedy', as Jonson called it, does not end here. Some atrocious misprints disfigure the text of L 4 recto and verso, M 1 recto and verso, M 2 and M 3 verso; it is sufficient to mention '*thhe landed*' for '*that he landed*' (v. iv. 148), '*Hld*' for '*Hold*' (l. 268), '*Gramerc ypure*' (l. 272), '*mmy breakfast*' for '*me my breakfast*' (l. 276), '*ænd*' for '*and*' (l. 313), '*B A s.*' for '*B v s*' (v. v. 16), '*Donisius*' for '*Dionisius*' (ib. 36), and '*Litwit*' for '*Littlewit*' in the stage-direction at Act v, scene vi, line 5. What happened here? In order to solve this problem, thirty-four copies of the Folio have been examined for the misprints in L 4 and M 1: no corrections have been found in any of them. It may be safely assumed that the lewd printer put a stop to correcting as the play went on; he may even have ceased sending Jonson proofs. What Beale's standard of correctness was and how much he cared for the difficulties that his blundering might cause a thoughtful reader is shown in the explanation he offered about the errors in William Gouge's *The Whole-Armor of God*, which he printed in 1616. He told the reader in a prefatory note on A 9 verso that he had done his best to print the book correctly, 'yet I cannot denie but that some faults haue escaped *in some copies*'; the author had been careful to correct the book and 'so oft as his leasure permitted him, he came himselfe to the Presse, and as he found a fault amended it, so that there are very few faults but are amended *in most of the Bookes*'. The words we have italicised indicate the practice common in the seventeenth century of not destroying the uncorrected sheets but binding them up promiscuously with those which the author corrected, usually by attending at the printing-house in person.¹ The only remedy was, of course, a list of errata. What did Beale do for Gouge? He did not print an errata-

¹ See the editor's *Proof-Reading in the Sixteenth, Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries*, pp. 16-18, 150-2.

list, but he advised the reader to collate some other copies! ' If therefore thou meete with any slippe that may make the sence obscure, compare thy Booke with some others, and thou maiest '—not ' thou wilt ', but ' thou maiest '—' finde it amended '. We have tried this lottery-system for the conclusion of *Bartholomew Fair* and drawn a blank.

Faced with the problem of a text so much below Jonson's usual standard, we have corrected it, more especially in the matter of punctuation. All deviations from the Folio are recorded in the critical apparatus.

The Folio has been reprinted in modern times by Dr. C. S. Alden, who edited it in 1904 for the *Yale Studies in English*, no. xxv. His text is taken from the copy in the Library of Yale University.

BARTHOLMEW
FAYRE:

A COMEDIE,
ACTED IN THE
YEARE, 1614

By the Lady *ELIZABETHS*
SERVANTS.

And then dedicated to King *JAMES*, of
most Blessed Memorie;

BY

The Author, BEN: JOHNSON.

*Si fores in terris, videret Democritus. nam
Specularet populum ludis attentum opus,
Vt fibi praeberent, annuo spectacula plura.
Scriptores autem narrare putares affello
Fabellam furda.* Hor. lib. 2. Epist. 1.



LONDON,

Printed by *I. B.* for ROBERT ALLOT, and are
to be sold at the signe of the *Beare*, in *Pauls*
Church-yard. 1631.

BARTHOLMEW
FAYRE:

A COMEDIE,
ACTED IN THE
YEAR, 1614.

By the Lady *ELIZABETHS*
SERVANTS.

And then dedicated to King *IAMES*, of
most Blessed Memorie;

By the Author, BENIAMIN IOHNSON.

*Si fores in terras, videres Democritus: nam
Spectares populum ludis attentius ipse,
Vt sibi praeberent, immo spectacula plura.
Scriptores autem narrare putares assello
Fabellam fuisse.* Hor. lib. 2. Epist. 1.



LONDON,
Printed by *I. B.* for ROBERT ALLOT, and are
to be sold at the signe of the *Bear*, in *Pauls*
Church-yard. 1637.

The title-page of the Folio, 1631, with Beale's device.

THE
PROLOGVE
TO
THE KINGS
MAIESTY.

YOur Maiesty is welcome to a Fayre ;
 Such place, such men, such language & such ware,
 You must expect: with these, the zealous noyse
 Of your lands Faction, scandaliz'd at toyes,
 As Babies, Hobby-horses, Puppet-playes, 5
 And such like rage, whereof the petulant wayes
 Your selfe haue knowne, and haue bin vex't with long.
 These for your sport, without perticular wrong,
 Or iust complaint of any priuate man,
 (Who of himselfe, or shall thinke well or can) 10
 The Maker doth present. and hopes, to night
 To giue you for a Fayring, true delight.

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

	JOHN LITTLE-WIT.	<i>A Proctor.</i>
	(SALOMON.	<i>His man.)</i>
	WIN LITTLE-WIT.	<i>His wife.</i>
	DAME PVRE CRAFT.	<i>Her mother and a widdow.</i>
5	ZEAL-OF-THE-LAND	
	BVSY.	<i>Her Suitor, a Banbury man.</i>
	WIN-WIFE.	<i>His Ruall, a Gentleman.</i>
	QVARLOVS.	<i>His companion, a Gamester.</i>
	BARTHOLMEW COKES.	<i>An Esquire of Harrow.</i>
	HVMPHREY WASPE.	<i>His man.</i>
10	ADAM OVER-DOO.	<i>A Iustice of Peace.</i>
	DAME OVERDOO.	<i>His wife.</i>
	GRACE WELBORNE.	<i>His Ward.</i>
	LANT. LEATHERHEAD.	<i>A Hobbi-horse seller.</i>
	IOANE TRASH.	<i>A Ginger-bread woman.</i>
15	EZECHIEL EDG WORTH.	<i>A Cutpurse.</i>
	NIGHTINGALE.	<i>A Ballad-singer.</i>
	VRSLA.	<i>A Pigge-woman.</i>
	MOON-CALFE.	<i>Her Tapster.</i>
	IORDAN KNOCK-HVM.	<i>A Horse-courser, and ranger o' Turnbull</i>
20	VAL. CVTTING	<i>A Roarer.</i>
	CAPTAIN E WHIT.	<i>A Bawd</i>
	PVNQVE ALICE.	<i>Mistresse o' the Game.</i>
	TROVBLE-ALL.	<i>A Madman.</i>
	WATCHMEN, three.	
25	COSTARD-monger	
	(CORNE-CUTTER.)	
	MOVSE TRAP-man.	
	CLOTHIER	
	WRESTLER	
30	PORTERS	
	DOORE-KEEPERS.	
	PVP PETS.	

The Persons of the Play] 1 LITTLE-WIT] LITTLEWIT F 2 SALOMON
 . . . man] Solomon, Littlewit's man G 3 WIN] Win-the-fight G
 7 QVARLOVS] Tom Quarious G 13 LANT] Lanthorn G 17 VRSLA]
 Ursula G 19 IORDAN KNOCK-HVM] Dan Jordan Knockem G
 24 WATCHMEN, three] WHTCMEN, three F Bristle, Haggise, watchmen.
 Pocher, a beadle G 28 CLOTHIER] Northern, a clothier (a Northern
 man) G 29 WRESTLER] Puppy, a wrestler (a Western man) G
 31 DOORE-KEEPERS] Filcher, Sharkwell, door-keepers to the puppet-show G
 G adds Passengers, Mob, Boys, &c

THE INDVCTION. ON THE *STAGE*.

STAGE-KEEPER.

Gentlemen, haue a little patience, they are e'en vpon comming, instantly. He that should beginne the Play, Master *Littlewit*, the *Proctor*, has a stitch new falne in his black silk stocking; 'twill be drawn vp ere you can tell twenty. He playes one o' the *Arches*, that dwels about the *Hospitall*, and hee has a very pretty part. But for the whole Play, will you ha' the truth on't? (I am looking, lest the *Poet* heare me, or his man, Master *Broome*, behind the Arras) it is like to be a very conceited scuruy one, in plaine English. When 't comes to the *Fayre*, once you were e'en as good goe to *Virginia*, for any thing there is of *Smith-field*. Hee has not hit the humors, he do's not know 'hem; hee has not conuers'd with the *Bartholmew*-birds, as they say; hee has ne're a Sword, and Buckler man in his *Fayre*, nor a little *Dauy*, to take toll o' the Bawds there, as in my time, nor a *Kind-heart*, if any bodies teeth should chance to ake in his Play. Nor a Iugler with a wel-educated Ape to come ouer the chaine, for the *King of England*, and backe againe for the *Prince*, and sit still on his arse for the *Pope*, and the *King of Spaine*! None o' these fine sights! Nor has he the Canuas-cut i' the night, for a Hobby-horseman to creepe in to his she-neighbour, and take his leap, there! Nothing! No, and some writer (that I know) had had but the penning o' this matter, hee would ha' made you such a *Iig-ajogge* i' the boothes, you should ha' thought an earthquake had beene i' the *Fayre*! But these Master-*Poets*, they will ha' their owne absurd courses; they will be inform'd of nothing! Hee has (*sirreuerence*) kick'd me three, or foure times about

Induction] 10 once] once, F3 19 *Pope*, F3 *Pope*, (?) F
 21 i' the] 'ithe F. in to] into F 22 leap.] The comma faint or
 missing in some copies of F

the Tying-house, I thanke him, for but offering to putt in,
 30 with my experience. I'll be iudg'd by you, *Genilemen*, now,
 but for one conceit of mine I would not a fine Pumpe vpon
 the Stage ha' done well, for a property now? and a *Punque*
 set vnder vpon her head, with her Sterne vpwrd, and ha'
 beene sous'd by my wity young masters o' the *Innes o'*
 35 *Court*? what thinke you o' this for a shew, now? hee will
 not heare o' this! I am an Asse! I! and yet I kept the
Stage in Master *Tarletons* time, I thanke my starres. Ho!
 and that man had liu'd to haue play'd in *Bartholmew Fayre*,
 you should ha' seene him ha' come in, and ha' beene
 40 coozened i' the Cloath-quarter, so finely! And *Adams*, the
 Rogue, ha' leap'd and caper'd vpon him, and ha' dealt his
 vermine about, as though they had cost him nothing. And
 then a substantiall watch to ha' stolne in vpon 'hem, and
 taken 'hem away, with mistaking words, as the fashion is, in
 45 the *Stage*-practice,

Booke-holder : *Scriuener*. To him.

Booke. How now? what rare discourse are you falne
 vpon? ha? ha' you found any familiars here, that you are
 so free? what's the businesse?

Sta. Nothing, but the vnderstanding Gentlemen o' the
 50 ground here, ask'd my iudgement.

Booke. Your iudgement, Rascall? for what? sweeping
 the *Stage*? or gathering vp the broken Apples for the beares
 within? Away Rogue, it's come to a fine degree in these
spectacles when such a youth as you pretend to a iudgement.
 55 And yet hee may, i' the most o' this matter i' faith: For the
Author hath writ it iust to his *Meridian*, and the *Scale* of the
 grounded Iudgements here, his Play-fellowes in wit. Gentle-
 men; not for want of a *Prologue*, but by way of a new one,
 I am sent out to you here, with a *Scriuener*, and certaine
 60 Articles drawne out in hast betweene our *Author*, and you;
 which if you please to heare, and as they appeare reason-

Ind. 41 ha' leap'd] ha leap'd F 54 After 'iudgement' [Exit
Stage-Keeper] G 58 After 'Gentlemen' [comes forward] G

able, to approue of ; the *Play* will follow presently. Read, *Scribe*, gi' me the Counterpaine.

Scr. ARTICLES of Agreement, indented, between the *Spectators* or *Hearers*, at the *Hope* on the Bankeside, in the 65 County of *Surrey* on the one party ; And the *Author of Bartholmew Fayre* in the said place, and County on the other party : the one and thirtieth day of *Octob.* 1614. and in the twelfth yeere of the Raigne of our Soueraigne Lord, IAMES by the grace of God *King of England, France, & Ireland* ; 70 Defender of the faith. And of *Scotland* the seauen and fortieth.

INPRIMIS, It is couenanted and agreed, by and betweene the parties abouesaid, and the said *Spectators*, and *Hearers*, aswell the curious and enuious, as the fauouring and iudici- 75 ous, as also the grounded Iudgements and vnderstandings, doe for themselues seuerally Couenant, and agree to remaine in the places, their money or friends haue put them in, with patience, for the space of two houres and an halfe, and somewhat more. In which time the *Author* promiseth to present 80 them by vs, with a new sufficient Play called BARTHOLMEW FAYRE, merry, and as full of noise, as sport : made to delight all, and to offend none. Prouided they haue either, the wit, or the honesty to thinke well of themselues.

It is further agreed that euery person here, haue his or 85 their free-will of censure, to like or dislike at their owne charge, the *Author* hauing now departed with his right : It shall bee lawfull for any man to iudge his six pen'orth, his twelue pen'orth, so to his eighteene pence, 2. shillings, halfe a crowne, to the value of his place : Prouided alwaies his 90 place get not aboue his wit. And if he pay for halfe a dozen, hee may censure for all them too, so that he will vndertake that they shall bee silent. Hee shall put in for *Censures* here, as they doe for *lots* at the *lottery* : mary, if he drop but sixe pence at the doore, and will censure a crownes worth, it is 95 thought there is no conscience, or iustice in that.

Ind 69 Soueraigne] Soueragine F 84 wit,] wit F 88 pen'orth,] pen'orth F 89 huseighteene] huseighteene F 94 mary,] mary F marry, F3

It is also agreed, that euery man heere, exercise his owne Iudgement, and not censure by *Contagion*, or vpon *trust*, from anothers voice, or face, that sits by him, be he neuer so
 100 first, in the *Commission of Wit*: As also, that hee bee fixt and settled in his censure, that what hee approues, or not approues to day, hee will doe the same to morrow, and if to morrow, the next day, and so the next weeke (if neede be :) and not to be brought about by any that sits on the *Bench*
 105 with him, though they indite, and arraigne *Playes* daily. Hee that will sweare, *Ieronimo*, or *Andronicus* are the best playes, yet, shall passe vnexcepted at, heere, as a man whose Iudgement shewes it is constant, and hath stood still, these fve and twentie, or thirtie yeeres. Though it be an *Ignor-*
 110 *ance*, it is a vertuous and stay'd ignorance; and next to *truth*, a confirm'd errour does well; such a one, the *Author* knowes where to finde him.

It is further couenanted, concluded and agreed, that how great soeuer the expectation bee, no person here, is to expect
 115 more then hee knowes, or better ware then a *Fayre* will afford: neyther to looke backe to the sword and buckler-age of *Smithfield*, but content himselfe with the present. In stead of a little *Dauy*, to take toll o' the Bawds, the *Author* doth promise a strutting *Horse-courser*, with a *leere-Drunk-*
 120 ard, two or three to attend him, in as good *Equipage* as you would wish. And then for *Kinde-heart*, the Tooth-drawer, a fine oyly *Pig-woman* with her *Tapster*, to bid you welcome, and a consort of *Roarers* for musique. A wise *Iustice* of *Peace meditant*, in stead of a *Iugler*, with an *Ape*. A ciuill
 125 *Cutpurse searchant*. A sweete *Singer* of new Ballads *allurant*: and as fresh an *Hypocrite*, as euer was broach'd, *rampant*. If there bee neuer a *Seruant-monster* i'the *Fayre*; who can helpe it? he sayes; nor a nest of *Antiques*? Hee is loth to make Nature afraid in his *Playes*, like those that
 130 beget *Tales*, *Tempests*, and such like *Drolleries*, to mixe his head with other mens heeles, let the concupisence of *Iigges* and *Dances*, raigne as strong as it will amongst you: yet if

the *Puppets* will please any body, they shall be entreated to come in.

In *consideration of which*, it is finally agreed, by the fore-¹³⁵ said hearers, and *spectators*, that they neyther in themselues conceale, nor suffer by them to be concealed any *State-decipherer*, or politique *Picklocke* of the *Scene*, so solemnly ridiculous, as to search out, who was meant by the *Gingerbread-woman*, who by the *Hobby-horse-man*, who by the¹⁴⁰ *Costard-monger*, nay, who by their *Wares*. Or that will pretend to affirme (on his owne *inspired ignorance*) what *Mirror of Magistrates* is meant by the *Iustice*, what *great Lady* by the *Pigge-woman*, what *conceal'd States-man*, by the *Seller of Mouse-trappes*, and so of the rest. But that such¹⁴⁵ person, or persons so found, be left discovered to the mercy of the *Author*, as a forfeiture to the *Stage*, and your laughter, aforesaid. As also, such as shall so desperately, or ambitiously, play the foole by his place aforesaid, to challenge the *Author* of scurrilitie, because the language some where¹⁵⁰ sauours of *Smithfield*, the *Booth*, and the *Pig-broath*, or of prophanenesse, because a *Mad-man* cryes, *God quit you*, or *blesse you*. In *witnesse* whereof, as you haue preposterously put to your Seales already (which is your money) you will now adde the other part of suffrage, your hands. The *Play*¹⁵⁵ shall presently begin. And though the *Fayre* be not kept in the same *Region*, that some here, perhaps, would haue it, yet thinke, that therein the *Author* hath obseru'd a speciall *Decorum*, the place being as durty as *Smithfield*, and as stinking euery whit.¹⁶⁰

Howsoeuer, hee prayes you to beleeeue, his *Ware* is still the same, else you will make him iustly suspect that hee that is so loth to looke on a *Baby*, or an *Hobby-horse*, heere, would bee glad to take vp a *Commodity* of them, at any laughter, or losse, in another place.

Ind. 155 Hands. The F3. hands, The F 165 Exeunt. add G

BARTHOLMEW FAYRE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

LITTLE-WIT. {To him} WIN.

A Pretty conceit, and worth the finding! I ha' such luck to spinne out these fine things still, and like a Silke-worme, out of my selfe. Her(e)'s Master *Bartholomew Cokes*, of *Harrow o'th' hill*, i'th' County of *Middlesex*, Esquire, takes forth his Licence, to marry *Mistresse Grace Wel-borne* 5 of the said place and County: and when do's hee take it foorth? to day! the foure and twentieth of August! *Bartholmew* day! *Bartholmew* vpon *Bartholmew*! there's the deuice! who would haue mark'd such a leap-frogge chance now? A very . . . lesse then *Ames-ace*, on two Dice! well, 10 goe thy wayes, *Iohn Little-wit*, Proctor *Iohn Little-wit*: One o' the pretty wits o' *Pauls*, the *Little wit* of London (so thou art call'd) and some thing beside When a quirk, or a quiblin do's scape thee, and thou dost not watch, and apprehend it, and bring it afore the Constable of conceit. (there now, I 15 speake *quib* too) let 'hem carry thee out o' the Archdeacons Court, into his Kitchin, and make a *Iack* of thee, in stead of a *Iohn*. (There I am againe la!) *Win*, Good morrow, *Win*. I, marry, *Win*! Now you looke finely indeed, *Win*! this Cap do's conuince! you'd not ha' worne it, *Win*, nor ha' 20

I 1] ACT I SCENE I] ACT I SCENE I F (so throughout the play).
ACT . . . WIN] ACT I SCENE I | A Room in Littlewit's House | Enter
Littlewit with a licence in his hand G 4 o'th' 1'th] o'th 1'th F
10 A very lesse F A very little less G cony probably a clause
has disappeared, e g A very singular chance now, no lesse 11
wayes,] wayes F 13 of italic in F 18 After 'la' Enter Mrs.
Littlewit G 19 I, marry,] I marry F 20 you'd] you'd F

had it veluet, but a rough countrey Beauer, with a copper-band, like the Conney-skinne woman of *Budge-row*? Sweete *Win*, let me kisse it! And, her fine high shooes, like the *Spanish Lady*! Good *Win*, goe a little, I would faine see
 25 thee pace, pretty *Win*! By this fine Cap, I could neuer leaue kissing on't.

WIN. Come, indeede la, you are such a foole, still!

LITT. No, but halfe a one, *Win*, you are the tother halfe. man and wife make one foole, *Win*. (Good!) Is
 30 there the Proctor, or Doctor indeed, i' the *Diocesse*, that euer had the fortune to win him such a *Win*! (There I am againe!) I doe feele conceits comming vpon mee, more then I am able to turne tongue too. A poxe o' these pretenders to wit! your *Three Cranes*, *Miter*, and *Mermaid* men! Not
 35 a corne of true salt, nor a graine of right mustard amongst them all. They may stand for places or so, againe the next *Wit* fall, and pay two pence in a quart more for their *Canary*, then other men But gi' mee the man, can start vp a *Iustice* of *Wit* out of six-shillings beare, and giue the law to all the
 40 *Poets*, and *Poet-suckers* i' Towne, because they are the Players Gossips? 'Shld, other men haue wiues as fine as the Players, and as well drest. Come hither, *Win*.

ACT I. SCENE IJ.

WIN-WIFE. LITTLEWIT. WIN

WHy, how now Master *Little-wit*! measuring of lips?
 or molding of kisses? which is it?

LITT. Troth I am a little taken with my *Wins* dressing here! Dos't not fine, Master *Win-wife*? How doe you
 5 apprehend, Sir? Shee would not ha' worne this habit. I challenge all *Cheapside*, to shew such another: *Morefields*, *Pimlico* path, or the *Exchange*, in a sommer euening, with a Lace to boot as this has. Deare *Win*, let Master *Win-wife*

1. 1 23 And,] And F 24 little,] litle F 33 pretenders] pre-
 tenders, F 35 nor] not F3 39 beare] Beer F3 42 Kisses
 her add G 1 11 Enter Winwife G, continuing the scene 4 Dos't]
 Do'st F fine,] fine F

kisse you. Hee comes a wooing to our mother, *Win*, and may be our father perhaps, *Win*. There's no harme in him, 10
Win.

WIN - w. None i' the earth, Master *Little-wit*.

LIT. I enuy no man, my delicates, Sir.

WIN - w. Alas, you ha' the garden where they grow still !
A wife heere with a *Strawbery*-breath, *Chery*-lips, *Apricot*- 15
cheekes, and a soft veluet head, like a *Mellicotton*.

LIT. Good y'faith ! now dulnesse vpon mee, that I
had not that before him, that I should not light on't, as well
as he ! Veluet head !

WIN - w. But my taste, Master *Little-wit*, tends to 20
fruct of a later kinde : the sober Matron, your wiues mother.

LIT. I ! wee know you are a Sutor, Sir. *Win*, and I
both, wish you well : by this Licence here, would you had
her, that your two names were as fast in it, as here are a
couple. *Win* would faine haue a fine young father i' law, 25
with a fether : that her mother might hood it, and chaine it,
with Mistris *Ouer-doo*. But, you doe not take the right
course, Master *Win-wife*

WIN - w. No ? Master *Little-wit*, why ?

LIT. You are not madde enough. 30

WIN - w. How ? Is madnesse a right course ?

LIT. I say nothing, but I winke vpon *Win*. You haue
a friend, one (Master *Quarlous*) comes here some times ?

WIN - w. Why ? he makes no loue to her, do's he ?

LIT. Not a tokenworth that euer I saw, I assure you, 35
But—

WIN - w. What ?

LIT. He is the more Mad-cap o' the two. You doe not
apprehend mee.

WIN. You haue a hot coale i' your mouth, now, you 40
cannot hold.

LIT. Let mee out with it, deare *Win*.

WIN. I'll tell him my selfe.

L I T. Doe, and take all the thanks, and much good do
45 thy pretty heart, *Win*.

W I N. Sir, my mother has had her natiuity-water cast
lately by the Cunning men in *Cow-lane*, and they ha' told her
her fortune, and doe ensure her, shee shall neuer haue happy
houre ; vnlesse shee marry within this sen'night, and when
50 it is, it must be a Madde-man, they say.

L I T. I, but it must be a Gentle-man Mad-man.

W I N. Yes, so the tother man of *More-fields* sayes.

W I N - w. But do's shee beleeeue 'hem ?

L I T. Yes, and ha's beene at *Bedlem* twice since, euery
55 day, to enquire if any Gentleman be there, or to come there,
mad !

W I N - w. Why, this is a confederacy, a meere piece of
practice vpon her, by these *Impostors* ?

L I T. I tell her so ; or else say I, that they meane some
60 young-Madcap-Gentleman (for the diuell can equiuocate, as
well as a Shop-keeper) and therefore would I aduise you, to
be a little madder, then Master *Quarlous*, hereafter.

W I N. Where is shee ? stirring yet ?

L I T. Stirring ! Yes, and studying an old Elder, come
65 from *Banbury*, a Suitor that puts in heere at meale-tyde, to
praise the painefull brethren, or pray that the sweet singers
may be restor'd ; Sayes a grace as long as his breath lasts
him ! Some time the spirit is so strong with him, it gets
quite out of him, and then my mother, or *Win*, are faine to
70 fetch it againe with *Malmesey*, or *Aqua caelestis*.

W I N. Yes indeed, we haue such a tedious life with him
for his dyet, and his clothes too, he breaks his buttons, and
cracks seames at euery saying he sobs out.

I O H. He cannot abide my Vocation, he sayes.

75 W I N. No, he told my mother, a *Proctor* was a claw of
the *Beast*, and that she had little lesse then committed
abomination in marrying me so as she ha's done.

I O H. Euery line (he sayes) that a *Proctor* writes, when it

comes to be read in the Bishops Court, is a long blacke hayre, kemb'd out of the tayle of *Anti-Christ*. 80

WIN - w. When came this *Proselyte* ?

IOH. Some three dayes since.

ACT I. SCENE IIJ.

QVARLOVS, IOHN, WIN, WIN - WIFE

O Sir, ha' you tane soyle, here ? it's well, a man may reach you, after 3. houres running, yet ! what an vnmercifull companion art thou, to quit thy lodging, at such vngentlemanly houres ? None but a scatterd couey of Fidlers, or one of these Rag-rakers in dung-hills, or some Marrow-bone man at most, would haue beene vp, when thou wert gone abroad, by all description. I pray thee what aylest thou, thou canst not sleepe ? hast thou Thornes i' thy eye-lids, or Thistles i' thy bed ? 5

WIN - w. I cannot tell : It seemes you had neither i' your 10 feet ; that tooke this paine to find me.

QVAR. No, and I had, all the Lime-hounds o' the City should haue drawne after you, by the sent rather. M^r *John Little-wit* ! God saue you, Sir. 'Twas a hot night with some of vs, last night, *John* : shal we pluck a hayre o' the same 15 Wolfe, to day, Proctor *John* ?

IOH. Doe you remember, Master *Quarlous*, what wee discourst on, last night ?

QVAR. Not I, *John* : nothing that I eyther discourse or doe, at those times I forfeit all to forgetfulnesse. 20

IOH. No ? not concerning *Win* ? looke you : there shee is, and drest as I told you she should be : harke you Sir, had you forgot ?

QVAR. By this head, I'll beware how I keepe you company, *John*, when I (am) drunke, and you haue this danger- 25 ous memory ! that's certaine.

I III *Enter Quarulous* G, continuing the scene 4 vngentlemanly] vngentle manly F 9 bed ?] bed F 13 sent] Scent F3 rather F3 rather, F 17 remember,] remember F 21 Win ?] Win, F 22 After 'Sir' [whispers him] G 25 am drunke F3: I drunke F: I drunke F *Cunningham*

I O H. Why Sir ?

Q V A R. Why ? we were all a little stain'd last night, sprinckled with a cup or two, and I agreed with Proctor
 30 *Iohn* heere, to come and doe somewhat with *Win* (I know not what 'twas) to day ; and he puts mee in minde on't, now ; hee sayes hee was comming to fetch me : before *Truth*, if you haue that fearefull quality, *Iohn*, to remember, when you are sober, *Iohn*, what you promise drunke, *Iohn* ;
 35 I shall take heed of you, *Iohn*. For this once, I am content to winke at you, where's your wife ? come hither, *Win*. (*He kisseth her*.)

W I N. Why, *Iohn* ! doe you see this, *Iohn* ? looke you ! helpe me, *Iohn*.

40 I O H. O *Win*, fie, what do you meane, *Win* ! Be womanly, *Win* ; make an outcry to your mother, *Win* ? Master *Quarlous* is an honest Gentleman, and our worshipfull good friend, *Win* : and he is Master *Winwifes* friend, too : And Master *Win-wife* comes a Suitor to your mother,
 45 *Win* ; as I told you before, *Win*, and may perhaps, be our Father, *Win* : they'll do you no harme, *Win*, they are both our worshipfull good friends. Master *Quarlous* ! you must know M^r. *Quarlous*, *Win* ; you must not quarrell with Master *Quarlous*, *Win*.

50 Q V A R. No, we'll kisse againe and fall in.

I O H. Yes, doe, good *Win*.

W I N. Y'faith you are a foole, *Iohn*.

I O H. A *Foole-Iohn* she calls me, doe you marke that, Gentlemen ? pretty littlewit of veluet ! a foole-*Iohn* !

55 Q V A R. She may call you an Apple-*Iohn*, if you vse this.

W I N - w. Pray thee forbear, for my respect somewhat.

Q V A R. Hoy-day ! how respectiue you are become o' the sudden ! I feare this family will turne you reformed too, pray you come about againe. Because she is in possibilty
 60 to be your daughter in law, and may aske you blessing here-

I in 36 hither,] hither F 43 friend, too F3. friends, too F
 44 mother,] mother F 46 Win F3 Win, F 50 Kisses her
 again. add G 51 doe,] doe F 55 [*Aside*] Kisses her again. add G

after, when she courts it to *Totnam* to eat creame. Well, I will forbear, Sir, but i'faith, would thou wouldst leaue thy exercise of widdow-hunting once ! this drawing after an old reuerend Smocke by the splay-foote : There cannot be an ancient *Tripe* or *Trillibub* i' the Towne, but thou art straight 65 nosing it, and 'tis a fine occupation thou'lt confine thy selfe to, when thou ha'st got one ; scrubbing a piece of Buffe, as if thou hadst the perpetuity of *Pannyer-alley* to stinke in ; or perhaps, worse, currying a carkasse, that thou hast bound thy selfe to alue. I'll be sworne, some of them, (that thou 70 art, or hast beene a Suitor to) are so old, as no chast or married pleasure can euer become 'hem : the honest Instrument of procreation, has (forty yeeres since) left to belong to 'hem, thou must visit 'hem, as thou wouldst doe a *Tombe*, with a Torch, or three hand-fulls of Lincke, flaming hot, and 75 so thou maist hap to make 'hem feelee thee, and after, come to inherit according to thy inches. A sweet course for a man to waste the brand of life for, to be still raking himselfe a fortune in an old womans embers ; we shall ha' thee, after thou hast beene but a moneth married to one of 'hem, looke 80 like the *quartane ague*, and the black *laundise* met in a face, and walke as if thou had'st borrow'd legges of a *Spinner*, and voyce of a *Cricket*. I would endure to heare fifteene Sermons aweeke for her, and such course, and lowd ones, as some of 'hem must be ; I would een desire of Fate, I might dwell in 85 a drumme, and take in my sustenance, with an old broken Tobacco-pipe and a Straw. Dost thou euer thinke to bring thine eares or stomach, to the patience of a drie *grace*, as long as thy Tablecloth ? and droan'd out by thy sonne, here, (that might be thy father ;) till all the meat o' thy board has 90 forgot, it was that day i' the Kitchin ? Or to brooke the noise made, in a question of *Predestination*, by the good labourers and painefull eaters, assembled together, put to 'hem by the Matron, your Spouse ; who moderates with a cup of wine, euer and anone, and a Sentence out of *Knox* 95 between ? or the perpetuall spitting, before, and after a

i. iii. 70 be sworne] besworne F 79 thee,] thee F 84 ones] one's F

sober drawne *exhortation* of six houres, whose better part was the *hum-ha-hum*? Or to heare prayers groan'd out, ouer thy iron-chests, as if they were *charmes* to breake 'hem?
 100 And all this for the hope of two *Apostle-spoons*, to suffer!
 and a cup to eate a cawdle in! For that will be thy legacy.
 She'll ha' conuey'd her state, safe enough from thee, an' she
 be a right widdow.

WIN.(-w) Alasse, I am quite off that sent now.

105 QV A R. How so?

WIN - w. Put off by a *Brother of Banbury*, one, that, they say, is come heere, and gouernes all, already.

QV A R. What doe you call him? I knew diuers of those *Banburians* when I was in *Oxford*.

110 WIN - w. Master *Little-wit* can tell vs.

IO H. Sir! good *Win*, goe in, and if Master *Bartholmew Cokes*-his man come for the Licence: (the little old fellow) let him speake with me; what say you, Gentlemen?

WIN - w. What call you the Reuerend *Elder*, you told
 115 me of? your *Banbury-man*?

IO H. *Rabbi Busy*, Sir, he is more then an *Elder*, he is a *Prophet*, Sir.

QV A R. O, I know him! a Baker, is he not?

IO H. Hee was a Baker, Sir, but hee do's dreame now,
 120 and see visions, hee has giuen ouer his Trade.

QV A R. I remember that too: out of a scruple hee tooke, that (in spic'd conscience) those Cakes hee made, were seru'd to *Bridales*, *May-poles*, *Morrisses*, and such prophane feasts and meetings; his Christen-name is *Zeale-of-the-land*.

125 IO H. Yes, Sir, *Zeale-of-the-land Busy*.

WIN - w. How, what a name's there!

IO H. O, they haue all such names, Sir; he was Witnesse, for *Win*, here, (they will not be call'd God-fathers) and nam'd her *Winne-the-fight*, you thought her name had beene
 130 *Winnifred*, did you not?

WIN - w. I did indeed.

I III 113 After 'me' [*Exit Mrs Littlewit*] G
 115-man ?]-man. F

114 *Elder*,] *Elder*? F

IOH. Hee would ha' thought himselfe a starke Reprobate, if it had.

QVAR. I, for there was a Blew-starch-woman o' the name, at the same time. A notable hypocritically vermine it is ; I know him. One that stands vpon his face, more then his faith, at all times ; Euer in seditious motion, and reprouing for vaine-glory : of a most *lunatique* conscience, and splene, and affects the violence of *Singularity* in all he do's : (He has vndone a Grocer here, in Newgate-market, that broke with him, trusted him with Currans, as errant a Zeale as he, that's by the way :) by his profession, hee will euer be i' the state of Innocence, though ; and child-hood ; derides all *Antiquity* ; defies any other *Learning*, then *Inspiration* ; and what discretion soeuer, yeeres should afford him, it is all preuented in his *Originall ignorance* ; ha' not to doe with him : for hee is a fellow of a most arrogant, and inuincible dulnesse, I assure you ; who is this ?

ACT I. SCENE IIIJ.

WASPE. IOHN. WIN-WIFE. QVARLOVS.

BY your leaue, Gentlemen, with all my heart to you : and god you good morrow ; M^r *Little-wit*, my businesse is to you. Is this Licence ready ?

IOH. Heere, I ha' it for you, in my hand, Master *Humphrey*. 5

WAS. That's well, nay, neuer open, or read it to me, it's labour in vaine, you know. I am no Clarke, I scorne to be sau'd by my booke, i'faith I'll hang first ; fold it vp o' your word and gi' it mee ; what must you ha' for't ?

IOH. We'll talke of that anon, Master *Humphrey*. 10

WAS. Now, or not at all, good M^r *Proctor*, I am for no anon's, I assure you.

IOH. Sweet *Win*, bid *Salomon* send mee the little blacke boxe within, in my study.

I. iii. 142 way.)] way. F
Waspe G, continuing the scene
13 *Salomon*] *Solomon* F3 (so 27, 29)

I. iv. Re-enter Mrs *Littlewit* with
2 god you] God give you F3

15 W A S. I, quickly, good Mistresse, I pray you : for I haue both egges o' the Spit, and yron i' the fire, say, what you must haue, good M^r *Little-wit*.

I o H. Why, you know the price, M^r *Numps*.

W A S. I know? I know nothing, I, what tell you mee
20 of knowing? (now I am in hast) Sir, I do not know, and I will not know, and I scorne to know, and yet, (now I think on't) I will, and do know, as well as another; you must haue a *Marke* for your thing here, and *eight pence* for the boxe; I could ha' sau'd *two pence* i' that, an' I had
25 bought it my selfe, but heere's *fourteene shillings* for you. Good Lord! how long your little wife staies! pray God, *Salomon*, your Clerke, be not looking i' the wrong boxe, M^r *Proctor*.

I o H. Good i'faith! no, I warrant you, *Salomon* is wiser
30 then so, Sir.

W A S. Fie, fie, fie, by your leaue Master *Little-wit*, this is scuruy, idle, foolish and abominable; with all my heart, I doe not like it.

W I N - w. Doe you heare? *Iacke Little-wit*, what busi-
35 nesse do's thy pretty head thinke, this fellow may haue, that he keepes such a coyle with?

Q V A R. More then buying of ginger-bread i' the *Cloyster*, here, (for that wee allow him) or a guilt pouch i' the *Fayre*?

I o H. Master *Quarlous*, doe not mistake him: he is his
40 Masters both-hands, I assure you.

Q V A R. What? to pull on his boots, a mornings, or his stockings, do's hee?

I o H. Sir, if you haue a minde to mocke him, mocke him softly, and looke t'other way: for if hee apprehend you
45 flout him, once, he will flie at you presently. A terrible testie old fellow, and his name is *Waspe* too.

Q V A R. Pretty *Insect*! make much on him.

W A S. A plague o'this boxe, and the poxe too, and on

1 iv 16 After 'fire' [Exit Mrs Littlewit] G 19 nothing, I.]
nothing I F 32 abominable; heart,] abominable, . heart, F
33 Walks aside add G 44 t'other] to'ther F

him that made it, and her that went for't, and all that should ha' sought it, sent it, or brought it! doe you see, 50
Sir?

I o h. Nay, good M^r *Wasp*.

W a s. Good Master *Hornet*, turd i' your teeth, hold you your tongue; doe not I know you? your father was a *Pothecary*, and sold glisters, more then hee gaue, I wusse: 55
and turd i' your little wiues teeth too (heere she comes) 'twill make her spit, as fine as she is, for all her veluet-custerd on her head, Sir.

I o h. O! be ciuill, Master *Numpes*.

W a s. Why, say I haue a humour not to be ciuill; how 60
then? who shall compell me? you?

I o h. Here is the boxe, now.

W a s. Why a pox o' your boxe, once againe: let your little wife stale in it, and she will. Sir, I would haue you to vnderstand, and these Gentlemen too, if they please—— 65

W i n - w. With all our hearts Sir.

W a s. That I haue a charge. Gentlemen.

I o h. They doe apprehend, Sir.

W a s. Pardon me, Sir, neither they nor you, can apprehend mee, yet. (you are an Asse) I haue a young Master, hee 70
is now vpon his making and marring; the whole care of his well doing, is now mine. His foolish scholemasters haue done nothing, but runne vp and downe the Countrey with him, to beg puddings, and cake-bread, of his tennants, and almost spoyled him, he has learn'd nothing, but to sing 75
catches, and repeat *rattle bladder rattle*, and O, *Madge*. I dare not let him walke alone, for feare of learning of vile tunes, which hee will sing at supper, and in the sermon-times! if hee meete but a Carman i' the streete, and I finde him not talke to keepe him off on him, hee will whistle him, and all his 80
tunes ouer, at night in his sleepe! he has a head full of Bees! I am faine now (for this little time I am absent) to leaue him

I. iv. 56 comes] *The s faint or missing in some copies* After 'comes'
Re-enter Mrs Littlewit with the box. G 57 spit,] spit F 59
ciuill,] ciuill F 76 O] O F

in charge with a Gentlewoman ; 'Tis true, shee is a *Iustice of Peace* his wife, and a Gentlewoman o' the hood, and his
 85 naturall sister : But what may happen, vnder a womans
 gouernment, there's the doubt. Gentlemen, you doe not
 know him : hee is another manner of peece then you think
 for ! but nineteen yeere old, and yet hee is taller then either
 of you, by the head, God blesse him.

90 Q V A R. Well, mee thinkes, this is a fine fellow !

W I N - w. He has made his Master a finer by this de-
 scription, I should thinke.

Q V A R. 'Faith, much about one, it's *crosse* and *pile*,
 whether for a new farthing.

95 W A S. I'll tell you, Gentlemen——

I O H. Will't please you drinke, Master *Waspe* ?

W A S. Why, I ha' not talk't so long to be drie, Sir, you
 see no dust or cobwebs come out o' my mouth: doe you ?
 you'd ha' me gone, would you ?

100 I O H. No, but you were in hast e'en now, M^r *Numpes*.

W A S. What an' I were ? so I am still, and yet I will
 stay too ; meddle you with your match, your *Win*, there,
 she has as little wit, as her husband, it seemes : I haue others
 to talke to.

105 I O H. She's my match indeed, and as little wit as I, good !

W A S. We ha'bin but a day and a halfe in towne, Gen-
 tlemen, 'tis true ; and yester day i' the afternoone, we
 walk'd *London*, to shew the City to the Gentlewoman, he
 shall marry, Mistresse *Grace* ; but, afore I will endure such
 110 another halfe day, with him, I'll be drawne with a good Gib-
 cat, through the great pond at home, as his vncle *Hodge*
 was ! why, we could not meet that *heathen* thing, all day,
 but stayd him : he would name you all the *Signes* ouer, as
 hee went, aloud : and where hee spi'd a *Parrat*, or a *Monkey*,
 115 there hee was pitch'd, with all the littl(e) long-coats about
 him, male and female ; no getting him away ! I thought he

1. iv. 83 is a] is A F
 103 husband,] husband F
 littl-long-coats F

88 yeare] yeers F3
 105 good] Good F

95 you,] you F
 115 little long-coats]

would ha' runne madde o'the blacke boy in *Bucklers-bury*, that takes the scur(u)y, roguy *tobacco*, there.

IOHN. You say true, Master *Numpes* : there's such a one indeed.

120

WAS. It's no matter, whether there be, or no, what's that to you ?

QVAR. He will not allow of *John's* reading at any hand.

ACT I. SCENE V.

COKES. Mistris OVER-DOO. WASPE. GRACE.

QVARLOVS. WIN-WIFE. IOHN. WIN.

O *Numpes* ! are you here, *Numpes* ? looke where I am, *Numpes* ! and Mistris *Grace*, too ! nay, doe not looke angerly, *Numpes* : my Sister is heere, and all, I doe not come without her.

WAS. What, the mischiefe, doe you come with her ? or shee with you ?

COK. We came all to seeke you, *Numpes*.

WAS. To seeke mee ? why, did you all thinke I was lost ? or runne away with your foureteene shillings worth of small ware, here ? or that I had chang'd it i' the *Fayre*, for hobby-horses ? S'pretious—to seeke me !

OVER. Nay, good M^r *Numpes*, doe you shew discretion, though he bee exorbitant, (as M^r *Ouer-doo* saies,) and't be but for conseruation of the *peace*.

WAS. Mary gip, goody she-*Iustice*, Mistris *French-hood* ! turd i' your teeth ; and turd i' your *French-hoods* teeth, too, to doe you seruice, doe you see ? must you quote your *Adam* to me ! you thinke, you are Madam *Regent* still, Mistris *Ouer-doo* ; when I am in place ? no such matter, I assure you, your *raine* is out, when I am in, *Dame*.

20

OVER. I am content to be in *abeyance*, Sir, and be gouern'd by you ; so should hee too, if he did well ; but 'twill be expected, you should also gouerne your passions.

I. iv. 123 hand] hand, F
Grace G, continuing the scene

I. v] Enter Cokes, Mistress Overdo, and
I here,] here F

W A S. Will't so forsooth? good Lord! how sharpe you
25 are! with being at *Bet'lem* yesterday? *Whetston* has set an
edge vpon you, has hee?

O V E R. Nay, if you know not what belongs to your
dignity: I doe, yet, to mine.

W A S. Very well, then.

30 C O K. Is this the Licence, *Numpes*? for Loues sake, let
me see't. I neuer saw a Licence.

W A S. Did you not so? why, you shall not see't, then.

C O K. An' you loue mee, good *Numpes*.

W A S. Sir, I loue you, and yet I do not loue you, i' these
35 fooleries, set your heart at rest; there's nothing in't, but
hard words: and what would you see't for?

C O K. I would see the length and the breadth on't, that's
all; and I will see't now, so I will.

W A S. You sha' not see it, heere.

40 C O K. Then I'll see't at home, and I'll look vpo' the case
heere.

W A S. Why, doe so, a man must giue way to him a little
in trifles: Gentlemen, these are errors, diseases of youth:
which he will mend, when he comes to iudgement, and
45 knowledge of matters. I pray you conceiue so, and I thanke
you. And I pray you pardon him, and I thanke you
again.

Q V A R. Well, this *dry-nurse*, I say still, is a delicate man.

W I N - W. And I, am for the Cosset, his charge! Did
50 you euer see a fellowes face more accuse him for an Asse?

Q V A R. Accuse him? it confesses him one without accus-
ing. What pittie 'tis yonder wench should marry such a
Cokes?

W I N - W. 'Tis true.

55 Q V A R. Shee seemes to be discreete, and as sober as shee
is handsome.

W I N - W. I, and if you marke her, what a restrai-
scorne she casts vpon all his behauour, and speeches?

I v 25 *Bet'lem*] *Beth'lem* F3. Bedlam G 43 Gentlemen, these]
Gentlemen These F 49 am] am, F

C O K. Well, *Numpes*, I am now for another piece of businesse more, the *Fayre*, *Numpes*, and then—— 60

W A S. Blesse me! deliuer me, helpe, hold mee! the *Fayre*!

C O K. Nay, neuer fidge vp and downe, *Numpes*, and vexes it selfe. I am resolute *Bartholmew*, in this; I'll make no suite on't to you; 'twas all the end of my iourney, indeed, to shew Mistris *Grace* my *Fayre*. I call't my *Fayre*, because 65 of *Bartholmew*: you know my name is *Bartholmew*, and *Bartholmew Fayre*.

I O H. That was mine afore, Gentlemen: this morning, I had that i'faith, vpon his Licence, beleue me, there he comes, after me. 70

Q V A R. Come, *Iohn*, this ambitious *wit* of yours, (I am afraid) will doe you no good i' the end.

I O H. No? why Sir?

Q V A R. You grow so insolent with it, and ouerdoing, *Iohn*: that if you looke not to it, and tie it vp, it will bring 75 you to some obscure place in time, and there 'twill leaue you.

W I N - W. Doe not trust it too much, *Iohn*, be more sparing, and vse it, but now and then; a *wit* is a dangerous thing, in this age; doe not ouer-buy it.

I O H. Thinke you so, Gentlemen? I'll take heed on't, 80 hereafter.

W I N. Yes, doe *Iohn*.

C O K. A pret(t)y little soule, this same Mistris *Little-wit*! would I might marry her.

G R A. So would I, or any body else, so I might scape you. 85

C O K. *Numps*, I will see it, *Numpes*, 'tis decreed neuer be melancholy for the matter.

W A S. Why, see it, Sir, see it, doe see it! who hinders you? why doe you not goe see it? 'Slid see it.

C O K. The *Fayre*, *Numps*, the *Fayre*. 90

W A S. Would the *Fayre* and all the Drums, and Rattles 't, were i' your belly for mee: they are already i' your braine: he that had the meanes to trauell your head, now,

I v 63 I'll] II'e F 68 morning.] morning F 79 ouer-buy] ouer buy F
85 you] you, F Aside add G 93 your corr F: you F originally

should meet finer sights then any are i' the *Fayre*; and
 95 make a finer voyage on't; to see it all hung with cockle-
 shels, pebbles, fine wheat-strawes, and here and there a
 chicken's feather, and a cob-web.

Q V A R. Goodfaith, hee lookes, me thinkes an' you
 marke him, like one that were made to catch flies, with his
 100 Sir *Cranion*-legs.

W I N - w. And his *Numpes*, to flap 'hem away.

W A S. God be w'you, Sir, there's your *Bee* in a box, and
 much good doo't you.

C O K. Why, your friend, and *Bartholmew*; an' you be
 105 so contumacious.

Q V A R. What meane you, *Numpes*?

W A S. I'll not be guilty, I, Gentlemen.

O V E R. You will not let him goe, *Brother*, and loose him?

C O K. Who can hold that will away? I had rather loose
 110 him then the *Fayre*, I wusse.

W A S. You doe not know the inconuenience, Gentlemen,
 you perswade to: nor what trouble I haue with him in these
 humours. If he goe to the *Fayre*, he will buy of euery thing,
 to a Baby there; and houshold-stuffe for that too. If a
 115 legge or an arme on him did not grow on, hee would lose it i'
 the presse. Pray heauen I bring him off with one stone!
 And then he is such a Rauener after fruite! you will not
 beleuee what a coyle I had, t'other day, to compound a
 businesse betweene a *Katerne*-peare-woman, and him, about
 120 snatching! 'tis intolerable, Gentlemen

W I N - w. O! but you must not leaue him, now, to these
 hazards, *Numpes*.

W A S. Nay, hee knowes too well, I will not leaue him,
 and that makes him presume: well, Sir, will you goe now?
 125 if you haue such an itch i' your feete, to foote it to the *Fayre*,
 why doe you stop, am I your Tarriars? goe, will you goe?
 Sir, why doe you not goe?

i. v. 102 God] God, F 103 doo't] doo't, F Gives Cokes the box.
 add G After 106 Takes Waspe aside, as he is going out G 108,
 109 loose] lose F3 126 your Tarriars] o' your tarriers G conj.

C O K. O *Numps* ! haue I brought you about ? come Mistresse *Grace*, and Sister, I am resolute *Batt*, i'faith, still.

G R A. Truely, I haue no such fancy to the *Fayre* ; nor 130 ambition to see it ; there's none goes thither of any quality or fashion.

C O K. O Lord, Sir ! you shall pardon me, Mistris *Grace*, we are inow of our selues to make it a fashion : and for qualities, let *Numps* alone, he'll finde qualities. 135

Q V A R. What a Rogue in apprehension is this ! to vnderstand her language no better.

W I N - W. I, and offer to marry to her ? well, I will leaue the chase of my widdow, for to day, and directly to the *Fayre*. These flies cannot, this hot season, but engender vs 140 excellent creeping sport.

Q V A R. A man that has but a spoone-full of braine, would think so. Farewell, *Iohn*.

I O H. *Win*, you see, 'tis in fashion, to goe to the *Fayre*, *Win* : we must to the *Fayre* too, you, and I, *Win*. I haue 145 an affaire i' the *Fayre*, *Win*, a Puppet-play of mine owne making, say nothing, that I writ for the *motion* man, which you must see, *Win*.

W I N. I would I might, *Iohn*, but my mother will neuer consent to such a *prophane motion* : she will call it. 150

I O H. Tut, we'll haue a deuice, a dainty one ; (Now, *Wit*, helpe at a pinch, good *Wit* come, come, good *Wit*, and't be thy will.) I haue it, *Win*, I haue it i'faith, and 'tis a fine one. *Win*, long to eate of a Pigge, sweet *Win*, i' the *Fayre* ; doe you see ? i'the heart o'the *Fayre* ; not at *Pye-Corner*. Your 155 mother will doe any thing, *Win*, to satisfie your longing, you know, pray thee long, presently, and be sicke o' the sudden, good *Win*. I'll goe in and tell her, cut thy lace i' the meane time and play the *Hypocrite*, sweet *Win*.

W I N. No, I'll not make me vnready for it. I can be 160 *Hypocrite* enough, though I were neuer so straight lac'd.

I v. 138 marry to her] marry her 1716 142 spoone-full] spoone
full F After 143 *Exeunt Quarulous and Winurfe*. G 149 might,]
might F 153 i'faith] i'faith F

I O H. You say true, you haue bin bred i' the family, and brought vp to 't. Our mother is a most elect *Hypocrite*, and has maintain'd us all this seuen yeere with it, like Gentle-
165 folkes.

W I N. I, let her alone, *John*, she is not a wise wilfull widdow for nothing, nor a sanctified sister for a song. And let me alone too, I ha' somewhat o' the mother in me, you shall see, fetch her, fetch her, ah, ah.

ACT I. SCENE VI.

PVRERAFT. WIN. IOHN. BUSY. SALOMON.

NOW, the blaze of the beauteous discipline, fright away this euill from our house! how now *Win-the-fight*, Child: how do you? Sweet child, speake to me.

W I N. Yes, forsooth.

5 P V R. Looke vp, sweet *Win-the fight*, and suffer not the enemy to enter you at this doore, remember that your education has bin with the purest, what polluted one was it, that nam'd first the vnclean beast, Pigge, to you, Child?

W I N. (Vh, vh.)

10 I O H. Not I, o' my sincerity, mother: she long'd aboue three houres, ere she would let me know it; who was it, *Win*?

W I N. A prophane blacke thing with a beard, *John*.

P V R O! resist it, *Win-the-fight*, it is the Tempter, the
15 wicked Tempter, you may know it by the fleshly motion of Pig, be strong against it, and it's foule temptations, in these assaults, whereby it broacheth flesh and blood, as it were, on the weaker side, and pray against it's carnall prouocations, good child, sweet child, pray.

20 I O H. Good mother, I pray you, that she may eate some

I v 166 let] Let F 169 After 'fetch her' [Exit Littlewit] G
After 'ah' Seems to swoon G I vi] Re-enter Littlewit with Dame
Purecraft G, continuing the scene Busy] BUSY F II it.] it F
20 you,] you, F

Pigge, and her belly full, too ; and doe not you cast away your owne child, and perhaps one of mine, with your tale of the Tempter : how doe you, *Win* ? Are you not sicke ?

WIN. Yes, a great deale, *Iohn*, (vh, vh.)

PVR. What shall we doe ? call our zealous brother ²⁵ *Busy* hither, for his faithfull fortification in this charge of the aduersary ; child, my deare childe, you shall eate Pigge, be comforted, my sweet child.

WIN. I, but i' the *Fayre*, mother.

PVR. I meane i' the *Fayre*, if it can be any way made, or ³⁰ found lawfull ; where is our brother *Busy* ? Will hee not come ? looke vp, child.

IOH. Presently, mother, as soone as he has cleans'd his beard. I found him, fast by the teeth, i' the cold Turkey-pye, i' the cupbord, with a great white loafe on his left ³⁵ hand, and a glasse of *Malmesey* on his right.

PVR. Slander not the *Brethren*, wicked one.

IOH. Here hee is, now, purified, Mother.

PVR. O brother *Busy* ! your helpe heere to edifie, and raise vs vp in a scruple ; my daughter *Win-the-fight* is visited ⁴⁰ with a naturall disease of women ; call'd, A longing to eate Pigge.

IOH. I Sir, a *Bartholmew*-pigge : and in the *Fayre*.

PVR. And I would be satisfied from you, Religiously-wise, whether a widdow of the sanctified assembly, or a ⁴⁵ widdowes daughter, may commit the act, without offence to the weaker sisters.

BVS. Verily, for the disease of longing, it is a disease, a carnall disease, or appetite, incident to women : and as it is carnall, and incident, it is naturall, very naturall : Now ⁵⁰ Pigge, it is a meat, and a meat that is nourishing, and may be long'd for, and so consequently eaten ; it may be eaten , very exceeding well eaten : but in the *Fayre*, and as a *Bartholmew*-pig, it cannot be eaten, for the very calling it a *Bartholmew*-pigge, and to eat it so, is a spice of *Idolatry*, and ⁵⁵

I. vi 27 After ' aduersary ' [Exit Littlewit] G 31 After ' lawfull '
Re-enter Littlewit G After 38 Enter Zeal-of-the-land Busy. G

you make the *Fayre*, no better then one of the high *Places*. This I take it, is the state of the question. A high place.

I o n. I, but in state of necessity : *Place* should giue place, M^r *Busy*, (I haue a conceit left, yet.)

60 P v r. Good Brother *Zeale-of-the land*, thinke to make it as lawfull as you can.

I o n. Yes Sir, and as soone as you can : for it must be, Sir ; you see the danger my little wife is in, Sir.

P v r. Truly, I doe loue my child dearely, and I would
65 not haue her miscarry, or hazard her first fruites, if it might be otherwise.

B v s. Surely, it may be otherwise, but it is subiect, to construction, subiect, and hath a face of offence, with the weake, a great face, a foule face, but that face may haue a
70 vaile put ouer it, and be shaddowed, as it were, it may be eaten, and in the *Fayre*, I take it, in a Booth, the tents of the wicked : the place is not much, not very much, we may be religious in midst of the prophane, so it be eaten with a reformed mouth, with *sobriety*, and humblenesse ; not
75 gorg'd in with gluttony, or greedinesse ; there's the feare : for, should she goe there, as taking pride in the place, or delight in the vncleane dressing, to feed the vanity of the eye, or the lust of the palat, it were not well, it were not fit, it were abominable, and not good.

80 I o n. Nay, I knew that afore, and told her on't, but courage, *Win*, we'll be humble enough ; we'll seeke out the homeliest Booth i' the *Fayre*, that's certaine, rather then faile, wee'll eate it o' the ground.

P v r. I, and I'll goe with you my selfe, *Win-the-fight*,
85 and my brother, *Zeale-of-the-land*, shall goe with vs too, for our better consolation.

W i n. Vh, vh.

I o n. I, and *Salomon* too, *Win*, (the more the merrier) *Win*, we'll leaue *Rabby Busy* in a Booth. *Salomon*, my
90 cloake.

1. vi. 60 Brother] Brother, F 62 be,] be F 89 After 'Booth'
[Aside to Mrs. Lu] G After 90 Enter Solomon with the cloak. add G

SAL. Here, Sir.

B v s. In the way of comfort to the weake, I will goe, and eat. I will eate exceedingly, and prophesie; there may be a good vse made of it, too, now I thinke on't: by the publike eating of Swines flesh, to professe our hate, and 95 loathing of *Iudaisme*, whereof the brethren stand taxed. I will therefore eate, yea, I will eate exceedingly.

I o n. Good, i'faith, I will eate heartily too, because I will be no *Jew*, I could neuer away with that stiffenecked generation: and truely, I hope my little one will be like me, 100 that cries for Pigge so, i' the mothers belly.

B v s. Very likely, exceeding likely, very exceeding likely.

ACT II. SCENE I.

IUSTICE OVERDOO.

WELL, in Iustice name, and the Kings; and for the common-wealth! defie all the world, *Adam Ouerdoo*, for a disguise, and all *story*; for thou hast fitted thy selfe, I sweare; faine would I meet the *Linceus* now, that Eagles eye, that peircing *Epidaurian* serpent (as my *Quint. Horace* 5 cal's him) that could discover a Iustice of Peace, (and lately of the *Quorum*) vnder this couering. They may haue seene many a foole in the habite of a Iustice; but neuer till now, a Iustice in the habit of a foole. Thus must we doe, though, that wake for the publike good: and thus hath the wise 10 Magistrate done in all ages. There is a doing of right out of wrong, if the way be found. Neuer shall I enough commend a worthy worshipfull man, sometime a capitall member of this City, for his high wisdom, in this point, who would take you, now the habit of a Porter; now of a Carman; 15 now of the Dog-killer, in this moneth of *August*; and in the winter, of a Seller of tinder-boxes; and what would hee doe

I VI 102 Exeunt add G II 1] ACT II SCENE I | *The Faw* | *A number of Booths, Stalls, &c set out, Lanthorn Leatherhead, Joan Trash, and others, sitting by their wares* | *Enter Justice Overdo, at a distance, in disguise* G 5 *Quint*] *Quintus* G

in all these shapes ? mary, goe you into euery Alehouse, and
 down into euery Celler ; measure the length of puddings,
 20 take the gage of blacke pots, and cannes, I, and custards
 with a sticke ; and their circumference, with a thrird ; weigh
 the loaues of bread on his middle-finger ; then would he send
 for 'hem, home ; giue the puddings to the poore, the bread
 to the hungry, the custards to his children ; breake the pots,
 25 and burne the cannes, himselfe ; hee would not trust his
 corrupt officers ; he would do't himselfe. Would all men in
 authority would follow this worthy president ! For (alas)
 as we are publike persons, what doe we know ? nay, what
 can wee know ? wee heare with other mens eares ; wee see
 30 with other mens eyes ; a foolish Constable, or a sleepy
 Watchman, is all our information, he slanders a Gentleman,
 by the vertue of his place, (as he calls it) and wee by the vice
 of ours, must beleeeue him. As a while agone, they made mee,
 yea me, to mistake an honest zealous Pursuant, for a *Semi-*
 35 *nary* : and a proper yong Batcheler of Musicke, for a Bawd.
 Thus wee are subiect to, that lue in high place, all our intel-
 ligence is idle, and most of our intelligencers, knaues : and
 by your leaue, our selues, thought little better, if not errant
 fooles, for beleeuing 'hem. I *Adam Ouerdoo*, am resolu'd
 40 therefore, to spare spy-money hereafter, and make mine
 owne discoueries. Many are the yeerely enormities of this
Fayre, in whose courts of *Pye-pouldres* I haue had the
 honour during the three dayes sometimes to sit as Iudge.
 But this is the speciall day for detection of those foresaid
 45 enormities. Here is my blacke booke, for the purpose ; this
 the cloud that hides me : vnder this couert I shall see, and
 not be seene. On, *Iunius Brutus*. And as I began, so I'll
 end : in Iustice name, and the Kings ; and for the Common-
 wealth.

11.1 18 mary.] mary F 25 would] Would F 26 Would]
 would F 30 eyes ,] eyes ? F eyes F3 41 of] of of F
 47 On,] On F After 49 *Advances to the booths, and stands aside.* G

ACT II. SCENE II.

LEATHERHEAD. TRASH. IUSTICE. VRS' LA.

MOONE - CALFE. NIGHTINGALE.

Costermonger. Passengers.

THE Fayre's pestlence dead, mee thinkes ; people come not abroad, to day, what euer the matter is. Doe you heare, Sister *Trash*, Lady o' the Basket ? sit farther with your ginger-bread-progeny there, and hinder not the prospect of my shop, or I'll ha' it proclaim'd i' the *Fayre*, what stuffe they are made on.

TRA. Why, what stuffe are they made on, Brother *Leatherhead* ? nothing but what's wholesome, I assure you.

LEA. Yes, stale bread, rotten egges, musty ginger, and dead honey, you know. 10

I v s. I! haue I met with enormity, so soone ?

LEA. I shall marre your market, old *Ione*.

TRA. Marre my market, thou too-proud Pedler ? do thy worst ; I defie thee, I, and thy stable of hobby-horses. I pay for my ground, as well as thou dost, and thou wrong'st 15 mee, for all thou art parcell-poet, and an Inginer. I'll finde a friend shall right me, and make a ballad of thee, and thy cattell all ouer. Are you puft vp with the pride of your wares ? your *Arsedine* ?

LEA. Goe to, old *Ione*, I'll talke with you anone ; and take you downe too, afore Iustice *Ouerdoo*, he is the man must charme you, Ile ha' you i' the *Prepouldres*.

TRA. Charme me ? I'll meet thee face to face, afore his worship, when thou dar'st : and though I be a little crooked o' my body, I'll be found as vpriht in my dealing, as any 25 woman in *Smithfield*, I, charme me ?

I v s. I am glad, to heare, my name is their terror, yet, this is doing of Iustice.

LEA. What doe you lacke ? what is't you buy ? what do

II. II G continues the scene 11 *Aside*. add G 15, 16 dost, and . . Inginer] dost an . inginer, G 16 mee,] mee F 28 *Aside*. | A number of people pass over the stage.

30 you lacke? Rattles, Drums, Halberts, Horses, Babies o'
the best? Fiddles o'th' finest? [Enter Cost.

C o s. Buy any peares, peares, fine, very fine peares!

T r a. Buy any ginger-bread, guilt ginger-bread!

N i g. *Hey, now the Fayre's a filling!*

35 *O, for a Tune to startle*
The Birds o' the Booths here billing
Yeerely with old Saint Barthle!
The Drunkards they are wading,
The Punques, and Chapmen trading;
40 *Who'd see the Fayre without his lading?*

Buy any ballads; new ballads?

V r s. Fye vpon't: who would weare out their youth,
and prime thus, in roasting of pigges, that had any cooler
vocation? Hell's a kind of cold cellar to't, a very fine
45 vault, o' my conscience! what, *Moone-calfe?*

M o o. Heere, Mistresse.

N i g. How now *Vrs*la? in a heate, in a heat?

V r s. My chayre, you false faucet you; and my morn-
ings draught, quickly, a botle of Ale, to quench mee, Rascall.
50 I am all fire, and fat, *Nightingale*, I shall e'en melt away to
the first woman, a ribbe againe, I am afraid. I doe water the
ground in knots, as I goe, like a great Garden-pot, you may
follow me by the S.S.* I make.

N i g. Alas, good *Vrs'*; was *Zekiel* heere this morning?

55 V r s. *Zekiel?* what *Zekiel?*

N i g. *Zekiel Edgeworth*, the ciuill cut-purse, you know
him well enough; hee that talkes bawdy to you still: I
call him my Secretary.

V r s. He promis'd to be heere this morning, I remember.

60 N i g. When he comes, bid him stay: I'll be backe
againe presently.

11 11 31 o' th'] o'th F After 31 Enter Costard-monger, followed
by *Nightingale* G 32 peares'] peares F 34 Hey] Hey F
36 billing] F has a misprinted colon 40 Who'd corr. F Wou'd F
originally. After 41 Enter Ursula from her booth G 45 what,]
what F -calfe?] -calfe F 46 Moo] Moon [within.] G Heere,
corr F Heere F originally 54 Vrs'] Vrs' F 56 Edgeworth, corr
F: Edgeworth F originally 59 morning, corr F: morning F originally

V R S. Best take your mornings dew in your belly, *Nightingale*. Come, Sir, set it heere, did not I bid you should get this chayre let out o' the sides, for me, that my hips might play? you'll neuer thinke of any thing, till your dame be rumpgall'd; 'tis well, Changeling: because it can take in your Grasse-hoppers thighes, you care for no more. Now, you looke as you had been i' the corner o' the Booth, fleaing your breech, with a candles end, and set fire o' the *Fayre*. Fill, *Stote*: fill. 70

I V S. This Pig-woman doe I know, and I will put her in, for my second enormity, shee hath beene before mee, *Punke*, *Pinnace* and *Bawd*, any time these two and twenty yeeres, vpon record i' the *Pie-poudres*.

V R S. Fill againe, you vn lucky vermine. 75

M O O. 'Pray you be not angry, Mistresse, I'll ha' it widen'd anone.

V R S. No, no, I shall e'en dwindle away to't, ere the *Fayre* be done, you thinke, now you ha' heated me? A poore vex'd thing I am, I feele my selfe dropping already, as fast as I can: two stone a sewet aday is my proportion: I can but hold life & soule together, with this (heere's to you, *Nightingale*) and a whiffe of tobacco, at most. Where's my pipe now? not fill'd? thou errant *Incubee*. 80

N I G. Nay, *Vrsla*, thou'lt gall betweene the tongue and the teeth, with fretting, now. 85

V R S. How can I hope, that euer hee'll discharge his place of trust, Tapster, a man of reckoning vnder me, that remembers nothing I say to him? but looke too't, sirrah, you were best, three pence a pipe full, I will ha' made, of all my whole halfe pound of tabacco, and a quarter of a pound of *Coltsfoot*, mixt with it too, to itch it out. I that haue dealt so long in the fire, will not be to seek in smoak, now. Then 6. and 20. shillings a barrell I will aduance o' my Beere; and fifty shillings a hundred o' my bottle-ale, I ha' 90

11. 11. 62 mornings] morning F₃
ingale, come F 74 *Aside* add G
G 92 itch] eech F₃

63 *Nightingale*. Come] *Night-*
89 After 'him' [*Exit Night*]

told you the waies how to raise it. Froth your cannes well i' the filling, at length, Rogue, and iogge your bottles o' the buttocke, Sirrah, then skinke out the first glasse, euer, and drinke with all companies, though you be sure to be drunke ;
 100 you'll mis-reckon the better, and be lesse asham'd on't. But your true tricke, Rascall, must be, to be euer busie, and mistake away the bottles and cannes, in hast, before they be halfe drunke off, and neuer heare any body call, (if they should chance to marke you) till you ha' brought fresh, and
 105 be able to forswear 'hem Giue me a drinke of Ale.

I v s. This is the very *wombe*, and *bedde* of enormitie ! grosse, as her selfe ! this must all downe for enormity, all, euery whit on't.

One
knocks.

V R s. Looke, who's there, Sirrah ? fīue shillings a Pigge
 110 is my price, at least ; if it be a sow-pig, six pence more : if she be a great-bellied wife, and long for't, six pence more for that.

I v s. *O Tempora ! O mores !* I would not ha' lost my discouery of this one grieuance, for my place, and worship o'
 115 the *Bench*, how is the poore subiect abus'd, here ! well, I will fall in with her, and with her *Moone-calfe*, and winne out wonders of enormity. By thy leaue, goodly woman, and the fatnesse of the *Fayre* : oyly as the Kings constables Lampe, and shining as his Shooing-horne ! hath thy Ale
 120 vertue, or thy Beere strength ? that the tongue of man may be tickled ? and his palat pleas'd in the morning ? let thy pretty Nephew here, goe search and see.

V R s. What new Roarer is this ?

M o o. O Lord ! doe you not know him, Mistris, 'tis mad
 125 *Arthur* of *Bradley*, that makes the Orations. Braue Master, old *Arthur* of *Bradley*, how doe you ? welcome to the *Fayre*, when shall wee heare you againe, to handle your matters ? with your backe againe a Booth, ha ? I ha' bin one o' your little disciples, i' my dayes !

11 u. 97 length.] length F
 belled] great belled F
 118 fatnesse] fatness F

108 *Aside* add G
 117 After 'enormity' [*Comes forward.*] G

111 great-

I v s. Let me drinke, boy, with my loue, thy Aunt, here ; 130
that I may be eloquent : but of thy best, lest it be bitter in
my mouth, and my words fall foule on the *Fayre*.

V r s. Why dost thou not fetch him drinke ? and offer
him to sit ?

M o o. Is't Ale, or Beere ? Master *Arthur* ? 135

I v s. Thy best, pretty stripling, thy best ; the same thy
Doue drinketh, and thou drawest on holy daies.

V r s. Bring him a sixe penny bottle of Ale ; they say,
a fooles handsell is lucky.

I v s. Bring both, child. Ale for *Arthur*, and Beere for 140
Bradley. Ale for thine Aunt, boy. My disguise takes to the
very wish, and reach of it. I shall by the benefit of this,
discouer enough, and more : and yet get off with the reputa-
tion of what I would be. A certaine midling thing, betweene
a foole and a madman

ACT II. SCENE III.

K N O C K H V M. {to them.

W Hat ! my little leane *Vrs* ! my shee-Beare ! art thou
aliue yet ? with thy litter of pigges, to grunt out
another *Bartholmew Fayre* ? ha !

V r s. Yes, and to amble afoote, when the *Fayre* is done,
to heare you groane out of a cart, vp the heauy hill. 5

K n o. Of Holbourne, *Vrs* ! meanst thou so ? for what ?
for what, pretty *Vrs* ?

V r s. For cutting halfe-penny purses . or stealing little
penny dogges, out o' the *Fayre*.

K n o. O ! good words, good words *Vrs*. 10

I v s. Another speciall enormitie. A cutpurse of the
sword ! the boote, and the feather ! those are his marks.

V r s. You are one of those horsleaches, that gaue out I

II II 140 After 'child' [Sits down in the booth] G 141 After
'boy' [Exit Moon] G 145 *Aside* add G II III] Enter *Knochem*.
G, continuing the scene 4 is done] is done F 12 *Aside* | Re-
enter *Mooncalf*, with the ale, &c G

was dead, in Turne-bull streete, of a surfet of botle ale, and
 15 tripes ?

K N O. No, 'twas better meat, *Vrs* : cowes vdders, cowes
 vdders !

V R S. Well, I shall be meet with your mumbling mouth
 one day.

20 K N O. What ? thou'lt poyson mee with a neuft in a
 bottle of Ale, will't thou ? or a spider in a tobacco-pipe,
Vrs ? Come, there's no malice in these fat folkes, I neuer
 feare thee, and I can scape thy leane *Moonecalfe* heere. Let's
 drinke it out, good *Vrs*, and no vapours !

25 I v s. Dost thou heare, boy ? (there's for thy Ale, and
 the remnant for thee) speake in thy faith of a faucet, now ;
 is this goodly person before vs here, this vapours, a knight
 of the knife ?

M O O. What meane you by that, Master *Arthur* ?

30 I v s. I meane a child of the horne-thumb, a babe of
 booty, boy ; a cutpurse.

M O O. O Lord, Sir ! far from it. This is Master *Dan*.
Knockhum : *Iordane*, the Ranger of Turnebull. He is a
 horse-courser, Sir.

35 I v s. Thy dainty dame, though, call'd him cutpurse.

M O O. Like enough, Sir, she'll doe forty such things in
 an houre (an you listen to her) for her recreation, if the toy
 take her i' the greasie kerchiefe · it makes her fat, you see.
 Shee battens with it.

40 I v s. Here might I ha' beene deceu'd, now : and ha' put
 a fooles blot vpon my selfe, if I had not play'd an after game
 o' discretion.

*Vrs*la comes in againe dropping. K N O. Alas poore *Vrs*, this's an ill season for thee.

V R S. Hang your selfe, Hacney-man.

K N O. How ? how ? *Vrs*, vapours ! motion breede
 vapours ?

V R S. Vapours ? Neuer tuske, nor twirle your dibble,
 good *Iordane*, I know what you'll take to a very drop.

11, 111, 16 meat,] meat F
Iordane F 38 fat,] fat F

24 Exit *Ursula*. add G
 42 *Aside* add G

33 *Iordane*,]

Though you be Captaine o'the Roarers, and fight well at the case of pis-pots, you shall not fright me with your Lyon-⁵⁰ chap, Sir, nor your tuskes ; you angry ? you are hungry : come, a pigs head will stop your mouth, and stay your stomacke, at all times.

K N O. Thou art such another mad merry *Vrs* still ! Troth I doe make conscience of vexing thee, now i' the dogdaies, 55 this hot weather, for feare of foundring thee i' the bodie ; and melting down a *Puller* of the *Fayre*. Pray thee take thy chayre againe, and keepe state ; and let's haue a fresh bottle of Ale, and a pipe of tabacco ; and no vapours. I'le ha' this belly o' thine taken vp, and thy grasse scour'd, wench ; 60 looke ! heere's *Ezechiel Edgworth* ; a fine boy of his inches, as any is i' the *Fayre* ! has still money in his purse, and will pay all, with a kind heart ; and good vapours.

ACT II. SCENE III.

To them EDG WORTH. NIGHTINGALE.

Corne-cutter. Tinder-box-man. Passengers.

T H A T I will, indeede, willingly, Master *Knockhum*, fetch some Ale, and Tabacco.

L E A. What doe you lacke, Gentlemen ? Maid : see a fine hobby horse for your young Master : cost you but a token a weeke his prouander. 5

C O R. Ha' you any cornes i' your feete, and toes ?

T I N. Buy a Mouse-trap, a Mouse-trap, or a Tormentor for a Flea.

T R A. Buy some Ginger-bread.

N I G. Ballads, Ballads ! fine new ballads : 10

Heare for your loue, and buy for your money.

A delicate ballad o' the Ferret and the Coney.

A preseruatiue again' the Punques euill.

Another of Goose-greene-starch, and the Deuill.

11. 111 51 tuskes,] tuskes, F 60 After 'wench' Enter Edgworth. G
11 14. G continues the scene After 2 Exit Moon — People cross the
stage G After 5 Re-enter Nightingale, with Corncutter and Mouseltrap-
man. G 6 i' your] 'y your F

- 15 *A dozen of diuine points, and the Godly garters.*
The Fairing of good counsell, of an ell and three quarters.
 What is't you buy ?

The Wind-mill blowne downe by the witches fart !
Or Saint George, that O ! did breake the Dragons heart !

- 20 E D G. Master *Nightingale*, come hither, leaue your mart
 a little.

N I G O my Secretary ! what sayes my Secretarie ?

I v s. Childe o' the bottles, what's he ? what('s) he ?

- M o o. A ciuill young Gentleman, Master *Arthur*, that
 25 keepes company with the Roarers, and disburses all, still.
 He has euer money in his purse ; He payes for them ; and
 they roare for him : one do's good offices for another. They
 call him the Secretary, but he serues no body. A great friend
 of the Ballad-mans, they are neuer asunder.

- 30 I v s. What pittie 'tis, so ciuill a young man should haunt
 this debauched company ? here's the bane of the youth of our
 time apparant. A proper penman, I see't in his counte-
 nance, he has a good Clerks looke with him, and I warrant
 him a quicke hand.

- 35 M o o. A very quicke hand, Sir.

*This
 they
 whisper,
 that
 Ouerdoo
 heares it
 not*

E D G. All the purses, and purchase, I giue you to day
 by conueyance, bring hither to *Vrsla's* presently. Heere
 we will meet at night in her lodge, and share. Looke you
 choose good places, for your standing i' the *Fayre*, when you
 sing, *Nightingale*.

V R s. I, neere the fullest passages ; and shift 'hem often.

- E D G. And i' your singing, you must vse your hawks eye
 nimble, and flye the purse to a marke, still, where 'tis worne,
 and o' which side, that you may gi' me the signe with your
 45 beake, or hang your head that way i' the tune.

V R s. Enough, talke no more on't : your friendship
 (Masters) is not now to beginne. Drinke your draught of

II. iv 18 *The* The F 19 *Or* Or F After 19 *Re-enter Mooncalf, with
 ale and tobacco* G 22 *They walk into the booth* add G 23 *what's F3
 Points to Edgworth* add G 29 *-mans,* -mans F 35 *Exit.* add G
 36 EDG] *Edg* [*whispering with Nightingale and Ursula*, G 37 *Stage-
 direction not in F originally* 40 *sing, corr* F *sing F originally*

Indenture, your sup of Couenant, and away, the *Fayre* fils apace, company begins to come in, and I ha' ne'er a Pigge ready, yet.

K N O. Well said ! fill the cups, and light the tabacco : let's giue fire i'th' works, and noble vapours.

E D G. And shall we ha' smockes *Vrsla*, and good whimsies, ha ?

V R S. Come, you are i' your bawdy vaine ! the best the *Fayre* will afford, *Zekiel*, if Bawd *Whit* keepe his word ; how doe the Pigges, *Moone-calf* ?

M O O. Very passionate, Mistresse, one on 'hem has wept out an eye. Master *Arthur* o' *Bradley* is melancholy, heere, no body talkes to him. Will you any tabacco, Master *Arthur* ?

I V S. No, boy, let my meditations alone.

M O O. He's studying for an Oration, now.

I V S. If I can, with this daies trauell, and all my policy, but rescue this youth, here, out of the hands of the lewd man, and the strange woman, I will sit downe at night, and say with my friend *Ouid*, *Iamq; opus exegi, quod nec Louis ira, nec ignis, &c*

K N O. Here *Zekiel* ; here's a health to *Vrsla*, and a kind vapour, thou hast money i' thy purse still , and store ! how dost thou come by it ? Pray thee vapour thy friends some in a courteous vapour.

E D G. Halfe I haue, Master *Dan. Knockhum*, is alwaies at your seruice.

I V S. Ha, sweete nature ! what Goshawke would prey vpon such a Lambc ?

K N O. Let's see, what 'tis, *Zekiel* ! count it, come, fill him to plectre mee.

II IV 56 After ' word ' *Re-enter Mooncalf* G 58 one corr F on
F originally 60 tabacco,] tabacco F 65 here, corr F here F
originally 66 woman,] woman F 68 *Aside*. add G 74
seruice] seruice, F Pulls out his purse add G 76 *Aside* add G

ACT II. SCENE V.

WIN-WIFE. QVARLOVS. {to them.

WEE are heere before 'hem, me thinkes.

QVAR. All the better, we shall see 'hem come in now.

LEA. What doe you lacke, Gentlemen, what is't you lacke? a fine Horse? a Lyon? a Bull? a Beare? a Dog, or a Cat? an excellent fine *Bartholmew*-bird? or an Instrument? what is't you lacke?QVAR. S'lid! heere's *Orpheus* among the beasts, with his Fiddle, and all!

TRA. Will you buy any comfortable bread, Gentlemen?

QVAR. And *Ceres* selling her daughters picture, in Ginger-worke!

WIN. That these pople should be so ignorant to thinke vs chapmen for 'hem! doe wee looke as if wee would buy Ginger-bread? or Hobby-horses?

QVAR. Why, they know no better ware then they haue, nor better customers then come And our very being here makes vs fit to be demanded, as well as others Would *Cokes* would come! there were a true customer for 'hem.KNO. How much is't? thirty shillings? who's yonder! *Ned Winwife*? and *Tom Quarlous*, I thinke! yes, (gi' me it all) (gi' me it all) Master *Win-wife*! Master *Quarlous*! will you take a pipe of tabacco with vs? do not discredit me now, *Zekiel*.

WIN. Doe not see him! he is the roaring horse-courser, pray thee let's auoyd him: turne downe this way.

QVAR. S'lud, I'll see him, and roare with him, too, and hee roar'd as loud as *Neptune*, pray thee goe with me.

WIN. You may draw me to as likely an inconuenience, when you please, as this.

II V] Enter *Winwife* and *Quarlous* G, continuing the scene 20
 KNO] *Knoch*. [to *Edgworth*] G 24 *Edgworth* gives him his purse.
 add G

Q V A R. Goe to then, come along, we ha' nothing to doe, man, but to see sights, now.

K N O. Welcome Master *Quarlous*, and Master *Winwife* ! will you take any froth, and smoake with vs ?

Q V A R. Yes, Sir, but you'l pardon vs, if we knew not of 35 so much familiarity betweene vs afore.

K N O. As what, Sir ?

Q V A R. To be so lightly inuited to smoake, and froth.

K N O. A good vapour ! will you sit downe, Sir ? this is old *Vrsla's* mansion, how like you her bower ? heere you 40 may ha' your Punque, and your Pigge in state, Sir, both piping hot.

Q V A R. I had rather ha' my Punque, cold, Sir.

I v s. There's for me, Punque ! and Pigge !

V R S. What *Moonecalfe* ? you Rogue.

M o o. By and by, the bottle is almost off, Mistresse, here Master *Arthur*.

She calls within.

V R S. I'le part you, and your play-fellow there, i' the garded coat, an' you sunder not the sooner.

K N O. Master *Win-wife*, you are proud (me thinkes) you 50 doe not talke, nor drinke, are you proud ?

W I N. Not of the company I am in, Sir, nor the place, I assure you.

K N O. You doe not except at the company ! doe you ? are you in vapours, Sir ?

55

M o o. Nay, good Master *Dan*: *Knockhum*, respect my Mistris Bower, as you call it ; for the honour of our Booth, none o' your vapours, heere.

V R S. Why, you thinne leane Polcat you, and they haue a minde to be i' their vapours, must you hinder 'hem ? what such a trifle ? must you be drawing the ayre of pacification did you know, Vermine, if they would ha' lost a cloake, or heere ? while I am tormented, within, i' the fire, you Weasell ?

She comes out with a fire-brand

11 v 32 *They advance to the booth* add G 44 *Aside* add G
46 off, [off F 59 *Stage-direction* at l. 61 in F 61 know.]
know F 62 trifle] trifle F 64 *Aside to Moonecalfe* G

65 M O O. Good Mistresse, 'twas in the behalfe of your Booth's credit, that I spoke.

V R S. Why? would my Booth ha' broake, if they had fal'ne out in't? Sir? or would their heate ha' fir'd it? in, you Rogue, and wipe the pigges, and mend the fire, that
70 they fall not, or I'll both baste and roast you, till your eyes drop out, like 'hem (Leaue the bottle behinde you, and be curst a while.)

Q V A R. Body o' the *Fayre*! what's this? mother o' the Bawds?

75 K N O. No, she's mother o' the Pigs, Sir, mother o' the Pigs!

W I N. Mother o' the *Furies*, I thinke, by her firebrand.

Q V A R. Nay, shee is too fat to be a *Fury*, sure, some walking Sow of tallow!

80 W I N. An inspir'd vessell of Kitchin-stuffe!

*She
drinckes
this
while.* Q V A R. She'll make excellent geere for the Coach-makers, here in Smithfield, to anyont wheeles and axell trees with.

V R S. I, I, Gamesters, mocke a plaine plumpe soft wench o' the Suburbs, doe, because she's iuicy and wholesome :
85 you must ha' your thinne pinch'd ware, pent vp i' the compasse of a dogge-collar, (or 'twill not do) that lookes like a long lac'd *Conger*, set vpright, and a greene feather, like fennell, i' the Ioll on't.

K N O. Well said *Vrs*, my good *Vrs*; to 'hem *Vrs*.

90 Q V A R. Is shee your quagmire, *Dan*: *Knockhum*? is this your Bogge?

N I G. We shall haue a quarrel presently.

K N O. How? Bog? Quagmire? foule vapours! hum'h!

95 Q V A R. Yes, hee that would venture for't, I assure him, might sinke into her, and be drown'd a weeke, ere any friend hee had, could find where he were.

W I N. And then he would be a fort'night weighing vp againe.

Q V A R. 'Twere like falling into a whole *Shire* of butter : 100
they had need be a teeme of *Dutchmen*, should draw him out.

K N O. Answer 'hem, *Vrs*, where's thy *Bartholmew-wit*,
now ? *Vrs*, thy *Bartholmew-wit* ?

V R S. Hang 'hem, rotten, roguy Cheaters, I hope to see
'hem plagu'd one day (pox'd they are already, I am sure) 105
with leane playhouse poultry, that has the boany rumpe,
sticking out like the Ace of Spades, or the point of a Parti-
zan, that euery rib of 'hem is like the tooth of a Saw : and
will so grate 'hem with their hips, & shoulders, as (take 'hem
altogether) they were as good lye with a hurdle. 110

Q V A R. Out vpon her, how she drips ! she's able to giue
a man the sweating Sicknesse, with looking on her.

V R S. Mary looke off, with a patch o' your face ; and a
dosen i' your breech, though they be o' scarlet, Sir. I ha'
seene as fine outsides, as either o' yours, bring lowsie linings 115
to the Brokers, ere now, twice a weeke

Q V A R. Doe you thinke there may be a fine new Cuck-
ingstool e' the *Fayre*, to be purchas'd ? one large inough,
I meane. I know there is a pond of capacity, for her.

V R S. For your mother, you Rascall, out you Rogue, 120
you hedge bird, you Pimpe, you pannier-mans bastard, you.

Q V A R. Ha, ha, ha

V R S. Doe you sneere, you dogs-head, you *Trendle tayle* !
you looke as you were begotten a'top of a Cart in haruest-
time, when the whelp was hot and eager. Go, snuffe after 125
your brothers bitch, M^{rs} *Commodity*, that's the Liuory you
weare, 'twill be out at the elbows, shortly. It's time you
went to't, for the t'other remnant.

K N O. Peace, *Vrs*, peace, *Vrs*, they'll kill the poore
Whale, and make oyle of her. Pray thee goe in. 130

V R S. I'll see 'hem pox'd first, and pil'd, and double
pil'd.

W I N. Let's away, her language growes greasier then her
Pigs.

135 V R S. Dos't so, snotty nose? good Lord! are you
sniueling? you were engendred on a she-begger, in a barne,
when the bald Thrasher, your Sire, was scarce warme.

W I N. Pray thee, let's goe.

Q V A R. No, faith: I'll stay the end of her, now: I
140 know shee cannot last long; I finde by her *similes*, shee
wanes a pace.

V R S. Do's shee so? I'll set you gone. Gi' mee my Pig-
pan hither a little. I'll scald you hence, and you will not goe.

K N O. Gentlemen, these are very strange vapours! and
145 very idle vapours! I assure you.

Q V A R. You are a very serious asse, wee assure you.

K N O. Humh! Asse? and serious? nay, then pardon
mee my vapour. I haue a foolish vapour, Gentlemen: any
man that doe's vapour me, the Asse, Master *Quarulous*——

150 Q V A R. What then, Master *Iordan*?

K N O. I doe vapour him the lye.

Q V A R. Faith, and to any man that vapours mee the
lie, I doe vapour that.

K N O. Nay, then, vapours vpon vapours.

E D G. N I G. 'Ware the pan, the pan, the pan, shee
comes with the pan, Gentlemen. God blesse the woman.

V R S. Oh.

T R A. What's the matter?

I V S. Goodly woman!

M O O. Mistresse!

V R S. Curse of hell, that euer I saw these Feinds, oh!
I ha' scalded my leg, my leg, my leg, my leg. I ha' lost a
limb in the seruice! run for some creame and sallad oyle,
quickly. Are you vnder-peering, you Baboun? rip off my
165 hose, an' you be men, men, men.

M O O. Runne you for some creame, good mother *Ione*.
I'll looke to your basket.

L E A. Best sit vp i' your chaire, *Vrsia*. Helpe, Gentle-
men.

*Vrsia
comes in,
with the
scalding-
pan.
They
fight
Shee falls
with it*

K N O. Be of good cheere, *Vrs*, thou hast hindred me the 170
currying of a couple of Stallions, here, that abus'd the good
race-*Bawd* o' Smithfield; 'twas time for 'hem to goe.

N I G. I faith, when the panne came, they had made you
runne else. (this had beene a fine time for purchase, if you
had ventur'd.) 175

E D G. Not a whit, these fellows were too fine to carry
money.

K N O. *Nightingale*, get some helpe to carry her legge out
o' the ayre; take off her shooes; body o' me, she has the
Mallanders, the scratches, the crowne scabbe, and the 180
quitter bone, i' the tother legge.

V R S. Oh! the poxe, why doe you put me in minde o'
my leg, thus, to make it prick, and shoot? would you ha'
me i' the Hospitall, afore my time?

K N O. Patience, *Vrs*, take a good heart, 'tis but a blister, 185
as big as a Windgall; I'le take it away with the white of an
egge, a little honey, and hogs grease, ha' thy pasternes well
rol'd, and thou shalt pase againe by to morrow. I'le tend
thy Booth, and looke to thy affaires, the while: thou shalt
sit i' thy chaire, and giue directions, and shine *Vrsa maior*. 190

ACT II. SCENE VI.

I V S T I C E. E D G E W O R T H. N I G H T I N -
G A L E. C O K E S. W A S P E. M i s t r i s
O V E R D O O. G R A C E.

THese are the fruites of bottle-ale, and tabacco! the
fome of the one, and the fumes of the other! Stay,
young man, and despise not the wisdomes of these few
hayres, that are growne gray in care of thee.

E D G. *Nightingale*, stay a little. Indeede I'le heare some 5
o' this!

II v 188 shallt] shall't F After 190 Exeunt Knockem and Moon-
calf, with Ursula in her chair II vi. Enter Cokes, with his box, Waspe,
Mistress Overdo, and Grace. G continuing the scene 2 Stay], Stay F

C o k. Come, *Numps*, come, where are you? welcome into the *Fayre*, *Mistris Grace*.

E d g. S'light, hee will call company, you shall see, and
10 put vs into doings presently.

I v s. Thirst not after that frothy liquor, Ale: for, who knowes, when hee openeth the stopple, what may be in the bottle? hath not a Snaile, a Spider, yea, a Ncuft bin found there? thirst not after it, youth thirst not after it.

15 C o k. This is a braue fellow, *Numps*, let's heare him.

W a s. S'blood, how braue is he? in a garded coate? you were best trucke with him, c'en strip, and trucke presently, it will become you, why will you heare him? because he is an Asse, and may be a kinnne to the *Cokeses*?

20 C o k. O, good *Numps*!

I v s. Neither doe thou lust after that tawney weede, tabacco.

C o k. Braue words!

I v s. Whose complexion is like the Indians that vents it!

25 C o k. Are they not braue words, Sister?

I v s. And who can tell, if, before the gathering, and making vp thereof, the *Alligaria* hath not piss'd thereon?

W a s. 'Heart, let 'hem be braue words, as brauc as they will! and they were all the braue words in a Countrey,
30 how then? will you away yet? ha' you inough on him? *Mistris Grace*, come you away, I pray you, be not you accessary. If you doe lose your Licence, or somewhat else, Sir, with listning to his fables say, *Numps* is a witch, with all my heart, doe, say so

35 C o k. Avoyd i' your sattin doublet, *Numps*

I v s. The creeping venome of which subtil serpent, as some late writers affirme, neither the cutting of the perillous plant, nor the drying of it, nor the lighting, or burning, can any way perssway, or asswage.

40 C o k. Good, i'faith! is't not Sister?

I v s. Hence it is, that the lungs of the Tabacconist are

rotted, the Liuer spotted, the braine smoak'd like the back-side of the Pig-womans Booth, here, and the whole body within, blacke, as her Pan, you saw e'en now, without.

C o k. A fine similitude, that, Sir! did you see the 45
panne?

E d g. Yes, Sir.

I v s. Nay, the hole in the nose heere, of some tabacco-takers, or the thirde nostrill, (if I may so call it) which makes, that they can vent the tabacco out, like the Ace of clubs, or 50 rather the Flower-de-lice, is caused from the tabacco, the meere tabacco! when the poore innocent pox, hauing nothing to doe there, is miserably, and most vnconscionably slander'd.

C o k. Who would ha' mist this, Sister?

55

O v e r. Not any body, but *Numps*.

C o k. He do's not vnderstand.

E d g. Nor you feele.

C o k. What would you haue, Sister, of a fellow that ^{Hee picketh his purse.} knows nothing but a basket-hilt, and an old Fox in't? the 60
best musique i' the *Fayre*, will not moue a logge.

E d g. In, to *Vrsula, Nightingale*, and carry her comfort. see it told. This fellow was sent to vs by fortune, for our first fairing.

I v s. But what speake I of the diseases of the body, 65
children of the *Fayre*?

C o k. That's to vs, Sister. Braue i'faith!

I v s. Harke, O, you sonnes and daughters of Smithfield! and heare what mallady it doth the minde. It causeth swearing, it causeth swaggering, it causeth snuffing, and 70
snarling, and now and then a hurt.

O v e. He hath something of Master *Ouerdoo*, mee thinkes, brother.

C o k. So mee thought, Sister, very much of my brother *Ouerdoo*: And 'tis, when he speakes. 75

I v s. Looke into any Angle o' the towne, (the Streights,

or the *Bermuda's*) where the quarrelling lesson is read, and how doe they entertaine the time, but with bottle-ale, and tabacco? The Lecturer is o' one side, and his Pupils o' the
 80 other; But the seconds are still bottle-ale, and tabacco, for which the Lecturer reads, and the Nouices pay. Thirty pound a weeke in bottle-ale! forty in tabacco! and ten more in Ale againe. Then for a sute to drinke in, so much, and (that being slauer'd) so much for another sute, and then
 85 a third sute, and a fourth sute! and still the bottle-ale slauereth, and the tabacco stinketh!

W A S. Heart of a mad-man! are you rooted heere? will you neuer away? what can any man finde out in this bawling fellow, to grow heere for? hee is a full handfull
 90 higher, sin' he heard him. Will you fix heere? and set vp a Booth? Sir?

I v s. I will conclude briefly——

W A S. Hold your peace, you roaring Rascall, I'll runne my head i' your chaps else. You were best build a Booth,
 95 and entertaine him, make your Will, and you say the word, and him your heyre! heart, I neuer knew one taken with a mouth of a pecke, afore. By this light, I'll carry you away o' my backe, and you will not come.

*He gets
 him vp
 on pack-
 packe.*

C O K. Stay *Numpes*, stay, set mee downe: I ha' lost my purse, *Numps*, O my purse! one o' my fine purses is gone.

O V E R. Is't indeed, brother?

C O K. I, as I am an honest man, would I were an errant Rogue, else! a plague of all roguy, damn'd cut-purses for
 105 me.

W A S. Blesse 'hem with all my heart, with all my heart, do you see! Now, as I am no Infidell, that I know of, I am glad on't. I, I am, (here's my witnesse!) doe you see, Sir? I did not tell you of his fables, I? no, no, I am a dull malt-
 110 horse, I, I know nothing. Are you not iustly seru'd i' your conscience now? speake i' your conscience. Much good doe

you with all my heart, and his good heart that has it, with all my heart againe.

EDG. This fellow is very charitable, would he had a purse too ! but, I must not be too bold, all at a time. 115

COK. Nay, *Numps*, it is not my best purse.

WAS. Not your best ! death ! why should it be your worst ? why should it be any, indeed, at all ? answer me to that, gi' mee a reason from you, why it should be any ?

COK. Nor my gold, *Numps* ; I ha' that yet, looke heere 120 else, Sister.

WAS. Why so, there's all the feeling he has !

OVER. I pray you, haue a better care of that, brother.

COK. Nay, so I will, I warrant you ; let him catch this, that catch can. I would faine see him get this, looke you 125 heere.

WAS. So, so, so, so, so, so, so, so ! Very good.

COK. I would ha' him come againe, now, and but offer at it. Sister, will you take notice of a good iest ? I will put it iust where th'other was, and if we ha' good lucke, 130 you shall see a delicate fine trap to catch the cutpurse, nibling.

EDG. Faith, and he'll trye ere you be out o' the *Fayre*.

COK. Come, Mistresse *Grace*, pre'thee be not melancholy for my mis-chance ; sorrow wi'not keepe it, Sweet-heart. 135

GRA. I doe not thinke on't, Sir.

CO[o]K. 'Twas but a little scuruy white money, hang it : it may hang the cutpurse, one day. I ha' gold left to gi' thee a fayring, yet, as hard as the world goes : nothing angers me, but that no body heere, look'd like a cutpurse, 140 vnlesse 'twere *Numps*.

WAS. How ? I ? I looke like a cutpurse ? death ! your Sister's a cutpurse ! and your mother and father, and all your kinne were cutpurses ! And here is a Rogue is the baud o' the cutpurses, whom I will beat to begin with. 145

11 v1 115 bold, corr F bold F originally time corr F time, F
originally Aside. add G 121 Shews the other purse. add G
133 Aside add G

*They
speake all
together
and
Waspe
beats the
Iustice.*

C O K. *Numps, Numps.*

O V E R. Good Mr *Humphrey.*

W A S. You are the *Patrico!*

are you? the Patriarch of the

cutpurses? you share, Sir, they

say, let them share this with

you. Are you i' your hot fit of preaching againe? I'll

coole you.

I v s. Murther, murther, murther.

I v s. Hold thy hand, childe
of wrath, and heyre of anger,
make it not Childermasse day
in thy fury, or the feast of the
French *Bartholmew*, Parent of
the Massacre.

ACT III. SCENE I.

W H I T H A G G I S E. B R I S T L E. L E A T H E R -
H E A D T R A S H.

N Ay, tish all gone, now! dish tish, phen thou wilt not be
phitin call, Mas(h)ter Offisher, phat ish a man te better
to lishen out noyshes for tee, & thou art in an oder 'orld,
being very shuffishient noyshes and gallantsh too, one o'
5 their brabblesh woud haue fed vsh all dish fortnight, but
thou art so bushy about beggersh stil, thou hast no leshure to
intend shentlemen, and't be.

H A G. Why, I told you, *Dauy Bristle.*

B R I. Come, come, you told mee a pudding, *Toby Hag-*
10 *gise*; A matter of nothing; I am sure it came to nothing!
you said, let's goe to *Vrsla's*, indeede; but then you met the
man with the monsters, and I could not get you from him.
An old foole, not leaue seeing yet?

H A G. Why, who would ha' thought any body would ha'
15 quarrell'd so earely? or that the ale o' the *Fayre* would ha'
beene vp so soone?

W H I. Phy? phat a clocke toest thou tinke it ish, man?

H A G. I cannot tell.

W H I. Thou art a vishe vatchman, i' te meane teeme.

20 H A G. Why? should the watch goe by the clocke, or the
clock by the watch, I pray?

II VI 150 Parent of the corr F. Parent of the of the F originally
153 Beats him again add G 154 Exeunt add G III 1] ACT III
SCENE I | The Fair | Lanthorn Leatherhead, Joan Trash, and others,
sitting by their wares, as before Enter Val Whit, Haggise, and
Bristle G 2 Mas(h)ter] Cf 1 39 16 soone?] soone. F

B R I. One should goe by another, if they did well.

W H I. Tou art right now ! phen didst tou euer know, or heare of a shuffishient vatchman, but he did tell the clocke, phat bushinesse soeuer he had ? 25

B R I. Nay, that's most true, a sufficient watchman knowes what a clocke it is.

W H I. Shleeping, or vaking ! ash well as te clocke himshelfe, or te lack dat shtrikes him !

B R I. Let's enquire of Master *Leatherhead*, or *Ione Trash* 30 heere. Master *Leatherhead*, doc you heare, Master *Leatherhead* ?

W H I. If it be a Ledderhead, tish a very tick Ledderhead, tat sho mush noish vill not peirsh him.

L E A. I haue a little businesse now, good friends doe not 35 trouble me.

W H I. Phat ? because o' ty wrought neet cap, and ty pheluet sherkin, Man ? phy ? I haue sheene tee in ty Ledder sherkin, ere now, Mashter o' de hobby-Horses, as bushy and as stately as tou sheem'st to be 40

T R A. Why, what an' you haue, Captaine *Whit* ? hee has his choyce of Ierkins, you may see by that, and his caps too, I assure you, when hee pleases to be either sicke, or imploy'd.

L E A. God a mercy *Ione*, answer for me.

W H I. Away, be not sheen i' my company, here be shen- 45 tlemen, and men of vorship

ACT III. SCENE II.

Q V A R L O V S. W H I T W I N - W I F E B V S Y. I O H N.

P V R E - C R A F T. W I N K N O K - H V M M O O N -
C A L F E V R S L A

WEe had wonderfull ill lucke, to misse this prologue o' the purse, but the best is, we shall haue fiue *Acts* of him ere night - hee'le be spectacle enough ! I'le answer for't.

W H I. O Creesh ! Duke *Quarlous*, how dosht tou ? tou dosht not know me, I feare ? I am te vishesht man, but s

III 1 46 *Exeunt Haggise and Brisile* add G
and *Winwife* G, continuing the scene

III 11] *Enter Quarulous*

Iustish *Ouerdoo*, in all *Bartholmew Fayre*, now. Gi' me tweluepence from tee, I vill help tee to a vife vorth forty marks for't, and't be.

Q V A R. Away, Rogue, Pimpe, away.

- W H I. And shee shall shew tee as fine cut 'orke for't in her shmock too, as tou cansht vishe i'faith; vilt tou haue her, vorshipfull *Vin-vise*? I vill helpe tee to her, heere, be an't be, in te pig-quarter, gi' me ty twelpence from tee.

W I N - w. Why, there's twelpence, pray thee wilt thou
15 be gone?

W H I. Tou art a vorthy man, and a vorshipfull man still.

Q V A R. Get you gone, Rascall.

W H I. I doe meane it, man. Prinsh *Quarlous*, if tou hasht need on me, tou shalt finde me heere, at *Vrsla's*, I vill see
20 phat ale, and punque ish i' te pigshty, for tee, blesse ty good vorship.

Q V A R. Looke! who comes heere! *John Little-wit*!

W I N - w. And his wife, and my widdow, her mother : the whole family.

- 25 Q V A R. 'Slight, you must gi' hem all fairings, now!

W I N - w. Not I, I'll not see 'hem.

Q V A R. They are going a feasting. What Schole-master's that is with 'hem?

W I N - w. That's my Riual, I beleeeue, the Baker!

- 30 B v s. So, walke on in the middle way, fore-right, turne neyther to the right hand, not to the left : let not your eyes be drawne aside with vanity, nor your eare with noyses.

Q V A R. O, I know him by that start!

- LE A. What do you lack? what do you buy, pretty
35 Mistris! a fine Hobby-Horse, to make your sonne a Tilter? a Drum to make him a Souldier? a Fiddle, to make him a Reueller? What is't you lack? Little Dogs for your Daughters? or Babies, male, or female?

III. 11 9 Rogue] Rouge F3 Pimpe,] Pimpe F 10 'orke] o'rke F
for't] fort't F 13 tee] tee, F 15 gone?] gone F 16 WHI] WHI, F
18 Quarlous,] Quarlous F 21 Exit add G 26 'hem] 'hem, F
After 29 Enter Rabbi Busy, Dame Purecraft, John Littlewit, and
Mrs. Littlewit G 38 Daughters?] Daughters! F

B v s. Look not toward them, harken not : the place is *Smithfield*, or the field of Smiths, the Groue of Hobbi-horses 40 and trinkets, the wares are the wares of diuels. And the whole *Fayre* is the shop of *Satan* ! They are hooks, and baites, very baites, that are hung out on euery side, to catch you, and to hold you as it were, by the gills ; and by the nostrills, as the Fisher doth : therefore, you must not looke, 45 nor turne toward them—The Heathen man could stop his eares with wax, against the harlot o' the sea : Doe you the like, with your fingers, against the bells of the Beast.

W I N - w. What flashes comes from him !

Q V A R. O, he has those of his ouen ! a notable hot 50 Baker 'twas, when hee ply'd the peeple : hee is leading his flocke into the *Fayre*, now.

W I N - w. Rather driuing 'hem to the Pens : for he will let 'hem looke vpon nothing.

K N O. Gentlewomen, the weather's hot ! whither walke you ? Haue a care o' your fine veluet caps, the *Fayre* is dusty. Take a sweet delicate Booth, with boughs, here, i' the way, and coole your selues i' the shade : you and your friends. The best pig and bottle-ale i' the *Fayre*, Sir. Old *Vrsula* is Cooke, there you may read ' the pigges head speakes it. Poore soule, shee has had a *S(t)ringhalt*, the *Mary-hinchco* : but shee's prettily amended. Little-wit is gazing at the signe, which is the Pigs-head with a large writing vnder it

W H I. A delicate show-pig, little Mistris, with shweet sauce, and crackling, like de bay-leafe i' de fire, la ! Tou shalt ha' de cleane side o' de table-clot and di glass vash'd 65 with phatersh of Dame *Annessh Cleare*.

I o n. This's fine, verily, here be the best pigs : and shee doe's roast 'hem as well as euer she did ; the Pigs head sayes.

K N O. Excellent, excellent, Mistris, with fire o' *Iuniper* 70 and *Rosemary* branches ! The Oracle of the Pigs head, that, Sir.

III is 48 fingers,] fingers F of the] o' the F3 49 comes]
come 1716 After 54 Enter Knockem and Whit from Ursula's
booth. G 57 i' the] the F 61 Stringhalt F3

P v r. Sonne, were you not warn'd of the vanity of the eye ? haue you forgot the wholesome admonition, so soone ?

75 I o n. Good mother, how shall we finde a pigge, if we doe not looke about for't ? will it run off o' the spit, into our mouths, thinke you ? as in *Lubberland* ? and cry, *we, we* ?

B v s. No, but your mother, religiously wise, conceiue it may offer it selfe, by other meanes, to the sense, as by way of steeme, which I thinke it doth, here in this place (Huh, huh) yes, it doth And it were a sinne of obstinacy, great obstinacy, high and horrible obstinacy, to decline, or resist the good titillation of the famelick sense, which is the smell. Therefore be bold (huh, huh, huh) follow the sent. Enter
85 the Tents of the vncleane, for once, and satisfie your wiues frailty. Let your fraile wife be satisfied : your zealous mother, and my suffering selfe, will also be satisfied.

I o n. Come, *Win*, as good winny here, as goe farther, and see nothing.

90 B v s. Wee scape so much of the other vanities, by our earely entring

P v r. It is an ædifying consideration.

W i n. This is scuruy, that wee must come into the *Fayre*, and not looke on't.

95 I o n. *Win*, haue patience, *Win*, I'll tell you more anon.

K n o. *Moone-calfe*, entertaine within there, the best pig i' the Booth ; a Porklike pig These are *Banbury-bloods*, o' the sincere stud, come a pigge-hunting. *Whit*, wait *Whit*, looke to your charge.

100 B v s. A pigge prepare, presently, let a pigge be prepared to vs

M o o. S'light, who be these ?

V r s. Is this the good seruice, *Iordan*, you'd doe me ?

K n o. Why, *Vrs* ? why, *Vrs* ? thou'lt ha' vapours i' thy
105 legge againe presently, pray thee go in, 't may turne to the scratches else.

111 u 77 mouths,] mouths F 81 And] and F 95 *Exeunt*
into the booth, Littlewit, Mrs Littlewit, Busy, and Purecraft, add G 99
Exit Whit add G 100 Bvs] Busy [within] G After 101 Enter
Mooncalf and Ursula G

Busy
senis after
it like a
Hound

V R S. Hang your vapours, they are stale, and stinke like you, are these the guests o' the game, you promis'd to fill my pit withall, to day ?

K N O. I, what aile they *Vrs* ? 110

V R S. Aile they ? they are all sippers, sippers o' the City, they looke as they would not drinke off two penn'orth of bottle-ale amongst 'hem.

M O O. A body may read that i' their small printed ruffles.

K N O. Away, thou art a foole, *Vrs*, and thy *Moone-calf* 115 too, i' your ignorant vapours, now ? hence ! good guests, I say right hypocrites, good gluttons. In, and set a couple o' pigs o' the board, and halfe a dozen of the biggest bottles afore 'hem, and call *Whit*, I doe not loue to heare Innocents abus'd : Fine ambling hypocrites ! and a stone-puritane, 120 with a sorrell head, and beard, good-mouth'd gluttons : two to a pigge, away.

V R S. Are you sure they are such ?

K N O. O' the right breed, thou shalt try 'hem by the teeth, *Vrs*, where's this *Whit* ? 125

W H I. Behold, man, and see, what a worthy man am ee !
With the fury of my sword, and the shaking of my beard,
I will make ten thousand men afeard.

K N O. Well said, braue *Whit*, in, and feare the ale out o' the bottles, into the bellies of the brethren, and the sisters, 130 drinke to the cause, and pure vapours.

Q V A R. My Roarer is turn'd Tapster, mee thinks. Now were a fine time for thee, *Win-wife*, to lay aboard thy widow, thou'lt neuer be Master of a better season, or place, shee that will venture her selfe into the *Fayre*, and a pig- 135 boxe, will admit any assault, be assur'd of that.

W I N. I loue not enterprises of that suddennesse, though.

Q V A R. I'le warrant thee, then, no wife out o' the widowes Hundred. if I had but as much Title to her, as to haue breath'd once on that streight stomacher of hers, I 140

III. 11 116 hence] hence, F 119 After 'Whit' [*Exit Mooncalf*] G
121 good-mouth'd] good mouth'd F After 125 Re-enter *Whit* G
126 man.] man F 130 and the sisters.] and the sisters F and see
that the sisters G conj. 131 *Exeunt Knockhem, Whit, and Ursula* add G

would now assure my selfe to carry her, yet, ere she went out of *Smithfield*. Or she should carry me, which were the fitter sight, I confesse. But you are a modest vnderfaker, by circumstances, and degrees ; come, 'tis Disease in thee, 145 not Iudgement, I should offer at all together. Looke, here's the poore foole, againe, that was stung by the waspe, ere while.

ACT III. SCENE III.

IUSTICE. WIN-WIFE. QVARLOVS.

I Will make no more orations, shall draw on these tragicall conclusions. And I begin now to thinke, that by a spice of collaterall Iustice, *Adam Ouerdoo* deseru'd this beating ; for I the said *Adam*, was one cause (a by-cause) why the 5 purse was lost : and my wiues brothers purse too, which they know not of yet. But I shall make very good mirth with it, at supper, (that will be the sport) and put my little friend, M^r *Humphrey Wasp's* choler quite out of countenance. When, sitting at the vpper end o' my Table, as I vse, 10 & drinking to my brother *Cokes*, and M^{rs}. *Alice Ouerdoo*, as I wil, my wife, for their good affection to old *Bradley*, I deliuer to 'hem, it was I, that was cudgell'd, and shew 'hem the marks. To see what bad euent may peepe out o' the taile of good purposes ! the care I had of that ciuil yong 15 man, I tooke fancy to this morning, (and haue not left it yet) drew me to that exhortation, which drew the company, indeede, which drew the cut-purse ; which drew the money ; which drew my brother *Cokes* his losse ; which drew on *Wasp's* anger ; which drew on my beating : a pretty gradation ! And they shall ha' it i' their dish, i' faith, at night for 20 fruit : I loue to be merry at my Table. I had thought once, at one speciall blow he ga' me, to haue reuealed my selfe ; but then (I thank thee, fortitude) I remembred that a wise

III. II. 145 After 'together.' Enter *Ouerdo*. G III. III. G continues the
scene 3 *Ouerdoo*] *Ouerdoo*, F 17 indeede] indeede F 22 selfe,
F3 selfe? F 23 thee,] thee F

man (and who is euer so great a part o' the Common-wealth in himselfe) for no particular disaster ought to abandon a ²⁵ publike good designe. The husbandman ought not for one vnthankful yeer, to forsake the plough; The Shepheard ought not, for one scabb'd sheep, to throw by his tar-boxe; The Pilot ought not for one leake i' the poope, to quit the Helme; Nor the Alderman ought not for one custerd more, ³⁰ at a meale, to giue vp his cloake; The Constable ought not to breake his staffe, and forswear the watch, for one roaring night; Nor the Piper o' the Parish (*Vt paruis componere magna solebam*) to put vp his pipes, for one rainy Sunday. These are certaine knocking conclusions; out of which, I ³⁵ am resolu'd, come what come can, come beating, come imprisonment, come infamy, come banishment, nay, come the rack, come the hurdle, (welcome all) I will not discouer who I am, till my due time; and yet still, all shall be, as I said euer, in Iustice name, and the King's, and for the Common- ⁴⁰ wealth.

WIN. What doe's he talke to himselfe, and act so seriously? poore foole!

QVAR. No matter what. Here's fresher argument, intend that. 45

ACT III. SCENE IIIJ.

COKES. LEATHERHEAD. WASPE. Mistresse

OVERDOO. WIN-WIFE. QVARLOVS.

TRASH. GRACE.

COME, Mistresse *Grace*, come Sister, heere's more fine sights, yet, i' faith. Gods'ld, where's *Numps*?

LEA. What doe you lacke, Gentlemen? what is't you buy? fine Rattles? Drummes? Babies? little Dogges? and Birds for Ladies? What doe you lacke? 5

III III 24 part] part. F 41 Exit add F Cunningham
 III IV. Enter Cokes, Mistress Overdo, and Grace Wellborn, followed by
Waspe, loaded with toys G, continuing the scene 1 Grace] Grace F
 2 yet.] yet F Gods'ld,] Gods'ld F 4 Rattles ?] Rattles ! F

C o k. Good honest *Numps*, keepe afore, I am so afraid thou'lt lose somewhat : my heart was at my mouth, when I mist thee.

W a s. You were best buy a whip i' your hand to driue
10 me.

C o k. Nay, doe not mistake, *Numps*, thou art so apt to mistake. I would but watch the goods. Looke you now, the treble fiddle, was e'en almost like to be lost.

W a s. Pray you take heede you lose not your selfe :
15 your best way, were e'en get vp, and ride for more surety. Buy a tokens worth of great pinnes, to fasten your selfe to my shoulder.

L e a. What doe you lacke, Gentlemen ? fine purses, pouches, pincases, pipes ? What is't you lacke ? a paire o'
20 smithes to wake you i' the morning ? or a fine whistling bird ?

C o k. *Numps*, here be finer things then any we ha' bought by odde ! and more delicate horses, a great deale ! good *Numps*, stay, and come hither.

25 W a s. Will you scourse with him ? you are in *Smithfield*, you may fit your selfe with a fine easy-going street-nag, for your saddle again' *Michaelmasse-terme*, doe, has he ne'er a little odde cart for you, to make a Carroch on, i' the countrey, with foure pyed hobbyhorses ? why the meazills,
30 should you stand heere, with your traine, cheaping of Dogges, Birds, and Babies ? you ha' no children to bestow 'hem on ? ha' you ?

C o k. No, but again' I ha' children, *Numps*, that's all one.

35 W a s. Do, do, do, do ; how many shall you haue, think you ? an' I were as you, I'd buy for all my Tenants, too, they are a kind o' ciuill Sauages, that wil part with their children for rattles, pipes, and kniues. You were best buy a hatchet, or two, & truck with 'hem.

40 C o k. Good *Numps*, hold that little tongue o' thine, and saue it a labour. I am resolute *Bat*, thou know'st.

W a s. A resolute foole, you are, I know, and a very

sufficient Coxcombe ; with all my heart ; nay, you haue it, Sir, and you be angry, turd i' your teeth, twice : (if I said it not once afore) and much good doe you. 45

W I N. Was there euer such a selfe-affliction ? and so impertinent ?

Q V A R. Alas ! his care will goe neere to cracke him, let's in, and comfort him.

W A S. Would I had beene set i' the ground, all but the 50 head on me, and had my braines bowl'd at, or thresh'd out, when first I vnderwent this plague of a charge !

Q V A R. How now, *Numps* ! almost tir'd i' your Protectorship ? ouerparted ? ouerparted ?

W A S. Why, I cannot tell, Sir, it may be I am, dos't 55 grieue you ?

Q V A R. No, I sweare dos't not, *Numps* : to satisfie you.

W A S. *Numps* ? S'blood, you are fine and familiar ! how long ha' wee bin acquainted, I pray you ?

Q V A R. I thinke it may be remembred, *Numps*, that ? 60 'twas since morning sure.

W A S. Why, I hope I know 't well enough, Sir, I did not aske to be told.

Q V A R. No ? why then ?

W A S. It's no matter why, you see with your eyes, now, 65 what I said to you to day ? you'll beleue me another time ?

Q V A R. Are you remouing the *Fayre*, *Numps* ?

W A S. A pretty question ! and a very ciuill one ! yes faith, I ha' my lading, you see ; or shall haue anon, you may know whose beast I am, by my burthen. If the pannier- 70 mans lacke were euer better knowne by his loynes of mutton, I'le be flead, and feede dogs for him, when his time comes.

W I N. How melancholi' Mistresse *Grace* is yonder ! pray thee let's goe enter our selues in *Grace*, with her. 75

C O K. Those sixe horses, friend, I'le haue——

III. iv 43 nay,] nay F 49 They come forward add G 50
ground] ground F 69 lading,] lading F 76 COK.] COK, F
friend,] friend F

W A S. How !

C O K. And the three Iewes trumps ; and halfe a dozen o' Birds, and that Drum, (I haue one Drumme already) and
80 your Smiths ; I like that deuice o' your smiths, very pretty well, and foure Halberts—and (le'me see) that fine painted great Lady, and her three women for state, I'll haue.

W A S. No, the shop ; buy the whole shop, it will be best, the shop, the shop !

85 L E A. If his worship please.

W A S. Yes, and keepe it during the *Fayre*, Bobchin.

C O K. Peace, *Numps*. Friend, doe not meddle with him, an' you be wise, and would shew your head aboue board : hee will sting thorow your wrought night-cap, beleuee me.
90 A set of these Violines, I would buy too, for a delicate young noise I haue i' the countrey, that are euery one a size lesse then another, iust like your fiddles. I would faine haue a fine young Masque at my marriage, now I thinke on't : but I doe want such a number o' things And *Numps* will not
95 helpe me now, and I dare not speake to him.

T R A. Will your worship buy any ginger-bread, very good bread, comfortable bread ?

*He
runnes to
her shop* C O K. Ginger-bread ! yes, let's see.

W A S. There's the tother sprindge ?

100 L E A. Is this well, goody *Ione* ? to interrupt my market? in the midst ? and call away my customers ? can you answer this, at the *Piepouldres* ?

T R A. Why ? if his Master-ship haue a minde to buy, I hope my ware lies as open as another's ; I may shew my
105 ware, as well as you yours.

C O K. Hold your peace ; I'll content you both : I'll buy vp his shop, and thy basket.

W A S. Will you i'faith ?

L E A. Why should you put him from it, friend ?

110 W A S. Cry you mercy ! you'd be sold too, would you ? what's the price on you ? Ierkin, and all as you stand ? ha' you any qualities ?

T R A. Yes, good-man angry-man, you shall finde he has qualities, if you cheapen him.

W A S. Gods so, you ha' the selling of him ! what are 115 they ? will they be bought for loue, or money ?

T R A. No indeed, Sir.

W A S. For what then ? victualls ?

T R A. He scornes victualls, Sir, he has bread and butter at home, thanks be to God ! and yet he will do more for 120 a good meale, if the toy take him i' the belly, mary then they must not set him at lower end ; if they do, he'll goe away, though he fast. But put him a top o' the Table, where his place is, and hee'll doe you forty fine things. Hee has not been sent for, and sought out for nothing, at your 125 great citty-suppers, to put downe *Coriat*, and *Cokeley*, and bin laught at for his labour ; he'll play you all the Puppets i' the towne ouer, and the Players, euery company, and his owne company too ; he spares no body !

C O K. I'faith ? 130

T R A. Hee was the first, Sir, that euer baited the fellow i' the beare's skin, an't like your worship : no dog euer came neer him, since. And for fine motions !

C O K. Is hee good at those too ? can hee set out a Masque, trow ? 135

T R A. O Lord, Master ! sought to farre, and ncere, for his inuentions · and hee engrosses all, hee makes all the Puppets i' the *Fayre*.

C O K. Do'st thou (in troth) old veluet Ierkin ? giue mee thy hand. 140

T R A. Nay Sir, you shall see him in his veluet Ierkin, and a scarfe, too, at night, when you heare him interpret Master *Little-wit's* Motion.

C O K. Speake no more, but shut vp shop presently, friend. I'll buy both it, and thee too, to carry downe with 145 me, and her hamper, beside. Thy shop shall furnish out the Masque, and hers the Banquet : I cannot goe lesse, to set

out any thing with credit. What's the price, at a word, o' thy whole shop, case, and all as it stands ?

150 L E A. Sir, it stands me in sixe and twenty shillings seuen pence, halfe-peny, besides three shillings for my ground.

C O K. Well, thirty shillings will doe all, then ! And what comes yours too ?

T R A. Foure shillings, and eleauen pence, Sir, ground, 155 and all, an't like your worship.

C O K. Yes, it do's like my worship very well, poore woman, that's fiue shillings more, what a Masque shall I furnish out, for forty shillings ? (twenty pound scotsh) and a Banquet of Ginger-bread ? there's a stately thing ! *Numps* ? 160 Sister ? and my wedding gloues too ? (that I neuer thought on afore.) All my wedding gloues, Ginger-bread ? O me ! what a deuice will there be ? to make 'hem eate their fingers ends ! and delicate Brooches for the Bride-men ! and all ! and then I'll ha' this poesie put to 'hem : *For the best grace*, 165 meaning *Mistresse Grace*, my wedding poesie.

G R A. I am beholden to you, Sir, and to your *Bartholmew-wit*.

W A S. You doe not meane this, doe you ? is this your first purchase ?

170 C O K. Yes faith, and I doe not thinke, *Numpes*, but thou'lt say, it was the wisest Act, that euer I did in my wardship.

W A S. Like inough ! I shall say any thing. I !

ACT III. SCENE V.

I V S T I C E. E D G W O R T H. N I G H T I N G A L E.

I Cannot beget a *Proiect*, with all my politicall braine, yet ; my *Proiect* is how to fetch off this proper young man, from his debauched company : I haue followed him all the *Fayre* ouer, and still I finde him with this songster : And I

III. IV. 148 What's] what's F III V Enter Edgworth, Nightingale, and People, followed, at a distance, by Overdo G, continuing the scene

begin shrewdly to suspect their familiarity ; and the young 5
man of a terrible taint, *Poetry* ! with which idle disease, if
he be infected, there's no hope of him, in a state-course.
Actum est, of him for a common-wealths-man : if hee goe
to't in *Rime*, once.

EDG. Yonder he is buying o' Ginger-bread · set in 10
quickly, before he part with too much on his money.

NIG. *My masters and friends, and good people, draw
neere, &c.*

COK. Ballads ! harke, harke ! pray thec, fellow, stay a 15
little, good *Numpes*, looke to the goods. What Ballads hast *He runn's
to the
Ballad
man.*
thou ? let me see, let me see my selfe.

WAS. Why so ! hee's flowne to another lime-bush,
there he will flutter as long more ; till hee ha' ne'r a feather
left. Is there a vexation like this, Gentlemen ? will
you belecue mee now, hercafter shall I haue credit with 20
you ?

QVAR. Yes faith, shalt thou, *Numps*, and thou art
worthy on't, for thou sweatst for't. I neuer saw a young
Pimpe errant, and his Squire better match'd.

WIN-W. Faith, the sister comes after 'hem, well, 25
too.

GRA. Nay, if you saw the Iustice her husband, my
Guardian, you were fitted for the Messe, hee is such a wise
one his way—

WIN-W. I wonder, wee see him not heere. 30

GRA. O ! hee is too serious for this place, and yet better
sport then the other thrce, I assure you, Gentlemen : where
ere he is, though 't be o' the Bench.

COK. How dost thou call it ! *A caueat against cut-*
purses ! a good iest, i'faith, I would faine see that *Dæmon*, 35
your Cutpursc, you talke of, that delicate-handed Diuell ; *He show's
his purse
boast-
ingly*
they say he walkes hereabout ; I would see him walke, now.

III v. 8 hee] hce F *Aside* add G 10 EDG] Edg [To Night-
ingale] G 11 with] with F on] of F3 12 NIG] Night
[Advancing and singing] G 20 hereafter G hereafter? F 32
then] then then F 34 A . . . cutpurses' roman in F 36 delicate-
handed] delicate handed F

Looke you sister, here, here, let him come, sister, and welcome. Ballad-man, do's any cutpurses haunt hereabout ?
 40 pray thee raise me one or two : beginne and shew me one.

N I G. Sir, this is a spell against 'hem, spicke and span new ; and 'tis made as 'twere in mine owne person, and I sing it in mine owne defence. But 'twill cost a penny alone,
 45 if you buy it.

C O K. No matter for the price, thou dost not know me, I see, I am an odd *Bartholmew*.

O V E. Has't a fine picture, Brother ?

C O K. O Sister, doe you remember the ballads ouer the
 50 Nursery-chimney at home o' my owne pasting vp, there be braue pictures. Other manner of pictures, than these, friend.

W A S. Yet these will serue to picke the pictures out o' your pockets, you shall see

55 C O K. So, I heard 'hem say. Pray thee mind him not, fellow : hee'll haue an oare in euery thing.

N I G. It was intended Sir, as if a purse should chance to be cut in my presence, now, I may be blamelesse, though : as by the sequell, will more plainly appeare.

60 C O K. We shall find that i' the matter. Pray thee begin.

N I G. To the tune of *Paggingtons Pound*, Sir,

C O K. *Fa, la la la, la la la, fa la la la* Nay, I'll put thee in tune, and all ! mine owne country dance ! Pray thee begin.

65 N I G. It is a gentle admonition, you must know, Sir, both to the purse-cutter, and the purse-bearer.

C O K. Not a word more, out o' the tune, an' thou lou'st mee : *Fa, la la la, la la la, fa la la la*. Come, when ?

N I G. *My masters and friends, and good people draw neere,*
 70 *And looke to your purses, for that I doe say ;*

C O K. Ha, ha, this chimes ! good counsell at first dash.

N I G. *And though little money, in them you doe beare,*
It cost more to get, then to lose in a day. [C O K. Good !

*You oft haue beene told,
Both the young and the old ;
And bidden beware of the cutpurse so bold :* { Co κ. Well
Then if you take heed not, free me from the curse, said ! hee were
Who both giue you warning for and the cutpurse. to blame that
Youth, youth, thou hadst better bin staru'd by thy Nurse, wold not i' faith.
Then liue to be hanged for cutting a purse. 80

Co κ. Good i' faith, how say you, *Numps* ? Is there any
harme i' this ?

N I G. *It hath bin vpbraidyd to men of my trade,
That oftē times we are the cause of this crime.
Alacke and for pittie, why should it be said ?
As if they regarded or places, or time.* { Co κ. The
more coxcōbes
they that did
it, I wusse.

Examples haue been

Of some that were seen,

In Westminster Hall, yea the pleaders between, { Co κ. God a
Then why should the Iudges be free from this curse, mercy for that !
More then my poore selfe, for cutting the purse ? why should
Youth, youth, thou hadst better bin staru'd by thy Nurse, they be more
Then liue to be hanged for cutting a purse. free indeede ?

Co κ. That againe, good Ballad-man, that againe. O *He sings
rare ! I would faine rubbe mine elbow now, but I dare not the burden
pull out my hand. On, I pray thee, hee that made this with him*
ballad, shall be *Poet* to my *Masque*.

N I G. *At Worc'ter 'tis knowne well, and euen i' the Iayle,*

A Knight of good worship did there shew his face,

Against the foule sinners, in zeale for to rayle,

And lost (ipso facto) his purse in the place. 100

Nay, once from the Seat

Of Iudgement so great,

A Iudge there did lose a faire pouch of veluete { Co κ. I' faith ?

O Lord for thy mercy, how wicked or worse, 105

*Are those that so venture their necks for a purse ! Youth,
youth, &c.*

Co κ. *Youth, youth, &c.* pray thee stay a little, friend, yet,
o' thy conscience, *Numps*, speake, is there any harme i' this ?

III v. 78 *warning for and] warning, F for and, F 107 yet,] yet F*

110 W A S. To tell you true, 'tis too good for you, 'lesse you had grace to follow it.

I v s. It doth discouer enormitie, I'll marke it more : I ha' not lik'd a paltry piece of poetry, so well, a good while.

C o k. *Youth, youth, &c !* where's this youth, now ? A man must call vpon him, for his owne good, and yet hee will not appeare : looke here, here's for him ; handy-dandy, which hand will he haue ? On, I pray thee, with the rest, I doe heare of him, but I cannot see him, this Master *Youth*, the cutpurse.

120 N I G. *At Playes and at Sermons, and at the Sessions,*

'Tis daily their practice such booty to make :

Yea, under the Gallowes, at Executions,

They sticke not the Stare-about's purses to take.

125 *Nay one without grace,* { C o k. That was a fine fel-
At a (far) better place, { low ! I would haue him, now.

At Court, & in Christmas, before the Kings face.

Alacke then for pittie, must I beare the curse,

That onely belongs to the cunning cutpurse ?

C o k. But where's their cunning, now, when they should vse it ? they are all chain'd now, I warrant you. *Youth, youth, thou hadst better, &c.* The Rat-catchers charme, are all fooles and Asses to this ! A poxe on 'hem, that they will not come ! that a man should haue such a desire to a thing, and want it.

135 Q V A R. 'Fore God, I'd giue halfe the *Fayre*, and 'twere mine, for a cutpurse for him, to saue his longing.

C o k. Looke you Sister, heere, heere, where is't now ? which pocket is't in ? for a wager ?

140 W A S. I beseech you leaue your wagers, and let him end his matter, an't may be.

C o k. O, are you ædified, *Numps* ?

I v s. Indeed hee do's interrupt him, too much : There *Numps* spoke to purpose.

III v 110 'lesse] lesse F 113 well,] well F *Aside* add G 125 *At*
at F *far* G conj. 126 *face*] *face*, F 127 *pitty*,] *pitty* F 131 *charme*]
Charms 1716 1 141 ædified,] ædified F 143 *Aside* add G

C o k. Sister, I am an Asse, I cannot keepe my purse : *againe.*
on, on ; I pray thee, friend.

N i g. *But O, you vile nation of cutpurses all,
Relent and repent, and amend and be sound,
And know that you ought not, by honest mens fall,
Advanee your owne fortunes, to die above ground,
And though you goe gay,
In silkes as you may,
It is not the high way to heaven, (as they say)
Repent then, repent you, for better, for worse .
And hisse not the Gallowes for cutting a purse
Youth, youth, thou hadst better bin seru'd by thy Nurse,
Then lue to be hanged for cutting a purse.*

W i n w. Will Edg-
you see sport ? worth gets
looke, there's a up to him,
fellow gathers and
vp to him, tickles
marke. him in the
eare with
a straw
tunce to
draw his
hand out
of his
pocket!

Q v a. Good,
i' faith ! he has
lighted on the
wrong pocket
W i n w. He
has it, 'fore

God hee is a braue fellow ; pittie hee should be detected

A l l. An excellent ballad ! an excellent ballad !

E d g. Friend, let mee ha' the first, let mee ha' the first,
I pray you. 160

C o k. Pardon mee, Sir. First come, first seru'd ; and
I'll buy the whole bundle too.

W i n. That conueyance was better then all, did you
see 't ? he has guen the purse to the ballad-singer.

Q v a r. Has hee ? 165

E d g. Sir, I cry you mercy ; I'll not hinder the poore
mans profit : pray you mistake me not.

C o k. Sir, I take you for an honest Gentleman, if that
be mistaking ; I met you to day afore . ha ! humh ! O
God ! my purse is gone, my purse, my purse, &c. 170

W a s. Come, doe not make a stirre, and cry your selfe
an Asse, thorow the *Fayre* afore your time.

C o k. Why, hast thou it, *Numpes* ? good *Numpes*, how
came you by it ? I mar'le !

W a s. I pray you seeke some other gamster, to play the
foole with . you may lose it time enough, for all your *Fayre*-
wit. 175

C o k. By this good hand, gloue and all, I ha' lost it
already, if thou hast it not . feele else, and Mistris *Grace's*
handkercher, too, out o' the tother pocket. 180

III v 149 *Advanee*] *Adnauce* F 152 i' faith] 'i faith F After
160 *As Nightingale reaches out the ballad, Edgworth slips the purse into his*
hand. G 168 Gentleman,] Gentleman, F 169 mistaking,]
mistaking, F

W A S. Why, 'tis well ; very well, exceeding pretty, and well.

E D G. Are you sure you ha' lost it, Sir ?

C O K. O God ! yes ; as I am an honest man, I had it but 185 e'en now, at *youth, youth*.

N I G. I hope you suspect not me, Sir.

E D G. Thee ? that were a iest indeede ! Dost thou thinke the Gentleman is foolish ? where hadst thou hands, I pray thee ? Away Asse, away.

190 I V S. I shall be beaten againe, if I be spi'd.

E D G. Sir, I suspect an odde fellow, yonder, is stealing away.

O V E. Brother, it is the preaching fellow ! you shall suspect him. He was at your tother purse, you know ! 195 Nay, stay, Sir, and view the worke you ha' done, an' you be benefic'd at the Gallowes, and preach there, thanke your owne handy-worke.

C O K. Sir, you shall take no pride in your preferment : you shall be silenc'd quickly.

200 I V S. What doe you meane ? sweet buds of gentility.

C O K. To ha' my peneworths out on you : Bud. No lesse then two purses a day, serue you ? I thought you a simple fellow, when my man *Numpes* beate you, i' the morning, and pittied you——

205 O V E. So did I, I'll be sworne, brother ; but now I see hee is a lewd, and pernicious Enormity : (as Master *Ouerdoo* calls him.)

I V S. Mine owne words turn'd vpon mee, like swords.

C O K. Cannot a man's purse be at quiet for you, i' the 210 Masters pocket, but you must intice it forth, and debauch it ?

W A S. Sir, Sir, keepe your debauch, and your fine *Bartholmew*-termes to your selfe ; and make as much on 'hem as you please. But gi' me this from you, i' the meane time : I beseech you, see if I can looke to this.

Wasp
takes the

Licence
from him.

III. v 189 Exit Night add G

They seize Overdo add G

Aside add G

190 Aside, retiring add G

205 be sworne besworne F

210 Overdo is carried off add G

199

208

C O K. Why, *Numps*?

215

W A S. Why? because you are an Asse, Sir, there's a reason the shortest way, and you will needs ha' it; now you ha' got the tricke of losing, you'd lose your breech, an't 'twere loose. I know you, Sir, come, deliuer, you'll goe and cracke the vermine, you breed now, will you? 'tis very fine, 220 will you ha' the truth on't? they are such retchlesse flies as you are, that blow cutpurses abroad in euery corner; your foolish hauing of money, makes 'hem An' there were no wiser then I, Sir, the trade shoud lye open for you, Sir, it should i'faith, Sir. I would teach your wit to come to your 225 head, Sir, as well as your land to come into your hand, I assure you, Sir.

W I N. Alacke, good *Numps*.

W A S. Nay, Gentlemen, neucr pittie mee, I am not worth it: Lord send me at home once, to *Harrow* o' the *Hill* 230 againe, if I trauell any more, call me *Coriat*; with all my heart.

Q V A R. Stay, Sir, I must haue a word with you in priuate. Doe you heare?

E D G. With me, Sir? what's your pleasure? good Sir. 235

Q V A R. Doe not deny it. You are a cutpurse, Sir, this Gentleman here, and I, saw you, nor doe we meane to detect you (though we can sufficiently informe our selues, toward the danger of concealing you) but you must doe vs a piece of service. 240

E D G. Good Gentlemen, doe not vndoe me; I am a ciuill young man, and but a beginner, indeed.

Q V A R. Sir, your beginning shall bring on your ending, for vs. We are no Catchpoles nor Constables. That you are to vndertake, is this; you saw the old fellow, with the 245 blacke boxe, here?

E D G. The little old Gouvernour, Sir?

Q V A R. That same: I see, you haue flowne him to a

III. v. 221 such] snch F 231 with all] withall F 232 *Exeunt*
Wasps, Cokes, and Mrs Overdo, followed by Edgworth add G 232
 QVAR] Quar. [*Stops Edgworth*] G

marke already. I would ha' you get away that boxe from
250 him, and bring it vs.

EDG. Would you ha' the boxe and all, Sir? or onely
that, that is in't? I'll get you that, and leaue him the boxe,
to play with still: (which will be the harder o'the two)
because I would gaine your worships good opinion of me.

255 WIN - W. He sayes well, 'tis the greater Mastry, and
'twill make the more sport when 'tis must.

EDG. I, and 'twill be the longer a missing, to draw on
the sport.

QVARR. But looke you doe it now, sirrah, and keepe
260 your word: or——

EDG. Sir, if euer I breake my word, with a Gentleman,
may I neuer read word at my need. Where shall I find you?

QVARR. Some-where i' the *Fayre*, heereabouts. Dis-
patch it quickly. I would faine see the carefull foole de-
265 luded! of all Beasts, I loue the serious Asse. He that takes
paines to be one, and playes the foole, with the greatest dili-
gence that can be.

GRA. Then you would not chose, Sir, but loue my
Guardian, Iustice *Ouerdoo*, who is answerable to that de-
270 scription, in euery haire of him.

QVARR. So I haue heard. But how came you, Mist(r)is
Welborne, to be his Ward? or haue relation to him, at first?

GRA. Faith, through a common calamity, he bought
me, Sir; and now he will marry me to his wiuers brother,
275 this wise Gentleman, that you see, or else I must pay value
o' my land.

QVARR. S'ld, is there no deuice of disparagement? or
so? talke with some crafty fellow, some picklocke o' the
Law! Would I had studied a yeere longer i'the Innes of
280 Court, and't had beene but i' your case.

WIN - W. I, Master *Quarlous*, are you proffering?

GRA. You'd bring but little ayde, Sir.

WIN - W. (I'll looke to you i' faith, Gamster.) An vn-

III. v 264 After 'quickly' [*Exit Edgworth*] G 276 land.] land F
281 I.] I F *Aside* add G 283 i' faith] 'faith F

fortunate foolish *Tribe* you are false into, Lady, I wonder you can endure 'hem. 285

G R A. Sir, they that cannot worke their fetters off ; must weare 'hem.

W I N - W. You see what care they haue on you, to leaue you thus.

G R A. Faith, the same they haue of themselues, Sir. I 290 cannot greatly complaine, if this were all the plea I had against 'hem.

W I N (- W). 'Tis true ! but will you please to withdraw with vs, a little, and make them thinke, they haue lost you. I hope our manners ha' beene such hitherto, and our lan- 295 guage, as will giue you no cause, to doubt your selfe, in our company.

G R A. Sir, I will giue my selfe, no cause ; I am so secure of mine owne manners, as I suspect not yours.

Q V A R. Looke where *Iohn Little-wit* comes. 300

W I N - W. Away, I'll not be seene, by him.

Q V A R. No, you were not best, hee'd tell his mother, the widdow.

W I N - W. Heart, what doe you meane ?

Q V A R. Cry you mercy, is the winde there ? must not 305 the widdow be nam'd ?

ACT III. SCENE VI.

JOHN. WIN. TRASH. LEATHERHEAD.

KNOCKHVM. BVSY. PVRECRAFT.

DOe you heare, *Win*, *Win* ?

W I N. What say you, *Iohn* ?

I O H. While they are paying the reckoning, *Win*, I'll tell you a thing, *Win*, wee shall neuer see any sights i' the *Fayre*, *Win*, except you long still, *Win*, good *Win*, sweet *Win*, long 5 to see some Hobby-horses, and some Drummes, and Rattles,

III. v. 290 Faith,] Faith F 304 Heart] Heatt F III. vi.
Enter Littlewit from Ursula's booth, followed by Mrs Littlewit. G, con-
tinuing the scene 1 heare,] heare F 4 thung,] thung F

and Dogs, and fine deuices, *Win*. The Bull with the fine legs, *Win*; and the great Hog: now you ha' begun with Pigge, you may long for any thing, *Win*, and so for my
 10 Motion, *Win*.

W I N. But we sha' not eat o' the Bull, and the Hogge, *Iohn*, how shall I long then?

I o H. O yes! *Win*: you may long to see, as well as to taste, *Win*: how did the Pothecarie's wife, *Win*, that long'd
 15 to see the Anatomy, *Win*? or the Lady, *Win*, that desir'd to spit i' the great Lawyers mouth, after an eloquent pleading?
 I assure you they long'd, *Win*, good *Win*, goe in, and long.

They plot to be gone T R A. I think we are rid of our new customer, brother *Leatherhead*, wee shall heare no more of him.

20 L E A. All the better, let's packe vp all, and begone, before he finde vs.

T R A. Stay a little, yonder comes a company: it may be wee may take some more money.

K N O. Sir, I will take your counsell, and cut my haire,
 25 and leaue vapours: I see, that Tabacco, and Bottle-Ale, and Fig, and *Whit*, and very *Vrsla*, her selfe, is all vanity.

B v s. Onely Pigge was not comprehended in my admonition, the rest were. For long haire, it is an Ensigne of pride, a banner, and the world is full of those banners,
 30 very full of Banners. And, bottle-ale is a drinke of Sathan's, a diet-drinke of Sathan's, deuised to puffe vs vp, and make vs swell in this latter age of vanity, as the smoake of tabacco, to keepe vs in mist and error: But the fleshly woman, (which you call *Vrsla*) is aboue all to be auoyded, hauing the
 35 marks vpon her, of the three enemies of Man, the World, as being in the *Faire*; the Deuill, as being in the fire; and the Flesh, as being her selfe.

P v R. Brother *Zeale-of-the-land*! what shall we doe? my daughter *Win-the-fight*, is falne into her fit of longing
 40 againe.

III VI 17 *Exeunt Littlewit and Mrs Littlewit* add G 21 vs *Stop farnt or missing in F* After 23 *Enter Knockem and Busy.* G 24 KNO] KNO, F 29 banner] ban ner F 31 Sathan's, deuised] Sathan s, deuised F 36 and] and and F After 37 *Enter Mrs. Purecraft.* G

B v s. For more pig? there is no more, is there?

P v r. To see some sights, i' the *Faire*.

B v s. Sister, let her fly the impurity of the place, swiftly, lest shee partake of the pitch thereof. Thou art the seate of the Beast, O *Smithfield*, and I will leaue thee. Idolatry 45 peepeth out on euery side of thee.

K n o. An excellent right Hypocrite! now his belly is full, he falls a railing and kicking, the Iade. A very good vapour! I'll in, and ioi *Vrsula*, with telling, how her pigge works, two and a halfe he eate to his share. And he has 50 drunke a pailefull. He eates with his eyes, as well as his teeth.

L e a. What doe you lack, Gentlemen? What is't you buy? Rattles, Drumms, Babies.—

B v s. Peace, with thy Apocryphall wares, thou prophane Publican: thy *Bells*, thy *Dragons*, and thy *Tobie's* 55 *Dogges*. Thy Hobby-horse is an Idoll, a very Idoll, a ferce and rancke Idoll. And thou, the *Nabuchadnezzar*, the proud *Nabuchadnezzar* of the *Faire*, that set'st it vp, for children to fall downe to, and worship.

L e a. Cry you mercy, Sir, will you buy a fiddle to fill vp 60 your noise?

I o h. Looke *Win*, doe, looke a Gods name, and saue your longing. Here be fine sights

P v r. I child, so you hate 'hem, as our Brother *Zeale* do's, you may looke on 'hem. 65

L e a. Or what do you say, to a Drumme, Sir?

B v s. It is the broken belly of the Beast, and thy Bel- lowes there are his lungs, and these Pipes are his throate, those Feathers are of his taile, and thy Rattles, the gnash- 70 ing of his teeth.

T r a. And what's my ginger-bread? I pray you.

B v s. The prouander that pricks him vp. Hence with thy basket of Popery, thy nest of Images: and whole legend of ginger-worke.

III. vi 46 *Goes forward* add G 51 *Exit* add G 60 Cry you]
Cry you F 61 noise?] noise F *Re-enter Littlewit and his wife*
add G 62 *Win,*] *Win* F 66 Drumme,] Drumme F

75 L E A. Sir, if you be not quiet, the quicklier, I'll ha' you clapp'd fairely by the heeles, for disturbing the *Faire*.

B v s. The sinne of the *Faire* prouokes me, I cannot bee silent.

P v R. Good brother *Zeale*!

80 L E A. Sir, I'll make you silent, beleeue it.

I o H. I'd giue a shilling, you could i' faith, friend.

L E A. Sir, giue me your shilling, I'll giue you my shop, if I do not, and I'll leaue it in pawne with you, i' the meane time.

85 I o H. A match i' faith, but do it quickly, then.

He speaks to the widow B v s. Hinder me not, woman. I was mou'd in spirit, to bee here, this day, in this *Faire*, this wicked, and foule *Faire*; and fitter may it be called a foule, then a *Faire*: To

protest against the abuses of it, the foule abuses of it, in regard of the afflicted Saints, that are troubled, very much troubled, exceedingly troubled, with the opening of the merchandize of *Babylon* againe, & the peeping of *Popery* vpon the stals, here, here, in the high places. See you not *Goldyllocks*, the purple strumpet, there? in her yellow gowne, and greene sleeues? the prophane pipes, the tinkling timbrells?

95 A shop of reliques!

I o H. Pray you forbear, I am put in trust with 'hem.

Overthrows the gingerbread. B v s. And this Idolatrous Groue of Images, this flasket of Idols! which I will pull downe—

(T R A. O my ware, my ware, God blesse it.)

B v s. In my zeale, and glory to be thus exercis'd.

Leatherhead enters with officers. L E A. Here he is, pray you lay hold on his zeale, wee cannot sell a whistle, for him, in tune. Stop his noyse, first!

B v s. Thou canst not: 'tis a sanctified noise. I will
105 make a loud and most strong noise, till I haue daunted the prophane enemy. And for this cause.—

L E A. Sir, heer's no man afraid of you, or your cause. You shall sweare it, i' the stocks, Sir.

III. vi. 75 Sir,] Sir F 81 I'd] I'd F *Aside to Leath.* add
G 85 Exit Leatherhead add G 88 be] be a F 96
Attempts to seize the toys add G 101 Stage dir. officers.] officers F

B v s. I will thrust my selfe into the stocks, vpon the pikes of the Land.

110

L E A. Carry him away.

P v r. What doe you meane, wicked men?

B v s. Let them alone; I feare them not.

I o h. Was not this shilling well ventur'd, *Win*? for our liberty? Now we may goe play, and see ouer the *Fayre*, 115 where we list our selues; my mother is gone after him, and let her e'en go, and loose vs.

W i n. Yes *Iohn*, but I know not what to doe.

I o h. For what, *Win*?

W i n. For a thing, I am asham'd to tell you, i'faith, 120 and 'tis too farre to go home.

I o h. I pray thee bee not asham'd, *Win*. Come, i'faith thou shall not be asham'd, is it any thing about the Hobby-horse-man? an't be, speake freely.

W i n. Hang him, base Bobchin, I scorne him; no, I 125 haue very great, what sha'call'um, *Iohn*.

I o h. O! Is that all, *Win*? wee'll goe backe to Captaine *Iordan*; to the pig-womans, *Win*, hee'll helpe vs, or she with a dripping pan, or an old kettle, or something. The poore greasie soule loues you, *Win*, and after we'll visit the *Fayre* 130 all ouer, *Win*, and see my Puppet play, *Win*, you know it's a fine matter, *Win*.

L E A. Let's away, I counsell'd you to packe vp afore, *Ione*.

T r a. A poxe of his *Bedlem* purity. Hee has spoyl'd 135 halfe my ware: but the best is, wee lose nothing, if wee misse our first Merchant.

L E A. It shall be hard for him to finde, or know vs, when we are translated, *Ione*.

III VI 110 *They seize him* add G After 113 *Exeunt Officers*
with Busy, followed by Dame Purecraft G 117 e'cn] ee'n F loose F
 lose F3 126 *Whispers him* add G 128 *Win,*] *Win* F
 129 dripping] drip ping F 131 and] and, F 132 *Exeunt Littlewit*
and Mrs Littlewit. add G 139 *Exeunt* add G

ACT III. SCENE I.

TROUBLE-ALL. BRISTLE. HAGGISE. COKES.
IUSTICE. POCHER. BVSY. PVRECRAFT.

MY Masters, I doe make no doubt, but you are officers.
BRI. What then, Sir?

TRO. And the Kings louing, and obedient subiects.

BRI. Obedient, friend? take heede what you speake,
5 I aduise you: *Oliuer Bristle* aduises you. His louing sub-
iects, we grant you: but not his obedient, at this time, by
your leaue, wee know our selues, a little better then so, wee
are to command, S^r. and such as you are to be obedient.
Here's one of his obedient subiects, going to the stocks, and
10 wee'll make you such another, if you talke.

TRO. You are all wise enough i' your places, I know.

BRI. If you know it, Sir, why doe you bring it in
question?

TRO. I question nothing, pardon me. I do only hope
15 you haue warrant, for what you doe, and so, quit you, and
so, multiply you.

*He goes
away
againe.*

HAG. What's hee? bring him vp to the stocks there.
Why bring you him not vp?

*comes
again.*

TRO. If you haue Iustice *Ouerdoo's* warrant, 'tis well:
20 you are safe; that is the warrant of warrants. I'll not giue
this button, for any mans warrant else.

*goes
away*

BRI. Like enough, Sir, but let me tell you, an' you play
away your buttons, thus, you will want 'hem ere night, for
any store I see about you: you might keepe 'hem, and saue
pinnes, I wusse.

IVS. What should hee be, that doth so esteeme, and
aduaunce my warrant? he seemes a sober and discreet person!
it is a comfort to a good conscience, to be follow'd with a
good fame, in his sufferings. The world will haue a pretty

IV 1.] ACT IV SCENE I | *The Fair* | *Booths, stalls, a pair of stocks,*
&c. | *Enter Cokes, Bristle, Haggise, and Pocher, with Overdo, followed by*
Troubleall G 18 *Overdo is brought forward.* add G

tast by this, how I can beare aduersity : and it will beget a 30
kind of reuerence, toward me, hereafter, euen from mine
enemies, when they shall see I carry my calamity nobly, and
that it doth neither breake mee, nor bend mee.

H A G. Come, Sir, heere's a place for you to preach in. *They put
him in the
stocks.*
Will you put in your legge ?

I v s. That I will, cheerefully.

B R I. O' my conscience, a Seminary ! hee kisses the
stockes.

C o k. Well my Masters, I'll leaue him with you ; now
I see him bestow'd, I'll goe looke for my goods, and *Numps.* 40

H A G. You may, Sir, I warrant you ; where's the tother
Bawler ? fetch him too, you shall find 'hem both fast enough.

I v s. In the mid'st of this tumult, I will yet be the
Author of mine owne rest, and not minding their fury, sit in
the stockes, in that calme, as shall be able to trouble a 45
Triumph.

T R o. Doe you assure me vpon your words ? may I *comes
again.*
vndertake for you, if I be ask'd the question ; that you
haue this warrant ?

H A G. What's this fellow, for Gods sake ? 50

T R o. Doe but shew me *Adam Ouerdoo*, and I am
satisfied. *goes out.*

B R I. Hee is a fellow that is distracted, they say ; one
Trouble-all : hee was an officer in the Court of *Pie-poulders*,
here last yeere, and put out on his place by Iustice *Ouerdoo.* 55

I v s. Ha !

B R I. Vpon which, he tooke an idle conceipt, and 's
runne mad vpon't. So that euer since, hee will doe nothing,
but by Iustice *Ouerdoo's* warrant, he will not eate a crust,
nor drinke a little, nor make him in his apparell, ready. His 60
wife, Sirreuerence, cannot get him make his water, or shift
his shirt, without his warrant.

I v s. If this be true, this is my greatest disaster ! how

iv. i. 33 *Aside* add G 37 conscience,] conscience F 42 *Exit*
Cokes. add G 46 *Aside* add G 55 on] of F3 56 *Aside.*
add G (80 66, 73, 84)

am I bound to satisfie this poore man, that is of so good a
65 nature to mee, out of his wits ! where there is no roome left
for dissembling.

comes in. T R O. If you cannot shew me *Adam Ouerdoo*, I am in
goes doubt of you : I am afraid you cannot answere it.
again.

H A G. Before me, Neighbour *Bristle* (and now I thinke
70 on't better) *Iustice Ouerdoo*, is a very parantory person.

B R I. O ! are you aduis'd of that ? and a seuere Iusticer,
by your leaue.

I v s. Doe I heare ill o' that side, too ?

B R I. He will sit as vpriight o' the bench, an' you marke
75 him, as a candle i' the socket, and giue light to the whole
Court in euery businesse.

H A G. But he will burne blew, and swell like a bile (God
blesse vs) an' he be angry.

B R I. I, and hee will be angry too, when him list, that's
80 more : and when hee is angry, be it right or wrong ; hee has
the Law on's side, euer. I marke that too.

I v s. I will be more tender hereafter. I see compassion
may become a *Iustice*, though it be a weaknesse, I confesse ;
and neerer a vice, then a vertue.

They H A G. Well, take him out o' the stocks againe, wee'll
take the goe a sure way to worke, wee'll ha' the Ace of hearts of our
Iustice side, if we can.
out.

P o c. Come, bring him away to his fellow, there. Master
Busy, we shall rule your legges, I hope, though wee cannot
90 rule your tongue.

B v s. No, Minister of darknesse, no, thou canst not rule
my tongue, my tongue it is mine own, and with it I will both
knocke, and mocke downe your *Bartholmew*-abominations,
till you be made a hissing to the neighbour Parishes, round
95 about.

H A G. Let him alone, we haue deuis'd better vpon't.

P v r. And shall he not into the stocks then ?

B R I. No, Mistresse, wee'll haue 'hem both to *Iustice*

IV 1. 79 him list *Editor conj.* his list F. he lists G After 87
Enter Pocher, and Officers with Busy, followed by Mrs. Pursecraft. G

Ouerdoo, and let him doe ouer 'hem as is fitting. Then I, and my gossip *Haggis*, and my beadle *Pocher* are discharg'd. 100

P V R. O, I thanke you, blessed, honest men !

B R I. Nay, neuer thank vs, but thank this mad-man that comes heere, hee put it in our heads.

P V R. Is hee mad ? Now *heauen* increase his madnesse, *Comes* and blesse it, and thanke it, Sir, your poore hand-maide *againe* thanks you.

T R O. Haue you a warrant ? an' you haue a warrant, shew it.

P V R. Yes, I haue a warrant out of the word, to giue thanks for remouing any scorne intended to the brethren. 110

T R O. It is Iustice *Ouerdoo's* warrant, that I looke for, if you haue not that, keepe your word, I'll keepe mine. Quit yee, and multiply yee.

ACT III. SCENE II.

EDGORTH. TROUBLE-ALL. NIGHTINGALE.

COKES. COSTARDMONGER.

C Ome away *Nightingale*, I pray thee.

T R O. Whither goe you ? where's your warrant ?

E D G. Warrant, for what, Sir ?

T R O. For what you goe about, you know how fit it is, an' you haue no warrant, blesse you, I'll pray for you, that's all I can doe. 5

Goes out.

E D G. What meanes hee ?

N I G. A mad-man that haunts the *Fayre*, doe you not know him ? it's maruell hee has not more followers, after his ragged heeles. 10

E D G. Beshrew him, he startled me : I thought he had knowne of our plot. Guilt's a terrible thing ! ha' you prepar'd the Costardmonger ?

N I G. Yes, and agreed for his basket of peares ; hee is at the corner here, ready. And your Prise, he comes downe, 15

IV i 110. *Exeunt all but Troubleall add G and Nightingale* G, continuing the scene

IV ii *Enter Edgorth*

sailing that way, all alone; without his Protector: hee is rid of him, it seemes.

EDG. I, I know; I should ha' follow'd his Protectorship for a feat I am to doe vpon him: But this offer'd it selfe, so i' the way, I could not let it scape: heere he comes, whistle, be this sport call'd *Dorring the Dottrell*.

Nightingale
whistles

NI G. Wh, wh, wh, wh, &c.

CO K. By this light, I cannot finde my ginger-bread-Wife, nor my Hobby-horse-man in all the *Fayre*, now; to ha' my money againe. And I do not know the way out on't, to go home for more, doe you heare, friend, you that whistle; what tune is that, you whistle?

NI G. A new tune, I am practising, Sir.

CO K. Dost thou know where I dwell, I pray thee? nay, on with thy tune, I ha' no such hast, for an answer: I'll practise with thee.

Nightingale sets
his foote
afore him,
and he
falls with
his basket.

CO S. Buy any peares, very fine peares, peares fine.

CO K. Gods so! a musse, a musse, a musse, a musse.

Cokes
falls
a scrambling
whilest
they
runne
away with
his things

CO S. Good Gentleman, my ware, my ware, I am a poore man. Good Sir, my ware.

NI G. Let me hold your sword, Sir, it troubles you.

CO K. Doe, and my cloake, an' thou wilt, and my hat, too.

EDG. A delicate great boy! me thinks, he out-scrambles 'hem all. I cannot perswade my selfe, but he goes to grammer-schole yet; and playes the trewant, to day.

NI G. Would he had another purse to cut, *Zekiel*.

EDG. Purse? a man might cut out his kidneys, I thinke; and he neuer feeles 'hem, he is so earnest at the sport.

NI G. His soule is halfe way out on's body, at the game.

EDG. Away, *Nightingale*: that way

CO K. I thinke I am furnish'd for Catherne peares, for one vnder-meale gi' me my cloake.

CO S. Good Gentleman, giue me my ware.

CO K. Where's the fellow, I ga' my cloake to? my

cloake ? and my hat ? ha ! Gods'lid, is he gone ? thieues, *He runs out.*
thieues, helpe me to cry, Gentlemen.

EDG. Away, Costermonger, come to vs to *Vrsla's*.
Talke of him to haue a soule ? 'heart, if hee haue any more
then a thing giuen him in stead of salt, onely to keepe him ⁵⁵
from stinking, I'll be hang'd afore my time, presently :
where should it be trow ? in his blood ? hee has not so much
to'ard it in his whole body, as will maintaine a good Flea ;
And if hee take this course, he will not ha' so much land left,
as to reare a Calfe within this twelue month. Was there ⁶⁰
euer greene Plouer so pull'd ! That his little Ouerseer had
beene heere now, and beene but tall enough, to see him steale
peares, in exchange, for his beauer-hat, and his cloake thus ?
I must goe finde him out, next, for his blacke boxe, and his
Patent (it seemes) hee has of his place ; which I thinke the ⁶⁵
Gentleman would haue a reuersion of ; that spoke to me for
it so earnestly.

COK. Would I might lose my doublet, and hose, too ; *He comes againe*
as I am an honest man, and neuer stirre, if I thinke there be
any thing, but thieuing, and cooz'ning, i' this whole *Fayre*. ⁷⁰
Bartholmew-fayre, quoth he ; an' euer any *Bartholmew* had
that lucke in't, that I haue had, I'll be martyr'd for him, and
in *Smithfield*, too. I ha' paid for my peares, a rot on 'hem, *throws away his peares.*
I'll keepe 'hem no longer ; you were choake-peares to mee ;
I had bin better ha' gone to mum chance for you, I wusse.
Me thinks the *Fayre* should not haue vs'd me thus, and
'twere but for my names sake, I would not ha' vs'd a dog o'
the name, so. O, *Numps* will triumph, now ! Friend, doe *Trouble-*
you know who I am ? or where I lye ? I doe not my selfe, *all comes againe*
I'll be sworne. Doe but carry me home, and I'll please
thee, I ha' money enough there, I ha' lost my selfe, and my
cloake and my hat ; and my fine sword, and my sister, and
Numps, and Mistris *Grace*, (a Gentlewoman that I should
ha' married) and a cut-worke handkercher, shee ga' mee,

iv u 53 After '*Vrsla's*' [*Exit Cost*] G 56 presently F3
presently, F 67 *Exit* add G 78 *Stage direction at l. 88 in F*
80 be sworne] besworne F

85 and two purses to day. And my bargaine o' Hobby-horses
and Ginger-bread, which grieues me worst of all.

T R O. By whose warrant, Sir, haue you done all this ?

C O K. Warrant ? thou art a wise fellow, indeed, as if a
man need a warrant to lose any thing, with.

90 T R O. Yes, Iustice *Ouerdo's* warrant, a man may get, and
lose with, I'll stand to't.

C O K. Iustice *Ouerdoo* ? Dost thou know him ? I lye
there, hee is my brother in Law, hee marryed my sister :
pray thee shew me the way, dost thou know the house ?

95 T R O. Sir, shew mee your warrant, I know nothing with-
out a warrant, pardon me.

C O K. Why, I warrant thee, come along : thou shalt see,
I haue wrought pillowes there, and cambricke sheetes, and
sweete bags, too. Pray thee guide me to the house.

100 T R O. Sir, I'll tell you ; goe you thither your selfe,
first, alone ; tell your worshipfull brother your minde : and
but bring me three lines of his hand, or his Clerkes, with
Adam Ouerdoo, vnderneath ; here I'll stay you, I'll obey
you, and I'll guide you presently.

105 C O K. S'lid, this is an Asse, I ha' found him, poxe vpon
mee, what doe I talking to such a dull foole ; farewell, you
are a very Coxcomb, doe you heare ?

T R O. I thinke, I am, if Iustice *Ouerdoo* signe to it, I am,
and so wee are all, hee'll quit vs all, multiply vs all.

ACT III. SCENE IIJ.

*They
enter with
their
swords
drawne*

GRACE. QVARLOVS. WIN-WIFE. TROUBLE-
ALL. EDG WORTH.

G Entlemen, this is no way that you take : you do but
breed one another trouble, and offence, and giue me
no contentment at all. I am no she, that affects to be
quarell'd for, or haue my name or fortune made the question
5 of mens swords.

IV. II 103 I'll obey] He obey F 108 am, corr F am F originally
108 Exeunt add G IV III. SCENE II | Another part of the Faw |
Enter Grace, Quarulous, and Winwife, with their swords drawn. G

Q V A. S'llood, wee loue you.

G R A. If you both loue mee, as you pretend, your owne reason will tell you, but one can enioy me; and to that point, there leads a directer line, then by my infamy, which must follow, if you fight. 'Tis true, I haue profest it to you in-
 10 genuously, that rather then to be yoak'd with this Bridegroomme is appointed me, I would take vp any husband, almost vpon any trust. Though Subtilty would say to me, (I know) hee is a foole, and has an estate, and I might gouerne him, and enioy a friend, beside. But these are not
 15 my aymes, I must haue a husband I must loue, or I cannot liue with him. I shall ill make one of these politique wiues!

W I N - W. Why, if you can like either of vs, Lady, say, which is he, and the other shall sweare instantly to desist.

Q V A. Content, I accord to that willingly.

20

G R A. Sure you thinke me a woman of an extreme leuity, Gentlemen, or a strange fancy, that (meeting you by chance in such a place, as this, both at one instant, and not yet of two hours acquaintance, neither of you deseruing afore the other, of me) I should so forsake my modesty (though I might affect
 25 one more particularly) as to say, This is he, and name him.

Q V A. Why, wherefore should you not? What should hinder you?

G R A. If you would not giue it to my modesty, allow it yet to my wit; giue me so much of woman, and cunning, 30 as not to betray my selfe impertinently. How can I iudge of you, so farre as to a choyse, without knowing you more? you are both equall, and alike to mee, yet: and so indifferently affected by mee, as each of you might be the man, if the other were away. For you are reasonable creatures, you
 35 haue vnderstanding, and discourse. And if fate send me an vnderstanding husband, I haue no feare at all, but mine owne manners shall make him a good one.

Q V A R. Would I were put forth to making for you, then.

G R A. It may be you are, you know not what's toward 40 you: will you consent to a motion of mine, Gentlemen?

WIN - w. What euer it be, we'll presume reasonable-
nesse, comming from you.

Q V A R. And fitnessse, too.

45 G R A. I saw one of you buy a paire of tables, e'en now.

WIN - w. Yes, heere they be, and maiden ones too, vn-
written in.

G R A. The fitter for what they may be employed in. You
shall write either of you, heere, a word, or a name, what
50 you like best ; but of two, or three syllables at most : and
the next person that comes this way (because *Destiny* has
a high hand in businesse of this nature) I'll demand, which
of the two words, he, or she doth approue ; and according
to that sentence, fixe my resolution, and affection, without
55 change.

Q V A R. Agreed, my word is conceiued already.

WIN - w. And mine shall not be long creating after.

G R A. But you shall promise, Gentlemen, not to be
curious to know, which of you it is, (is) taken ; but giue me
60 leaue to conceale that till you haue brought me, either home,
or where I may safely tender my selfe.

WIN - w. Why that's but equall.

Q V A R. Wee are pleas'd.

G R A. Because I will bind both your indeauours to work
65 together, friendly, and ioyntly, each to the others fortune,
and haue my selfe fitted with some meanes, to make him
that is forsaken, a part of amends.

Q V A R. These conditions are very curteous. Well, my
word is out of the *Arcadia*, then . *Argalus*.

70 WIN - w. And mine out of the play, *Palemon*.

Trouble-
all comes
again. T R O. Haue you any warrant for this, Gentlemen ?

Q V A R. WIN - w. Ha !

T R O. There must be a warrant had, beleeeue it.

WIN - w. For what ?

75 T R O. For whatsoever it is, any thing indeede, no
matter what.

Q V A. S'light, here's a fine ragged Prophet, dropt downe
i' the nicke !

T R O. Heauen quit you, Gentlemen.

Q V A. Nay, stay a little, good Lady, put him to the 80
question.

G R A. You are content, then ?

W I N - W. Q V A R. Yes yes.

G R A. Sir, heere are two names written——

T R O. Is *Iustice Ouerdoo*, one ? 85

G R A. How, Sir ? I pray you read 'hem to your selfe,
it is for a wager betweene these Gentlemen, and with a
stroake or any difference, marke which you approue best.

T R O. They may be both worshipfull names for ought I
know, Mistresse, but *Adam Ouerdoo* had beene worth three 90
of 'hem, I assure you, in this place, that's in plaine english.

G R A. This man amazes mee ! I pray you, like one of
'hem, Sir.

T R O. I doe like him there, that has the best warrant.
Mistresse, to saue your longing, (and multiply him) It may 95
be this. But I am still for *Iustice Ouerdoo*, that's my con-
science. And quit you.

W I N - W. Is't done, Lady ?

G R A. I, and strangely, as euer I saw ! What fellow is
this, trow ? 100

Q V A. No matter what, a Fortune-teller wee ha' made
him. Which is't, which is't ?

G R A. Nay, did you not promise, not to enquire ?

Q V A. S'lid, I forgot that, pray you pardon mee. Looke,
here's our *Mercury* come. The Licence arriues i' the finest 105
time, too ! 'tis but scraping out *Cokes* his name, and 'tis
done.

W I N - W. How now lime-twig ? hast thou touch'd ?

E D G. Not yet, Sir, except you would goe with mee, and
see't, it's not worth speaking on. The act is nothing, with- 110

iv. iii 78 i' the] 'ithe F 85 *Iustice*] *Iudice* F 94 Tro] *Tro*
marks the book] G warrant] warrant, F 95 (and] and) F 96
I am F3. I am I F 100 this,] this F 102 is't?] is't F After
104 *Enter Edgworth.* G 108 touch'd?] touch'd. F

out a witsse. Yonder he is, your man with the boxe false into the finest company, and so transported with vapours, they ha' got in a Northren Clothier, and one *Puppy*, a Western man, that's come to wrastle before my Lord
 115 *Maio*r, anone, and Captaine *Whit*, and one *Val Cutting*, that helps Captaine *Jordan* to roare, a circling boy : with whom your *Numps*, is so taken, that you may strip him of his cloathes, if you will. I'll undertake to geld him for you ; if you had but a Surgeon, ready, to seare him. And Mistresse
 120 *Iustice*, there, is the goodest woman I shee do's so loue 'hem all ouer, in termes of Iustice, and the Stile of authority, with her hood vpright—that I beseech you come away, Gentlemen, and see't.

Q V A R. S'ligh't, I would not lose it for the *Fayre*, what'll
 125 you doe, *Ned* ?

W I N - W. Why, stay heere about for you, Mistresse *Welborne* must not be seene.

Q V A. Doe so, and find out a Priest i' the meane time, I'll bring the License. Lead, which way is't ?

130 E D G. Here, Sir, you are o' the backside o' the Booth already, you may heare the noise.

ACT IIIJ. SCENE IV.

KNOCKHVM. NORDERN. PVPPY. CVT-
 TING. WHIT. EDGORTH. QVARLOVS.

OVERDOO. WASPE. BRISTLE.

W *Hit*, bid *Vall Cutting* continue the vapours for a lift,
Whit, for a lift.

N O R. I'll ne mare, I'll ne mare, the eale's too meeghty.

K N O. How now ! my *Galloway Nag*, the staggers ? ha !
 5 *Whit*, gi' him a slit i' the fore-head Cheare vp, man, a needle, and threed to stitch his eares. I'd cure him now

IV III 113 Northren] Northern F3 122 away.] away F 123
 and see't] and see't F IV IV] SCENE III Another part of the
 Fair.] Ursula's Booth, as before Knockem, Whit, Northern, Puppy,
 Cutting, Waspe, and Mrs Overdo, discovered all in a state of intoxication. G
 2 Aside to Whit add G 3 I'll . . . I'll] I'll . . . I'll F

an' I had it, with a little butter, and garlike, long-pepper, and graines. Where's my horne? I'le gi' him a mash, presently, shall take away this dizzinesse.

P v r. Why, where are you, zurs? doe you vlinch, and to leaue vs i' the zuds, now?

N o r. I'le ne mare, I'is e'en as vull as a Paipers bag, by my troth, I.

P v r. Doe my Northerne cloth zhrinke i' the wetting? ha?

15

K n o. Why, well said, old Flea-bitten, thou'lt neuer tyre, I see.

C v t. No, Sir, but he may tire, if it please him.

*They fall
to their
vapours,
again.*

W h i. Who told dee sho? that he vuld neuer teer, man?

C v t. No matter who told him so, so long as he knowes.

K n o. Nay, I know nothing, Sir, pardon me there.

E d g. They are at it stil, Sir, this they call vapours.

W h i. He shall not pardon dee, Captaine, dou shalt not be pardon'd. Pre'de shweete heart, doe not pardon him.

C v t. S'light, I'le pardon him, an' I list, whosoeuer 25 saies nay to't.

Q v a r. Where's *Numps*? I misse him.

*Here they
continue
their game
of
vapours,
which is
non sense.*

W a s. Why, I say nay to't.

Q v a r. O there he is!

K n o. To what doe you say nay, Sir?

W a s. To any thing, whatsoever it is, so long as I do not like it.

W h i. Pardon me, little man, dou musht like it a little.

C v t. No, hee must not like it at all, Sir, there you are i' the wrong.

*Euery
man to
oppose
the last
man that
spoke
whethe(r)
it con-
cern'd
him, or
no.*

W h i. I tinke I be, he musht not like it, indeede.

C v t. Nay, then he both must, and will like it, Sir, for all you.

K n o. If he haue reason, he may like it, Sir.

W h i. By no meansh, Captaine, vpon reason, he may 40 like nothing vpon reason.

iv 1v. 10 you,] you F After 21 Enter behind Edgworth with Quar-
lous. G 24 heart,] heart F 40 meansh,] meansh F

WAS. I haue no reason, nor I will heare of no reason, nor I will looke for no reason, and he is an Asse, that either knowes any, or lookes for't from me.

45 C v t. Yes, in some sense you may haue reason, Sir.

W A s. I, in some sense, I care not if I grant you.

W H I. Pardon mee, thou ousht to grant him nothing, in no shensh, if dou doe loue dy shelfe, angry man.

W A s. Why then, I doe grant him nothing ; and I haue
50 no sense.

C v t. 'Tis true, thou hast no sense indeed.

W A s. S'lid, but I haue sense, now I thinke on't better, and I will grant him any thing, doe you see ?

K N o. He is i' the right, and do's vtter a sufficient vapour.

55 C v t. Nay, it is no sufficient vapour, neither, I deny that.

K N o. Then it is a sweet vapour.

C v t. It may be a sweet vapour.

W A s. Nay, it is no sweet vapour, neither, Sir, it stinkes, and I'll stand to't.

60 W H I. Yes, I tinke it dosh shtinke, Captaine. All vapour dosh shtinke.

W A s. Nay, then it do's not stinke, Sir, and it shall not stinke.

C v t. By your leaue, it may, Sir.

65 W A s. I, by my leaue, it may stinke, I know that.

W H I. Pardon me, thou knowesht nothing, it cannot by thy leaue, angry man.

W A s. How can it not ?

K N o. Nay, neuer question him, for he is i' the right.

70 W H I. Yesh, I am i' de right, I confesh it, so ish de little man too.

W A s. I'll haue nothing confest, that concernes mee. I am not i' the right, nor neuer was i' the right, nor neuer will be i' the right, while I am in my right minde.

C v t. Minde ? why, heere's no man mindes you, Sir, nor any thing else.

P v p. Vreind, will you mind this that wee doe ?

iv. iv 74 minde] minde, F 77 Offering Northern the Cup add G

*They
drinke
againe*

Q v A. Call you this vapours? this is such belching of quarrell, as I neuer heard. Will you minde your businesse, Sir? 80

E D G. You shall see, Sir.

N O R. I'le ne maire, my waimb warkes too mickle with this auredy.

E D G. Will you take that, Master *Waspe*, that no body should minde you? 85

W A S. Why? what ha' you to doe? is't any matter to you?

E D G. No, but me thinks you should not be vnminded, though.

W A S. Nor, I wu'not be, now I thinke on't, doe you 90 heare, new acquaintance, do's no man mind me, say you?

C v T. Yes, Sir, euery man heere mindes you, but how?

W A S. Nay, I care as little how, as you doe, that was not my question.

W H I. No, noting was ty question, tou art a learned man, 95 and I am a valiant man, i'faith la, tou shalt speake for mee, and I vill fight for tee.

K N O. Fight for him, *Whit*? A grosse vapour, hee can fight for himselfe.

W A S. It may be I can, but it may be, I wu'not, how 100 then?

C v T. Why, then you may chuse.

W A S. Why, and I'le chuse whether I'le chuse or no.

K N O. I thinke you may, and 'tis true; and I allow it for a resolute vapour. 105

W A S. Nay, then, I doe thinke you doe not thinke, and it is no resolute vapour.

C v T. Yes, in some sort he may allow you.

K N O. In no sort, Sir, pardon me, I can allow him nothing. You mistake the vapour. 110

W A S. He mistakes nothing, Sir, in no sort.

W H I. Yes, I pre dee now, let him mistake.

W A S. A turd i' your teeth, neuer pre dee mee, for I will haue nothing mistaken.

*They fall
by the
eares.*

K N O. Turd, ha turd? a noysome vapour, strike *Whit*.

O V E. Why, Gentlemen, why Gentlemen, I charge you vpon my authority, conserue the peace. In the Kings name, and my Husbands, put vp your weapons. I shall be driuen to commit you my selfe, else.

120 Q V A. Ha, ha, ha.

W A S. Why doe you laugh, Sir?

Q V A. Sir, you'll allow mee my christian liberty. I may laugh, I hope.

C V T. In some sort you may, and in some sort you may
125 not, Sir.

K N O. Nay, in some sort, Sir, hee may neither laugh, nor hope, in this company.

W A S. Yes, then he may both laugh, and hope in any sort, an't please him.

130 Q V A. Faith, and I will then, for it doth please mee exceedingly.

W A S. No exceeding neither, Sir.

K N O. No, that vapour is too lofty.

Q V A. Gentlemen, I doe not play well at your game of
135 vapours, I am not very good at it, but——

*Hee
drawes a
circle on
the
ground.*

C V T. Doe you heare, Sir? I would speake with you in circle?

Q V A. In circle, Sir? what would you with me in circle?

140 C V T. Can you lend me a Piece, a *Iacobus*? in circle?

Q V A. S'lid, your circle will proue more costly then your vapours, then. Sir, no, I lend you none.

C V T. Your beard's not well turn'd vp, Sir.

*They
draw all,
and fight.*

Q V A. How, Rascall? are you playing with my beard?
I'll breake circle with you

P V P. N o R. Gentlemen, Gentlemen!

IV IV 115 *Aside to Whit add G Stage dir They eares] They fall together by the eares, while Edgworth steals the licence out of the box, and exit.*
G 126 *Nay,] Nay F 144 How,] How F*

KNO. Gather vp, *Whit*, gather vp, *Whit*, good vapours.

OVE. What meane you ? are you Rebels ? Gentlemen ? shall I send out a *Serieant* at *Armes*, or a Writ o' Rebellion, against you ? I'll commit you vpon my woman-hood, for ¹⁵⁰ a Riot, vpon my Iustice-hood, if you persist.

WAS. Vpon your Iustice-hood ? Mary shite o' your hood, you'll commit ? Spoke like a true Iustice of peace's wife, indeed, and a fine female Lawyer ! turd i' your teeth for a fee, now. 155

OVER. Why, *Numps*, in Master *Ouerdoo's* name, I charge you.

WAS. Good Mistresse *Vnderdoo*, hold your tongue.

OVER. Alas ! poore *Numps*.

WAS. Alas ! and why alas from you, I beseech you ? ¹⁶⁰ or why poore *Numps*, goody *Rich* ? am I come to be pittied by your tuft taffata now ? why Mistresse, I knew *Adam*, the Clerke, your husband, when he was *Adam* Scriuener, and writ for two pence a sheet, as high as he beares his head now, or you your hood, Dame. What are you, Sir ?

The watch comes in.

BRI. Wee be men, and no Infidells ; what is the matter, here, and the noyses ? can you tell ?

WAS. Heart, what ha' you to doe ? cannot a man quarrell in quietnesse ? but hee must be put out on't by you ? what are you ? 170

BRI. Why, wee be his Maiesties Watch, Sir.

WAS. Watch ? S'blood, you are a sweet watch, indeede. A body would thinke, and you watch'd well a nights, you should be contented to sleepe at this time a day. Get you to your fleas, and your flocke-beds, you Rogues, your kennells, ¹⁷⁵ and lye downe close.

BRI. Downe ? yes, we will downe, I warrant you, downe with him in his Maiesties name, downe, downe with him, and carry him away, to the pigeon-holes.

IV 1v. 147 KNO] *Kno. [Aside to Whit] G After 147 Exit while Whit takes up the swords, cloaks, &c and conceals them G (Read 'takes up the cloaks': they were fighting)* ¹⁵¹ *Exeunt Quarious and Cutting* add G ¹⁵⁸ *Vnderdoo,* *Vnderdoo* F *tongue* tongue F
After 179 *Some of the Watch seize Waspe, and carry him off* add G

180 O V E. I thanke you, honest friends, in the behalfe o' the Crowne, and the peace, and in Master *Ouerdoo's* name, for suppressing enormities.

W H I. Stay, *Bristle*, heere ish a noder brash o' drunkards, but very quiet, speciall drunkards, will pay dee, fiue shil-
185 lings very well. Take 'hem to dee, in de graish o' God : one of hem do's change cloth, for Ale in the *Fayre*, here, te toder ish a strong man, a mighty man, my Lord Mayors man, and a wrastler. Hee has wrashed so long with the bottle, heere, that the man with the beard, hash almosht streeke vp hish
190 heelsh.

B R I. S'lid, the Clerke o' the Market, has beene to cry him all the *Fayre* ouer, here, for my Lords seruice.

W H I. Tere he ish, pre de taik him hensch, and make ty best on him. How now woman o' shilke, vat ailsh ty shweet
195 faish ? art tou melancholy ?

O V E. A little distemper'd with these enormities ; shall I intreat a curtesie of you, Captaine ?

W H I. Intreat a hundred, veluet voman, I vill doe it, shpeake out.

200 O V E. I cannot with modesty speake it out, but——

W H I. I vill doe it, and more, and more, for dee. What *Vrsla*, and't be bitch, and't be baud, and't be !

V R S. How now Rascall ? what roare you for ? old Pimpe.

205 W H I. Heere, put vp de cloakes *Vrsh* ; de purchase ; pre dee now, shweet *Vrsh*, help dis good braue voman, to a *Iordan*, and't be

V R S. S'lid call your Captaine *Iordan* to her, can you not ?

W H I. Nay, pre dee leaue dy consheits, and bring the
210 veluet woman to de——

V R S. I bring her, hang her . heart must I find a common pot for euery punque i' your purlews ?

iv. iv. 180 you,] you F 185 After ' well ' [*Points to Northern and Puppy, drunk, and asleep, on the bench.*] G 194 After ' him ' [*Exeunt Bristle and the rest of the Watch with Northern and Puppy*] G 200
Whispers him. add G 202 baud,] baud F After 202 Enter
Ursula. add G 205 purchase,] purchase, F

WHI. O good voordsh, *Vrsh*, it ish a guest o' veluet, i'fait la.

VRS. Let her sell her hood, and buy a spunge, with a 215
poxe to her, my vessell <is> employed Sir. I haue but one,
and 'tis the bottome of an old bottle. An honest Proctor,
and his wife, are at it, within, if shee'll stay her time, so.

WHI. As soone ash tou cansht, shwet *Vrsh*. Of a valiant
man I tinke I am the patientsh man i' the world, or in all 220
Smithfield.

KNO. How now *Whit*? close vapours, stealing your
leaps? couering in corners, ha?

WHI. No fait, Captaine, dough tou beesht a vishe man,
dy vit is a mile hence, now. I vas procuring a shmall 225
courtesie, for a woman of fashion here.

OVE. Yes, Captaine, though I am Iustice of peace's
wife, I doe loue Men of warre, and the Sonnes of the sword,
when they come bfore my husband.

KNO. Say'st thou so, Filly? thou shalt haue a leape 230
presently, I'le horse thee my selfe, else.

VRS. Come, will you bring her in now? and let her take
her turne?

WHI. Gramercy good *Vrsh*, I tanke dee.

OVER. Master *Ouerdoo* shall thanke her.

235

ACT III. SCENE V.

JOHN. WIN. VRSLA. KNOCKHVM.

WHIT. OVERDOO. ALES.

Good Ga'mere *Vrs*; *Win*, and I, are exceedingly be-
holden to you, and to Captaine *Jordan*, and Captaine
Whit. *Win*, I'le be bold to leaue you, i' this good company,
Win: for halfe an houre, or so, *Win*, while I goe, and see

IV IV 216 vessel is F3· vessell, F 218 Exit add G 219
cansht,] cansht F After 221 Re-enter Knockem G 227 I
am] I am a G 230 so,] so F 232 VRS] Urs [within] G 232
take 1716 talke F 235 Exit add G IV v Re-enter Ursula,
followed by Littlewit, and Mrs Littlewit G, continuing the scene ALES.]
Alice. F3 4 so,] so F

5 how my matter goes forward, and if the Puppets be perfect :
and then I'll come & fetch you, *Win*.

W I N. Will you leaue me alone with two men, *John* ?

I O H. I, they are honest Gentl(e)men, *Win*, Capitaine
Iordan, and Capitaine *Whit*, they'll vse you very ciuilly, *Win*,
10 God b'w'you, *Win*.

V R S. What's her husband gone ?

K N O. On his false gallop, *Vrs*, away.

V R S. An' you be right *Bartholmew*-birds, now shew your
selues so : we are vndone for want of fowle i' the *Fayre*,
15 here. Here will be *Zekuell Edgworth*, and three or foure
gallants, with him at night, and I ha' neither Plouer nor
Quaile for 'hem : perswade this betweene you two, to be-
come a Bird o' the game, while I worke the veluet woman,
within, (as you call her.)

20 K N O. I conceiue thee, *Vrs* ! goe thy waies, doest thou
heare, *Whit* ? is't not pittie, my delicate darke chestnut
here, with the fine leane head, large fore-head, round eyes,
euen mouth, sharpe eares, long necke, thinne crest, close
withers, plaine backe, deepe sides, short fillets, and full
25 flankes : with a round belly, a plumpe buttocke, large
thighes, knit knees, streight legges, short pasternes, smooth
hoofes, and short heeles ; should lead a dull honest womans
life, that might lue the life of a Lady ?

W H I. Yes, by my fait, and trot, it is, Capitaine . de
30 honesht womans life is a scuruy dull life, indeed, la.

W I N. How, Sir ? is an honest womans life a scuruy life ?

W H I. Yes fait, shweet heart, beleeue him, de leefe of a
Bond-woman ! but if dou vilt harken to me, I vill make tee
a free-woman, and a Lady : dou shalt lue like a Lady, as te
35 Capitaine saish.

K N O. I, and be honest too sometimes : haue her wiers,
and her tires, her greene gownes, and veluet petticoates.

W H I. I, and ride to *Ware* and *Rumford* i' dy Coash, shee

iv v 8 Gentlemen, F3 Gentlemen F 10 Exit add G 11
What's] What, is G 12 false] false, F 20 After 'waies'
[Exit Ursula] G 30 life . life] Query, leefe, as in l 32

de Players, be in loue vit 'hem ; sup vit gallantsh, be drunke,
and cost de noting.

40

K N O. Braue vapours !

W H I. And lye by twenty on 'hem, if dou pleash, shweet
heart.

W I N. What, and be honest still, that were fine sport.

W H I. Tish common, shweet heart, tou may'st doe it, by 45
my hand : it shall be iustified to ty husbands faish, now :
tou shalt be as honesht as the skinne betweene his hornsh, lal

K N O. Yes, and weare a dressing, top, and top-gallant,
to compare with ere a husband on 'hcm all, for a fore-top :
it is the vapour of spirit in the wife, to cuckold, now adaies ; 50
as it is the vapour of fashion, in the husband, not to suspect.
Your prying cat-eyed-citizen, is an abominable vapour.

W I N. Lord, what a foole haue I becnc !

W H I. Mend then, and doe euery ting like a Lady, heere-
after, neuer know ty husband, from another man. 55

K N O. Nor any one man from another, but i' the darke.

W H I. I, and then it ish no dishgrash to know any man.

V R S. Helpe, helpe here.

K N O. How now ? what vapour's there ?

V R S. O, you are a sweet *Ranger* ! and looke well to your
walks. Yonder is your *Puncke* of Turnbull, Ramping *Ales*,
has falne vpon the poore Gentlewoman within, and pull'd
her hood oucr her cares, and her hayrc through it.

Alice
en(t)ers,
beating
(t)he
Iustice's
wife

O V E. Helpe, helpe, i' the Kings name.

A L E. A mischicfe on you, they arc such as you are, that 65
vndoe vs, and take our trade from vs, with your tuft-taffata
hanches.

K N O. How now, *Alice* !

A L E. The poore common whores can ha' no traffique,
for the priuy rich ones ; your caps and hoods of veluet, call 70
away our customers, and lick the fat from vs.

V R S. Peace you foule ramping ladc, you——

A L E. Od's foote, you Bawd in greace, are you talking ?

IV v 42 pleash,] pleash F 45 it,] it F 58 VRS] Urs [within.] G
After 59 Re-enter Ursula G 61 Ales] Alice F3 68 now,] now F

K N O. Why, *Alice*, I say.

75 A L E. Thou Sow of *Smithfield*, thou.

V R S. Thou tripe of *Turnebull*.

K N O. Cat-a-mountaine-vapours ! ha !

V R S. You know where you were taw'd lately, both
lash'd, and slash'd you were in *Bridewell*.

80 A L E. I, by the same token, you rid that weeke, and
broake out the bottome o'the Cart, Night-tub.

K N O. Why, Lyon face ! ha ! doe you know who I am ?
shall I teare ruffe, slit wastcoat, make ragges of petticoat ?
ha ! goe to, vanish, for feare of vapours. *Whit*, a kick,
85 *Whit*, in the parting vapour. Come braue woman, take a
good heart, thou shalt be a Lady, too.

W H I. Yes fait, dey shal all both be Ladies, and write
Madame. I vill do't my selfe for dem. *Doe*, is the vord,
and D is the middle letter of *Madame*, *DD*, put 'hem together
90 and make deeds, without which, all words are alike, la.

K N O. 'Tis true, *Vrsula*, take 'hem in, open thy wardrope,
and fit 'hem to their calling. Greene-gownes, Crimson-
petticoats, green women ! my Lord Maiors green women !
guests o' the Game, true bred. I'le prouide you a Coach,
95 to take the ayre, in.

W I N. But doe you thinke you can get one ?

K N O. O, they are as common as wheelebarrowes, where
there are great dunghills. Euery Pettifoggers wife has
'hem, for first he buyes a Coach, that he may marry, and
100 then hee marries that hee may be made Cuckold in't : For
if their wiues ride not to their Cuckolding, they doe 'hem no
credit. Hide, and be hidden ; ride, and be ridden, sayes the
vapour of experience.

iv v 85 After 'vapour' They kick out Alice G 98 wife] wife, F
102 After 'credit' [Exeunt Ursula, Mrs Littlewit, and Mrs Overdo] G

ACT IIIJ. SCENE VI.

TROBLE-ALL. KNOCKHVM. WHIT.
 QVARLOVS. EDGWORTH. BRISTLE.
 WASPE. HAGGISE. IVSTICE.
 BVSY. PVRE-CRAFT.

BY what warrant do's it say so?
 KNO. Ha! mad child o' the *Pye-pouldres*, art thou there? fill vs a fresh kan, *Vrs*, wee may drinke together.

TRO. I may not drinke without a warrant, Captaine.

KNO. S'llood, thou'll not stale without a warrant, shortly. 5
Whit, giue mee pen, inke and paper. I'll draw him a warrant presently.

TRO. It must be *Iustice Ouerdoo's*

KNO. I know, man. Fetch the drinke, *Whit*.

WHI. I pre dee now, be very briefe, Captaine; for de 10
 new Ladies stay for dee

KNO. O, as briefe as can be, here 'tis already. *Adam Ouerdoo*.

TRO. Why, now, I'll pledge you, Captaine.

KNO. Drinke it off. I'll come to thee, anone, againe. 15

QVA. Well, Sir. You are now discharg'd: beware of Quarulous
 being spi'd, hereafter. *to the Cutpurse.*

EDG. Sir, will it please you, enter in here, at *Vrsla's*; and take part of a silken gowne, a veluet petticoate, or a wrought smocke; I am promis'd such and I can spare any 20 Gentleman a moiety.

QVA. Keepe it for your companions in beastlinesse, I am none of 'hem, Sir. If I had not already forgiuen you a greater trespassse, or thought you yet worth my beating, I would instruct your manners, to whom you made your 25

IV VI Enter Troubleall G, continuing the scene 6 giue] Giue F
 8 Ouerdoo's] Ouerdoo's? F 9 man] man, F 11 Exit, and re-
 enters with a can add G 12 After 'already' Gives Troubleall a
 paper G 15 Exeunt add G After 15 SCENE IV | The back
 of Ursula's Booth Overdo in the stocks, people, &c | Enter Quarulous with
 the licence, and Edgworth G, who makes a new scene at this point
 21 moiety] moiety F3

offers. But goe your wayes, talke not to me, the hangman
 is onely fit to discourse with you ; the hand of Beadle is too
 mercifull a punishment for your Trade of life. I am sorry
 I employ'd this fellow ; for he thinks me such : *Facinus*
 30 *quos inquinat, æqual*. But, it was for sport. And would I
 make it serious, the getting of this Licence is nothing to me,
 without other circumstances concurre. I do thinke how
 impertinently I labour, if the word bee not mine, that the
 ragged fellow mark'd : And what aduantage I haue giuen
 35 *Ned Win-wife* in this time now, of working her, though it be
 mine. Hee'll go neare to forme to her what a debauch'd
 Rascall I am, and fright her out of all good concept of me :
 I should doe so by him, I am sure, if I had the opportunity.
 But my hope is in her temper, yet ; and it must needs bee
 40 next to despaire, that is groundd on any part of a woman's
 discretion. I would giue by my troth, now, all I could spare
 (to my cloathes, and my sword) to meete my tatter'd *sooth-*
sayer againe, who was my iudge i' the question, to know
 certainly whose word he has damn'd or sau'd. For, till then,
 45 I lue but vnder a *Repreue*. I must seeke him. Who be
 these ?

Ent
Waspe
with the
officers.

W A S Sir, you are a welsh Cuckold, and a prating Runt,
 and no Constable

B R I. You say very well. Come put in his legge in the
 50 middle roundell, and let him hole there.

W A S You stinke of leeks, *Metheglyn*, and cheese. You
 Rogue.

B R I. Why, what is that to you, if you sit sweetly in the
 stocks in the meane time ? if you haue a minde to stinke
 55 too, your breeches sit close enough to your bumme. Sit you
 merry, Sir.

Q V A. How now, *Numps* ?

W A S. It is no matter, how ; pray you looke off.

Q V A. Nay I'll not offend you, *Numps*. I thought you
 60 had sate there to be seen.

W A S. And to be sold, did you not ? pray you mind your businesse, an' you haue any.

Q V A. Cry you mercy, *Numps*. Do's your leg lie high enough ?

B R I. How now, neighbour *Haggise*, what sayes *Iustice 65 Overdo's* worship, to the other offenders ?

H A G. Why, hee sayes iust nothing, what should hee say ? Or where should he say ? He is not to be found, Man. He ha' not been seen i' the *Fayre*, here, all this lue-long day, neuer since seuen a clocke i' the morning His Clearks know 70 not what to thinke on't There is no Court of *Pie-poulders* yet Heere they be return'd

B R I. What shall be done with 'hem, then ? in your discretion ?

H A G. I thinke wee were best put 'hem in the stocks, in 75 discretion (there they will be safe in discretion) for the valour of an houre, or such a thing, till his worship come.

B R I. It is but a hole matter, if wee doe, Neighbour *Haggise* ; come, Sir, heere is company for you, heaue vp the stocks

W A S. I shall put a tricke vpon your welsh diligence, perhaps.

B R I. Put in your legge, Sir.

Q V A. What, *Rabby Busy* ' is hee come ?

B V S. I doe obey thee, the Lyon may roare, but he cannot bite I am glad to be thus separated from the heathen 80 of the land, and put apart in the stocks, for the holy cause.

W A S. What are you, Sir ?

B V S. One that reioyceth in his affliction, and sitteth here to prophesie the destruction of *Fayres* and *May-games*, 90 *Wakes*, and *Whitson-ales*, and doth sigh and groane for the reformation, of these abuses

W A S. And doe you sigh, and groane too, or reioyce in your affliction ?

iv v1 After 64 Enter *Haggise* G After 72 Enter others of the Watch with *Busy* G 79 *Haggise*.] *Haggise*, F After 'Sir,' [to *Waspe*] G 82 *Aside* add G 83 To *Busy* add G 87 apart] a part F 90 prophesie] prophesie, F 93 Was] Was [to *Overdo*] G

As they
open the
stocks,
Waspe
puts his
shoe on
his hand,
and skips
it in for
his legge
They
bring
Busy, and
put him
in.

95 I v s. I doe not feele it, I doe not thinke of it, it is a thing without mee. *Adam*, thou art about these battries, these contumelies. *In te manca ruit fortuna*, as thy friend *Horace* saies; thou art one, *Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent*. And therefore as another friend of
100 thine saies, (I thinke it be thy friend *Persius*) *Non te quæsiueris extra*.

Q v a. What's heere? a Stoick i' the stocks? the Foole is turn'd *Philosopher*.

B v s. Friend, I will leaue to communicate my spirit with
105 you, if I heare any more of those superstitious reliques, those lists of Latin, the very rags of *Rome*, and patches of *Poperie*.

W a s. Nay, an' you begin to quarrel, Gentlemen, I'll leaue you I ha' paid for quarrelling too lately: looke you,
He gets out. a deuce, but shifting in a hand for a foot. God b'w'you.

B v s. Wilt thou then leaue thy brethren in tribulation?

W a s. For this once, Sir.

B v s. Thou art a halting *Neutrall*: stay him there, stop him that will not endure the heat of persecution.

B r i. How now, what's the matter?

115 B v s. Hee is fled, he is fled, and dares not sit it out.

B r i. What, has he made an escape, which way? follow, neighbour *Haggise*.

P v r. O me! in the stocks! haue the wicked preuail'd?

B v s. Peace, religious sister, it is my calling, comfort your
120 selfe, an extraordinary calling, and done for my better standing, my surer standing, hereafter.

The mad-man enters T r o. By whose warrant, by whose warrant, this?

Q v a. O, here's my man, dropt in, I look'd for.

I v s. Ha!

125 P v r. O good Sir, they haue set the faithfull, here to be wonder'd at; and prouided holes, for the holy of the land.

T r o. Had they warrant for it? shew'd they *Iustice Ouerdoo's* hand? if they had no warrant, they shall answer it.

IV VI 99 *terrent*] *terrent*, F III *Exit running* add G 112
Neutrall] *Neutrall* F After 117 *Exeunt Haggise and Watch*. | *Enter*
Dame Purecraft, G 119 *Peace*,] *Peace* F 123 *man*,] *man*! F
127 *Iustice*] *Iusticce* F After 128 *Re-enter Haggise*. G

B R I. Sure you did not locke the stocks sufficiently,
neighbour *Toby* ! 130

H A G. No ! see if you can lock 'hem better.

B R I. They are very sufficiently lock'd, and truely, yet
some thing is in the mat(t)er.

T R O. True, your warrant is the matter that is in ques-
tion, by what warrant ? 135

B R I. Mad man, hold your peace, I will put you in his
roome else, in the very same hole, doe you see ?

Q V A. How ! is hee a mad-man !

T R O. Shew me *Iustice Ouerdoo's* warrant, I obey you.

H A G. You are a mad foole, hold your tongue 140

T R O. In *Iustice Ouerdoo's* name, I drinke to you, and *Shewes*
here's my warrant. *his*
Kanne.

I v s. Alas poore wretch ! how it eames my heart for him !

Q V A. If hee be mad, it is in vaine to question him. I'll
try though. Friend, there was a Gentlewoman, shew'd you 145
two names, some houre since, *Argalus* and *Palemon*, to
marke in a booke, which of 'hem was it you mark'd ?

T R O. I marke no name, but *Adam Ouerdoo*, that is the
name of names, hee onely is the sufficient Magistrate ; and
that name I reuerence, shew it mee 150

Q V A. This fellowe's madde indeede : I am further off,
now, then afore.

I v s. I shall not breath in peace, till I haue made him
some amends.

Q V A. Well, I will make another vse of him, is come in my 155
head : I haue a nest of beards in my Truncke, one some
thing like his.

B R I. This mad foole has made mee that I know not *The*
whether I haue lock'd the stocks or no, I thinke I lock'd *watchmen*
'hem. *come back*
againne

T R O. Take *Adam Ouerdoo* in your minde, and feare
nothing.

iv vi 139 warrant,] warrant F After 140 *Exeunt Haggise and*
Bristle add G 143 eames] yearns W 145 try] try him G
though Friend, F3 though, friend F 151 fellowe's] fellows F
154 *Aside* add G 159 I haue] I I haue F 160 *Tries the locks* add G

*The mad-
man fights
with 'hem,
and ihey
leaze open
the stocks*

B R I. S'lid, madnesse it selfe, hold thy peace, and take that.

T R O. Strikest thou without a warrant? take thou that.

B v s. Wee are deliuered by miracle; fellow in fetters, let vs not refuse the meanes, this madnesse was of the spirit: The malice of the enemy hath mock'd it selfe.

P v R. Mad doe they call him! the world is mad in error,
170 but hee is mad in truth: I loue him o' the sudden, (the cunning man sayd all true) and shall loue him more, and more. How well it becomes a man to be mad in truth! O, that I might be his yoake-fellow, and be mad with him, what a many should wee draw to madnesse in truth, with vs!

*The watch
missing
them are
affrighted*

B R I. How now! all scap'd? where's the woman? it is witchcraft! Her veluet hat is a witch, o' my conscience, or my key! t'one! The mad-man was a Duell, and I am an Asse; so blesse me, my place, and mine office.

ACT V. SCENE I.

LANTHORNE. FILCHER. SHARKWEL.

WELL, Lucke and Saint *Bartholmew*; out with the signe of our inuention, in the name of *Wit*, and do you beat the Drum, the while; All the fowle i' the *Fayre*, I meane, all the dirt in *Smithfield*, (that's one of Master *Littlewit's Car-whitchets* now) will be throwne at our Banner to day, if the matter do's not please the people. O the *Motions*, that I *Lanthorne Leatherhead* haue giuen light to, i' my time, since my Master *Pod* dyed! *Ierusalem* was a stately thing; and so was *Ninue*, and the citty of *Norwich*, and *Sodom* and *Gomorrh*, with the rising o' the prentises; and pulling downe the bawdy houses there, vpon *Shroue-Tuesday*; but the *Gunpowder-plot*, there was a get-penny! I haue presented that to an eighteene, or twenty pence audience, nine

*Pod was
a Master
of motions
before
him.*

iv vi. 164 *Strikes him* add G 168 *Exeunt Busy and Overdo*
add G 174 *Exit* add G 177 t'one l) t'one F 178 *Exeunt,*
affrighted add G ACT V SCENE I | *The Fair, as before* | *A Booth* |
Lantern Leatherhead, dressed as a puppet-show man, Filcher, and Shark-
well with a flag G

times in an afternoone. Your home-borne proiects proue euer the best, they are so easie, and familiar, they put too much learning i' their things now o'dayes : and that I feare will be the spoile o' this. *Little-wit?* I say, *Mickle-wit!* if not too mickle! looke to your gathering there, good man *Filcher*.

FIL. I warrant you, Sir.

20

LAN. And there come any Gentlefolks, take two pence a piece, *Sharkwell*.

SHA. I warrant you, Sir, three pence, an' we can.

ACT V. SCENE II.

IVSTICE. WIN-WIFE GRACE. QVARE-
LOVS. PVRE-CRAFT.

THIS later disguise, I haue borrow'd of a Porter, shall carry me out to all my great and good ends ; which how euer interrupted, were neuer destroyed in me : neither is the houre of my seuenty yet come, to reueale my selfe, wherein cloud-like, I will breake out in raine, and haile, lightning, and thunder, vpon the head of enormity. Two maine works I haue to prosecute : first, one is to inuent some satisfaction for the poore, kinde wretch, who is out of his wits for my sake, and yonder I see him comming, I will walke aside, and proiect for it

10

WIN- WIFE. I wonder where *Tom Quarulous* is, that hee returnes not, it may be he is stricke in here to seeke vs.

GRA. See, heere's our mad-man againe.

QVA. I haue made my selfe as like him, as his gowne, and cap will giue me leaue.

PVR. Sir, I loue you, and would be glad to be mad with you in truth.

WIN- WIFE. How! my widdow in loue with a mad-man?

PVR. Verily, I can be as mad in spirit, as you.

V 1 23 *Exeunt* add G V 11 SCENE II | *Another part of the Fayr.*
| *Enter Overdo disguised like a Porter* G After 10 *Enter Winwife*
and Grace G 14 st dir *Pure-craft*] *Pure-craft F*

20 Q V A. By whose warrant ? leaue your canting. Gentle-
woman, haue I found you ? (saue yee, quit yee, and multi-
ply yee) where's your booke ? 'twas a sufficient name I
mark'd, let me see't, be not afraid to shew't me.

*He desires
to see the
booke of
Mistresse
Grace.*

G R A. What would you with it, Sir ?

Q V A. Marke it againe, and againe, at your seruice.

G R A. Heere it is, Sir, this was it you mark'd.

Q V A. *Palemon* ? fare you well, fare you well.

W I N - W. How, *Palemon* !

G R A. Yes faith, hee has discouer'd it to you, now, and
30 therefore 'twere vaine to disguise it longer, I am yours, Sir,
by the benefit of your fortune.

W I N - W. And you haue him Mistresse, beleeeue it, that
shall neuer giue you cause to repent her benefit, but make
you rather to thinke that in this choyce, she had both her
35 eyes.

G R A. I desire to put it to no danger of protestation.

Q V A. *Palemon*, the word, and *Win-wife* the man ?

P V R. Good Sir, vouchsafe a yoakefellow in your mad-
nessc, shun not one of the sanctified sisters, that would draw
40 with you, in truth.

Q V A. Away, you are a heard of hypocriticall proud
Ignorants, rather wilde, then mad Fitter for woods, and
the society of beasts then houses, and the congregation of
men You are the second part of the society of *Canter*s,
45 Outlawes to order and *Discipline*, and the onely priuiledg'd
Church-robbers of *Christendome*. Let me alone. *Palemon*,
the word, and *Winwife* the man ?

P V R. I must vncover my selfe vnto him, or I shall neuer
enioy him, for all the *cunning mens* promises. Good Sir,
50 heare mee, I am worth sixe thousand pound, my loue to you,
is become my racke, I'll tell you all, and the truth : since
you hate the hypo(c)risie of the party-coloured brother-
hood. These seuen yeeres, I haue bcene a wilfull holy
widdow, onely to draw feasts, and gifts from my intangled

suitors : I am also by office, an assisting *sister* of the *Deacons*, 55
and a deuourer, in stead of a distributor of the alms. I am a
speciall maker of marriages for our decayed *Brethren*, with
our rich *widdowes* ; for a third part of their wealth, when
they are married, for the reliefe of the poore *elect* : as also
our poore handsome yong Virgins, with our wealthy 60
Batchelors, or Widdowers ; to make them steale from their
husbands, when I haue confirmed them in the faith, and got
all put into their custodies. And if I ha' not my bargaine,
they may sooner turne a scolding drab, into a silent *Minister*,
then make me leaue pronouncing *reprobation*, and *damnation* 65
vnto them. Our elder, *Zeale-of-the-land*, would haue had
me, but I know him to be the capitall Knaue of the land,
making himselfe rich, by being made *Feoffee* in trust to
deceased *Brethren*, and coozning their *heyres*, by swearing
the absolute gift of their inheritance. And thus haunge eas'd 70
my conscience, and vtter'd my heart, with the tongue of my
loue : enioy all my deceits together, I beseech you. I should
not haue reuealed this to you, but that in time I thinke
you are mad, and I hope you'll thinke mee so too, Sir ?

Q v A. Stand aside, I'll answer you, presently. Why *He con-*
should not I marry this sixe thousand pound, now I think *sider(s)*
on 't ? and a good trade too, that shee has beside, ha ? The *with*
tother wench, *Winwife* is sure of ; there's no expectation *himselfe*
for me there ! here I may make my selfe some sauer, yet, if *of it.*
shee continue mad, there the question. It is money that I 80
want, why should I not marry the money, when 'tis offer'd
mee ? I haue a *License* and all, it is but razing out one
name, and putting in another There's no playing with a
man's fortune ! I am resolu'd ! I were truly mad, an' I
would not ! well, come your wayes, follow mee, an' you will *He takes*
be mad, I'll shew you a warrant ! *her along*
with him.

P v R. Most zealously, it is that I zealously desire.

I v S. Sir, let mee speake with you.

Q v A. By whose warrant ?

The
Iustice
calls him.

90 I v s. The warrant that you tender, and respect so ; *Iustice Ouerdoo's* ! I am the man, friend *Trouble-all*, though thus disguis'd (as the carefull *Magistrate* ought) for the good of the Republique, in the *Fayre*, and the weeding out of enormity. Doe you want a house or meat, or drinke, or
 95 cloathes ? speake whatsoeuer it is, it shall be supplied you, what want you ?

Q v A. Nothing but your *warrant*.

I v s. My *warrant* ? for what ?

Q v A. To be gone, Sir.

100 I v s. Nay, I pray thee stay, I am serious, and haue not many words, nor much time to exchange with thee ; thinke what may doe thee good.

Q v A. Your hand and seale, will doe me a great deale of good ; nothing else in the whole *Fayre*, that I know.

105 I v s. If it were to any end, thou should'st haue it willingly.

Q v A. Why, it will satisfie me, that's end enough, to looke on ; an' you will not gi' it mee, let me goe.

I v s. Alas ! thou shalt ha' it presently : I'll but step into the Scriueners, hereby, and bring it. Doe not go away.

*The
Iustice
goes out.*

Q v A. Why, this mad mans shape, will proue a very fortunate one, I thinke I can a ragged robe produce these effects ? if this be the wise Iustice, and he bring mee his hand, I shall goe neere to make some vse on't. Hee is come already !

*and
returns.*

I v s. Looke thee ! heere is my hand and seale, *Adam Ouerdoo*, if there be any thing to be written, aboue in the paper, that thou want'st now, or at any time hereafter ; thinke on't ; it is my deed, I deliuer it so, can your friend

120 write ?

Q v A. Her hand for a *witnesse*, and all is well.

I v s. With all my heart.

*Hee
vrgeth
Mistresse
Pure-
craft.*

Q v A. Why should not I ha' the conscience, to make this a bond of a thousand pound, now ? or what I would else ?

v u 114 After 'on't' *Re-enter Ouerdo G*
 pound? now, *F* *Aside* add G

124 pound, now ?]

I v s. Looke you, there it is ; and I deliuer it as my deede 125
againe.

Q v a. Let vs now proceed in madnesse.

I v s. Well, my conscience is much eas'd ; I ha' done my *He takes her in with him.*
part, though it doth him no good, yet *Adam* hath offer'd
satisfaction ! The sting is remoued from hence : poore 130
man, he is much alter'd with his affliction, it has brought
him low ! Now, for my other worke, reducing the young
man (I haue follow'd so long in loue) from the brinke of
his bane, to the center of safety. Here, or in some such like
vaine place, I shall be sure to finde him. I will waite the 135
good time.

ACT V. SCENE IIJ.

COKES. SHARKWEL IVSTICE. FIL-
CHER. IOHN. LANTERNE.

HOW now ? what's here to doe ? friend, art thou the
Master of the Monuments ?

SHA. 'Tis a *Motion*, an't please your worship.

I v s. My phantasticall brother in Law, Master *Barthol-*
mew Cokes !

COK A *Motion*, what's that ? The ancient moderne *He reads the Bull.*
history of *Hero*, and *Leander*, otherwise called *The Touch-*
stone of true Loue, with as true a tryall of friendship, be-
tweene *Damon*, and *Pithias*, two faithfull friends o' the
Bankside ? pretty i' faith, what's the meaning on't ? is't 10
an *Enterlude* ? or what is't ?

FIL. Yes Sir, please you come neere, wee'll take your
money within.

COK. Backe with these children ; they doe so follow *The boyes o' the Fayre follow him.*
mee vp and downe.

IOH. By your leaue, friend.

FIL. You must pay, Sir, an' you goe in.

V II 136 Exit add G V III] SCENE III | *Another part of the*
Fair | *The Puppet-show Booth, as before* Enter *Sharkwell* and *Filcher*,
with bills, and Cokes in his doublet and hose, followed by the Boys of the
Fair. G SHARKWEL] SHARKWEL F After 3 Enter *Overdo* behind.
G 15 Enter *Littlewit* G

I o H. Who, I? I perceiue thou know'st not mee : call the Master o' the *Motion*.

- 20 S H A. What, doe you not know the *Author*, fellow *Filcher*? you must take no money of him ; he must come in *gratis* : M^r. *Littlewit* is a voluntary ; he is the *Author*.

I o H. Peace, speake not too lowd, I would not haue any notice taken, that I am the *Author*, till wee see how it passes.

- 25 C o K. Master *Littlewit*, how do'st thou?

I o H. Master *Cokes* ! you are exceeding well met : what, in your doublet, and hose, without a cloake, or a hat?

- C o K. I would I might neuer stirre, as I am an honest man, and by that fire ; I haue lost all i' the *Fayre*, and all
30 my acquaintance too, did'st thou meet any body that I know, Master *Littlewit*? my man *Numps*, or my sister *Ouerdoo*, or Mistresse *Grace*? pray thee Master *Littlewit*, lend mee some money to see the *Interlude*, here I'll pay thee againe, as I am a Gentleman If thou'lt but carry mee
35 home, I haue money enough there.

I o H. O, Sir, you shall command it, what, will a crowne serue you?

C o K. I think it will, what do we pay for comming in, fellowes?

- 40 F I L. Two pence, Sir.

C o K. Two pence? there's twelue pence, friend ; Nay, I am a *Gallant*, as simple as I looke now ; if you see mee with my man about me, and my *Artillery*, againe.

I o H. Your man was i' the Stocks, ee'n now, Sir.

- 45 C o K. Who, *Numps*?

I o H. Yes faith

- C o K. For what i'faith? I am glad o' that ; remember to tell me on't anone, I haue enough, now! What manner of matter is this, M^r. *Littlewit*? What kind of *Actors* ha'
50 you? Are they good *Actors*?

I o H. Pretty youthes, Sir, all children both old and yong, heer's the Master of 'hem——

(L A N. Call me not *Leatherhead*, but *Lanterne*.)

I o H. Master *Lanterne*, that giues light to the busnesse.

Leather-
head
whispers
to
Littl(e)-
wit

C o K. In good time, Sir, I would faine see 'hem, I would be glad <to> drinke with the young company ; which is the Tiring-house ?

L A N. Troth, Sir, our Tiring-house is somewhat little, we are but beginners, yet, pray pardon vs ; you cannot goe vpright in't.

60

C o K. No ? not now my hat is off ? what would you haue done with me, if you had had me, feather, and all, as I was once to day ? Ha'you none of your pretty impudent boyes, now ; to bring stooles, fill Tabacco, fetch Ale, and beg money, as they haue at other houses ? let me see 65 some o' your *Actors*.

I o H. Shew him 'hem, shew him 'hem. Master *Lanterne*, this is a Gentleman, that is a fauorer of the quality.

I v s. I, the fauouring of this licencious quality, is the consumption of many a young Gentleman ; a pernicious 70 enormity.

C o K. What, doe they liue in baskets ?

He brings
them out
in a
basket.

L E A. They doe lye in a basket, Sir, they are o' the small *Players*.

C o K. These be *Players minors*, indeed. Doe you call 75 these *Players* ?

L A N. They are *Actors*, Sir, and as good as any, none disprais'd, for dumb showes : indeed, I am the mouth of 'hem all !

C o K. Thy mouth will hold 'hem all. I thinke, one 80 *Taylor*, would goe neere to beat all this company, with a hand bound behinde him.

I o H. I, and eate 'hem all, too, an' they were in cake-bread.

C o K. I thanke you for that, Master *Littlewit*, a good iest ! 85 which is your *Burbage* now ?

v iii. 54 busnesse] busnesse, F 56 to W 67 I o H] I o N F
68 Exit *Leatherhead* add G 71 *Aside* add G sd He ..
basket] Re-enter *Leatherhead* with a basket G

L A N. What meane you by that, Sir?

C o K. Your best *Actor*. Your *Field*?

I o H. Good ifaith! you are euen with me, Sir.

90 L A N. This is he, that acts young *Leander*, Sir. He is
extreamly belou'd of the womenkind, they doe so affect his
action, the green gamesters, that come here, and this is
louely *Hero*; this with the beard, *Damon*; and this pretty
Pythias: this is the ghost of King *Dionysius* in the habit of
95 a scriuener: as you shall see anone, at large.

C o K. Well, they are a ciuill company, I like 'hem for
that; they offer not to fleere, nor geere, nor breake iests, as
the great *Players* doe. And then, there goes not so much
charge to the feasting of 'hem, or making 'hem drunke, as
100 to the other, by reason of their littlenesse. Doe they vse to
play perfect? Are they neuer fluster'd?

L A N. No, Sir. I thanke my industry, and policy for it;
they are as well gouern'd a company, though I say it—
And heere is young *Leander*, is as proper an *Actor* of his
105 inches; and shakes his head like an hostler.

C o K. But doe you play it according to the printed
booke? I haue read that.

L A N. By no meanes, Sir.

C o K. No? How then?

110 L A N. A better way, Sir, that is too learned, and poet-
icall for our audience; what doe they know what *Helles-
pont* is? Guilty of true loues blood? or what *Abidos* is?
or the other *Sestos* hight?

C o K. Th'art i' the right, I do not know my selfe.

115 L A N. No, I haue entreated Master *Littlewit*, to take a
little paines to reduce it to a more familiar straine for our
people.

C o K. How, I pray thee, good M^r. *Littlewit*?

I o H. It pleases him to make a matter of it, Sir. But
120 there is no such matter, I assure you. I haue onely made it

v iii 96 Well.] Well F
heere] — And here Re

114 do] doe Re
matter.] matter F

120 Sir] Sir, Re

113 other] other, G
118 M^r Littlewit] M^r Littlewit Re

103-4 — And

hight] height Re

120

a little easie, and *moderne* for the times, Sir, that's all ; As, for the *Hellespont* I imagine our *Thames* here ; and then *Leander*, I make a Diers sonne, about *Puddle-wharfe* : and *Hero* a wench o' the *Banke-side*, who going ouer one morning, to old fish-street ; *Leander* spies her land at *Trigsstayers*, and ¹²⁵ falls in loue with her : Now do I introduce *Cupid*, hauing *Metamorphos'd* himselfe into a Drawer, and hee strikes *Hero* in loue with a pint of *Sherry*, and other pretty passages there are, o' the friendship, that will delight you, Sir, and please you of iudgement.

130

C O K. I'll be sworne they shall ; I am in loue with the *Actors* already, and I'll be allyed to them presently. (They respect gentlemen, these fellows) *Hero* shall be my fayring : But, which of my fayrings ? (Le'me see) i'faith, my *fiddle* ! and *Leander* my *fiddle-sticke* : Then *Damon*, my ¹³⁵ *drum* ; and *Pythias*, my *Pipe*, and the ghost of *Dionysius*, my *hobby-horse*. All fitted.

ACT V. SCENE IV.

To them WIN-WIFE. GRACE KNOCKHVM.

WHITT. EDGORTH. WIN. *Mistris*

OVERDOO And to them WASPE.

L Ooke yonder's your *Cokes* gotten in among his play-fellows ; I thought we could not misse him, at such a Spectacle.

G R A. Let him alone, he is so busie, he will neuer spie vs.

L E A. Nay, good Sir.

C O K. I warrant thee, I will not hurt her, fellow ; what ^{Cokes is} dost think me vnciuill ? I pray thee be not iealous . I am ^{handling} toward a wife. ^{the} ^{Puppets.}

I O H. Well, good Master *Lanterne*, make ready to begin,

v in 124 go- | ing F originally . go | ing Re 125 *Trigsstayers*] *Trigsstayers* Re *Trigs-Stairs* F3 *Trig-stairs* G 127 hee] he Re 130 iudgement] iudgement Re 132 I'll be allyed] Ile be allyed Re 136 drum] Drum Re *Pipe.*] *Pipe* F v iv Enter Win-wife and Grace G, continuing the scene 9 Well,] Well F

10 that I may fetch my wife, and looke you be perfect, you vndoe me else, i' my reputation.

L A N. I warrant you Sir, doe not you breed too great an expectation of it, among your friends : that's the onely hurter of these things.

15 I O H. No, no, no.

C O K. I'll stay here, and see ; pray thee let me see.

W I N - W. How diligent and troublesome he is !

G R A. The place becomes him, me thinkes.

I v s. My ward, Mistresse *Grace* in the company of a
20 stranger ? I doubt I shall be compell'd to discouer my selfe,
before my time !

The F I L. Two pence a piece Gentlemen, an excellent Motion.

doore- K N O Shall we haue fine fire-works, and good vapours ?

keepers S H A. Yes Captaine, and water-works, too.

speake 25 W H I. I pree dee, take a care o' dy shmall Lady, there,
Edgworth; I will looke to dish tall Lady my selfe.

L A N. Welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen.

W H I. Predee, Mashter o' de *Monshtersh*, helpe a very sicke Lady, here, to a chayre, to shit in.

30 L A N. Presently, Sir.

They W H I. Good fait now, *Vrsla's* Ale, and Aqua-vitæ ish to
bring blame for't ; shit downe, shweet heart, shit downe, and
Mistris shleep a little.
Overdoo

a chayre. E D G. Madame, you are very welcom hither.

35 K N O Yes, and you shall see very good vapours.

By I v s Here is my care come ! I like to see him in so good
Edge- company , and yet I wonder that persons of such fashion,
worth. should resort hither !

The E D G. This is a very priuate house, *Madame*.

Cut-purse L A N. Will it please your Ladiship sit, *Madame* ?

courts W I N. Yes good-man. They doe so all-to-be-*Madame*
Mistresse mee, I thinke they thinke me a very Lady !
Littlewit.

v iv 15 Exit add G 21 [*Aside*] add G After 21 Enter *Knochem*,
Edgworth, and *Mrs Littlewit*, followed by *Whit* supporting *Mrs Overdo*,
masked G 23 vapours ?] vapours ! F 32 downe, shweet] doune
shweet F 34 EdG] Edg [To *Mrs Littlewit*] G 41 all-to-be-
Madame] all to be *Madame* F

EDG. What else *Madame*?

WIN. Must I put off my masque to him?

EDG. O, by no meanes.

45

WIN. How should my husband know mee, then?

KNO. Husband? an idle vapour; he must not know you, nor you him; there's the true vapour.

IVS. Yea, I will obserue more of this: is this a *Lady*, friend?

50

WHI. I, and dat is anoder *Lady*, shweet heart; if dou hasht a minde to 'hem, giue me twelue pence from tee, and dou shalt haue eder-oder on 'hem!

IVS. I? This will prooue my chiefest enormity: I will follow this.

55

EDG. Is not this a finer life, *Lady*, then to be clogg'd with a husband?

WIN. Yes, a great deale. When will they beginne, trow? in the name o' the *Motion*?

EDG. By and by *Madame*, they stay but for company.

60

KNO. Doe you heare, *Puppet-Master*, these are tedious vapours; when begin you?

LAN. We stay but for Master *Littlewit*, the *Author*, who is gone for his wife, and we begin presently.

WIN. That's I, that's I

65

EDG. That was you, *Lady*; but now you are no such poore thing.

KNO. Hang the *Authors* wife, a running vapour! here be *Ladies*, will stay for nere a *Delia* o' 'hem all.

WHI. But heare mee now, heere ish one o' de *Ladish*, a 70 shleep, stay till shee but vake, man.

WAS. How now, friends? what's heere to doe?

*The
doore-
keepers
againe*

FIL. Two pence a piece, Sir, the best *Motion*, in the *Fayre*.

WAS. I belecue you lye; if you doe, I'll haue my money againe, and beat you.

v iv. 49 After 'this' [*Aside*] G 52 hasht] ha sht F 'hem,
'hem F 55 *Aside* add G 56 EDG] EDG, F 69 o' 'hem]
o'hem F 71 vake,] vake F After 71 Enter Waspe G 72
now,] now F

WIN(-w.). *Numps* is come !

WAS. Did you see a Master of mine, come in here, a tall yong Squire of *Harrow* o' the *Hill* ; Master *Bartholmew*
80 *Cokes* ?

FIL. I thinke there be such a one, within.

WAS. Looke hee be, you were best : but it is very likely : I wonder I found him not at all the rest. I ha' beene at the *Eagle*, and the blacke *Wolfe*, and the *Bull* with the
85 five legges, and two pizzles ; (hee was a Calfe at *Vxbridge Fayre*, two yeeres agoe) And at the *dogges* that daunce the *Morrice*, and the *Hare* o' the *Taber* ; and mist him at all these ! Sure this must needs be some fine sight, that holds him so, if it haue him.

90 COK. Come, come, are you ready now ?

LAN. Presently, Sir.

WAS. Hoyday, hee's at worke in his Dublet, and hose ; doe you heare, Sir ? are you imploy'd ? that you are bare-headed, and so busie ?

95 COK. Hold your peace, *Numpes* ; you ha' beene i' the Stocks, I heare.

WAS. Do's he know that ? nay, then the date of my *Authority* is out ; I must thinke no longer to raigne, my gouernment is at an end. He that will correct another, must
100 want fault in himselfe.

WIN-w. Sententious *Numps* ! I neuer heard so much from him, before.

LAN. Sure, Master *Littlewit* will not come ; please you take your place, Sir, wee'll beginne.

105 COK. I pray thee doe, mine eares long to be at it ; and my eyes too. O *Numps*, i' the Stocks, *Numps* ? where's your sword, *Numps* ?

WAS. I pray you intend your game, Sir, let me alone.

COK. Well then, we are quit for all. Come, sit downe,

v iv. 77 WIN-w *Editor* · WIN F 90 ready] readie Re 93
bare-headed Re bare headed F originally 96 Stocks] stocks Re
100 in himselfe] himselfe Re 101 *Numps*] *Numpes* Re 106
my] mine-G O *Numps* . . . Stocks] O *Numpes* . . . stocks Re 108
pray you . . me] pray . . mee Re 109 Well then,] Well, then Re

Numps ; I'll interpret to thee : did you see *Mistresse Grace* ? 110
it's no matter, neither, now I thinke on't, tell mee anon.

WIN - w. A great deale of loue, and care, he expresses.

G R A. Alas ! would you haue him to expresse more then
hee has ? that were tyranny.

C O K. Peace, ho ; now, now. 115

L A N. *Gentles, that no longer your expectations may wander,*
Behold our chief Actor, amorous Leander,
With a great deale of cloth, lap'd about him like a Scarfe,
For he yet serues his father, a Dyer at Puddle wharfe,
Which place wee'll make bold with, to call it our Abidus, 120
As the Banke-side is our Sestos, and let it not be deny'd vs.
Now, as he is beating, to make the Dye take the fuller,
Who chanches to come by, but faire Hero, in a Sculler ;
And seeing Leanders naked legge, and goodly calfe,
Cast at him, from the boat, a Sheepes eye, and a halfe. 125
Now she is landed, and the Sculler come backe ;
By and by, you shall see what Leander doth lacke.

P V P. L. *Cole, Cole, old Cole.*

L A N. *That is the Scullers name without controle.*

P V P. L. *Cole, Cole, I say, Cole.* 130

L A N. We doe heare you.

P V P. L. *Old Cole.*

L A N. *Old cole ? Is the Dyer turn'd Collier ? how do you sell ?*

P V P. L. *A pox o' your maners, kisse my hole here, and*
smell. 135

L A N. *Kisse your hole, and smell ? there's manners indeed.*

P V P. L. *Why, Cole, I say, Cole.*

L A N. *It's the Sculler you need !*

P V P. L. *I, and be hang'd.*

V IV III neither, now . . nee] neirher, now, me Re 112
WIN - w. care, he] WIN - vv . care hee Re 113 to expresse]
expresse Re 117 chief] chiefe Re Leander,] Leander F
118 cloth,] cloth F 120 Which . . call it] VVhich . . call Re
122 he] hee Re 123 to come] to' come Re 125 a halfe] an
halfe F3 128 PVP L Cole] PVP L Cole Re (a similar mis-
spacing in 130, 132, 135, 137) 129 That is controle] That's
controle Re 131 We] Wee Re 133 cole do] Cole doe
Re 134 your . here,] you here Re 136 hole,] hole Re
137 say,] say Re 138 It's need !] Is't need ? G

- 140 L A N. *Be hang'd ; looke you yonder,*
Old Cole, you must go hang with Master Leander.
 P V P. C. *Where is he ?*
 P V P. L. *Here, Cole, what fayerest of Fayers,*
Was that fare, that thou landedst but now a<t> Trigsstayres ?
- 145 C O K. *What was that, fellow ? Pray thee tell me, I*
scarce vnderstand 'hem.
 L A N. *Leander do's aske, Sir, what fayrest of Fayers,*
Was the fare th<at> he landed, but now, at Trigsstayers ?
 P V P. C. *It is louely Hero.*
- 150 P V P. L. *Nero ?*
 P V P. C. *No, Hero.*
 L A N. *It is Hero,*
Of the Bankside, he saith, to tell you truth without erring,
Is come ouer into Fish-street to eat some fresh herring.
- 155 Leander *sayes no more, but as fast as he can,*
Gets on all his best cloathes ; and will after to the Swan.
 C O K. *Most admirable good, is't not ?*
 L A N. *Stay, Sculler.*
 P V P. C. *What say you ?*
- 160 L A N. *You must stay for Leander,*
And carry him to the wench.
 P V P. C. *You Rogue, I am no Pandar.*
 C O K. *He sayes he is no Pandar. 'Tis a fine language ;*
I vnderstand it, now.
- 165 L A N. *Are you no Pandar, Goodman Cole ? heer's no man*
sayes you are,
You'll grow a hot Cole, it seemes, pray you stay for your fare.
 P V P. C. *Will hee come away ?*
 L A N. *What doe you say ?*
- 170 P V P. C. *I'de ha'him come away.*
 L E A. *Would you ha' Leander come away ? why 'pray,*
Sir, stay.

v iv 144 Was] was F 148 that he Editor thhe F. he G 152
 is Hero.] is Hero F 153 truth without] truthwith out F 158 Stay]
 Stay F 161 And] and F 165 man sayes] mansayes F 171
 'pray.] 'pray' F

*You are angry, Goodman Cole ; I beleue the faire Mayd
Came ouer w(i)' you a' trust : tell vs Sculler, are you paid ?*

P V P. C. *Yes Goodman Hogrubber, o' Pickt-hatch.* 175

L A N. *How, Hogrubber, o' Pickt-hatch ?*

P V P. C. *I Hogrubber o' Pickt-hatch. Take you that.*

L A N. *O, my head !*

P V P. C. *Harme watch, harme catch.*

C O K. *Harme watch, harme catch, he sayes · very good* *The Puppet strikes him ouer the pate.*
i' faith, the Sculler had like to ha' knock'd you, sirrah.

L A N. *Yes, but that his fare call'd him away.*

P V P. L. *Row apace, row apace, row, row, row, row, row.*

L A N. *You are knaushly loaden, Sculler, take heed where
you goe.* 185

P V P. C. *Knaue i' your face, Goodman Rogue.*

P V P. L. *Row, row, row, row, row, row.*

C O K. *Hee said knaue i' your face, friend.*

L A N. *I Sir, I heard him But there's no talking to these
watermen, they will ha' the last word* 190

C O K. *God's my life ! I am not allied to the Sculler,
yet ; hee shall be Dauphin my boy. But my Fiddle-sticke
do's fiddle in and out too much , I pray thee speake to him,
on't : tell him, I would haue him tarry in my sight, more.*

L A N. *I pray you be content ; you'll haue enough on 195
him, Sir.*

*Now gentles, I take it, here is none of you so stupid,
but that you have heard of a little god of loue, call'd Cupid.*

*Who out of kindnes to Leander, hearing he but saw her,
this present day and houre, doth turne himselfe to a Drawer* 200

*And because, he would haue their first meeting to be merry,
he strikes Hero in loue to him, with a pint of Sherry.*

*Which he tells her, from amorous Leander is sent her,
who after him, into the roome of Hero, doth venter*

P V P. Io : *A pint of sacke, score a pint of sacke, i' the* *P V P. Leander goes into Mistris Hero's room.*
Conney.

v iv 174 paid ?] paid F 176 LAN] LAV. F St dir pate]
pate F 188 said knave] said, Knave F3 190 word] word F
195 pray] Pray F 205, 208 PVP Io] Jonas. G

C O K. Sack? you said but ee'n now it should be *Sherry*.

P V P. Io: *Why so it is; sherry, sherry, sherry.*

C O K. *Sherry, sherry, sherry.* By my troth he makes me
210 merry. I must haue a name for *Cupid*, too. Let me see,
thou mightst helpe me now, an' thou wouldest, *Numps*, at
a dead lift, but thou art dreaming o' the stocks, still! Do
not thinke on't, I haue forgot it: 'tis but a nine dayes
wonder, man, let it not trouble thee.

215 W A S. I would the stocks were about your necke, Sir;
condition I hung by the heeles in them, till the wonder were
off from you, with all my heart.

C O K. Well said, resolute *Numps*: but hearke you friend,
where is the friendship, all this while, betweene my Drum,
220 *Damon*, and my Pipe, *Pythias*?

L A N. You shall see by and by, Sir.

C O K. You thinke my Hobby-horse is forgotten, too; no,
I'll see 'hem all enact before I go; I shall not know which to
loue best, else.

225 K N O. This Gallant has interrupting vapours, trouble-
some vapours, *Whitt*, puffe with him.

W H I T. No, I pre dce, Capitaine, let him alone. Hee is
a Child r'faith, la'.

L A N. *Now gentiles, to the freinds, who in number, are two,*
230 *and lodg'd in that Ale-house, in which faire Hero do's doe.*

Damon (for some kindnesse done him the last weeke)

is come faire Hero, in Fish-streete, this morning to seeke:

Pythias do's smell the knauery of the meeting,

and now you shall see their true friendly greeting.

235 P V P. P I *You whore-masterly Slaue, you*

C O K. Whore-masterly slaue, you? very friendly, &
familiar, that.

P V P. Da *Whore-master i' thy face,*

Thou hast lien with her thy selfe, I'll proue't i' this place.

240 C O K. *Damon* sayes *Pythias* has lien with her, himselfe,
hee'll prooue't in this place.

v iv 218 said,] said F 221 Sir] Sir? F
va | pours F 233 meeting] meeting, F

226 vapours]

L A N. *They are Whore-masters both, Sir, that's a plaine case.*

P V P. Pi. *You lye, like a Rogue.*

L A N. *Doe I ly, like a Rogue ?*

245

P V P. Pi. *A Pimpe, and a Scabbe.*

L A N. *A Pimpe, and a Scabbe ?*

I say between you, you haue both but one Drabbe.

P V P. Da. *You lye againe*

L A N. *Doe I lye againe ?*

250

P V P. Da. *Like a Rogue againe.*

L A N. *Like a Rogue againe ?*

P V P. Pi. *And you are a Pimpe, againe.*

C O K. *And you are a Pimpe againe, he sayes.*

P V P. Da. *And a Scabbe, againe.*

255

C O K. *And a Scabbe againe, he sayes.*

L A N. *And I say againe, you are both whore-masters againe, They fight.*
And you haue both but one Drabbe againe.

P V P. Da. Pi. *Do'st thou, do'st thou, do'st thou ?*

<L> A N. *What, both at once ?*

260

P V P. P. *Downe with him, Damon*

P V P. D. *Pinke his guts, Pythias*

L A N. *What, so malicious ?*

Will ye murder me, Masters both, i' mine owne house ?

C O K. *Ho ! well acted my Drum, well acted my Pipe, 265*
well acted still.

W A S. *Well acted, with all my heart.*

L A N. *H<old, hold your hands*

C O K. *I, both your hands, for my sake ! for you ha' both*
done well.

270

P V P. D. *Gramercy, pure Pythias.*

P V P. P. *Gramercy, deare Damon.*

C O K. *Gramercy to you both, my Pipe, and my drum.*

P V P. P.D. *Come now, wee'll together to breakfast to Hero.*

v iv 246 and a] anda F 258 And] and F haue both] haueboth F
261 Damon] Damon F 262 Pythias] Pythias F 263 What, so]
What, so F 264 Will] will F 268 hands] hands F 269 for] for F
270 done well] donewell F 271 Gramercy, pure] Gramerc ypure F
272 deare] Deare F 274 now,] now F

- 275 L A N. 'Tis well, you can now go to breakfast to Hero,
 You haue giuen m(e) my breakfast, with a hone and honero.
 C o k. How is't friend, ha' they hurt thee?
 L A N. O no!
 Betweene you and I Sir, we doe but make show.
- 280 Thus Gentles you perceue, without any deniall,
 'twixt Damon and Pythias here, friendships true tryall.
 Though houely they quarrell thus, and roare each with other,
 they fight you no more, then do's brother with brother.
 But friendly together, at the next man they meet,
- 285 they let fly their anger, as here you might see't.
 C o k. Well, we haue seen't, and thou hast felt it, what-
 soeuer thou sayest, what's next? what's next?
 L A N This while young Leander, with faire Hero is
 drinking,
- 290 and Hero growne drunke, to any mans thinking!
 Yet was it not three pints of Sherry could flaw her,
 till Cupid distinguish'd like Ionas the Drawer,
 From vnder his apron, where his lechery turkes,
 put loue in her Sacke. Now marke how it workes.
- 295 P v p. H. O Leander, Leander, my deare, my deare
 Leander,
 I'le for euer be thy goose, so thou'lt be my gander.
- C o k. Excellently well said, Fiddle, shee'll euer be his
 goose, so hee'll be her gander: was't not so?
- 300 L A N. Yes, Sir, but marke his answer, now
 P v p. L. And sweetest of geese, before I goe to bed,
 I'll swimme o're the Thames, my goose, thee to tread.
- C o k. Braue! he will swimme o're the Thames, and tread
 his goose, to[o] night, he sayes.
- 305 L A N. I, peace, Sir, the(y)'ll be angry, if they heare you
 eaues-dropping, now they are setting their match.
 P v p. L. But lest the Thames should be dark, my goose, my
 deare friend,

V. iv 276 You] you F me my] mmy F 285 anger.] anger F
 288 LAN] LEA F 291 her.] her F 295 H] H F (so 310, 334,
 336, 339, 343) O Leander.] O Leander F deare, my] deare my F 305
 they'll Fj 307 L] L F (so 312, 349, 351)

let thy window be provided of a candles end.

P V P. H. *Feare not, my gander, I protest, I should handle* 310
my matters very ill, if I had not a whole candle.

P V P. L. *Well then, looke to't, and kisse me to boote.*

L A N. *Now, heere come the friends againe, Pythias, and* Damon
Damon, and
and under their clokes, they haue of Bacon, a gammon. Pythias
enter.

P V P. P. *Drawer, fill some wine heere.*

L A N. *How, some wine there ?*
there's company already, Sir, pray forbear !

P V P. D. *'Tis Hero.*

L A N. *Yes, but shee will not be taken,* 320
after sacke, and fresh herring, with your Dunmow-bacon.

P V P. P. *You lye, it's Westfabian.*

L A N. *Westphalian* you should say.

P V P. D. *If you hold not your peace, you are a Coxcombe,*
I would say.

P V P. <P.> *What's here ? what's here ? kisse, kisse, vpon* Leander
kisse. and
Hero are

L A N. *I, wherefore should they not ? what harme is in this ?*
'tis Mistresse Hero.

P V P. D. *Mistresse Hero's a whore.* 330

L A N. *Is shee a whore ? keepe you quiet, or Sir Knaue out*
of dore.

P V P. D. *Knaue out of doore ?*

P V P. H. *Yes, Knaue, out of doore.*

P V P. D. *Whore out of doore.*

P V P. H. *I say, Knaue, out of doore.*

P V P. D. *I say, whore, out of doore.*

P V P. P. *Yea, so say I too.*

P V P. H. *Kisse the whore o' the arse.*

L A N. *Now you ha' something to doe :* 340
you must kisse her o' the arse, shee sayes.

P V P. D. P. *So we will, so we will.*

*Heere the
Puppets
quarrell
and fall
together
by the
eares.*

v. iv. 310 not.] not F 313 and] and F 316 P] P. F (322, 338,
342) 319 D] D F (so 324, 330, 332, 334, 336, 342, 350, 368)
320 not be] not to be G 322 P] P F 327 PVP P om G 328
wherefore] Wherefore F 341 arse.] arse F 342 They kick her. add G

PVP. H. *O my hanches, O my hanches, hold, hold.*

L A N. *Stand'st thou still?*

345 Leander, *where art thou? stand'st thou still like a sot,
and not offer'st to breake both their heads with a pot?*
See who's at thine elbow, there! Puppet Ionas and Cupid.

*They
fight.*

PVP. I. *Vpon 'hem Leander, be not so stupid.*

PVP. L. *You Goat-bearded slaue!*

350 PVP. D. *You whore-master Knaue.*

PVP. L. *Thou art a whore-master.*

PVP. I. *Whore-masters all.*

L A N. *See, Cupid with a word has tane vp the brawle,*

K N O. *These be fine vapours!*

355 C O K. *By this good day they fight brauely! doe they
not, Numps?*

W A S. *Yes, they lack'd but you to be their second, all
this while.*

L A N. *This tragicall encounter, falling out thus to busie vs,
360 It raises vp the ghost of their friend Dionysius:*

Not like a Monarch, but the Master of a Schoole,

In a Scriueners furr'd gowne, which shewes he is no foole.

For therein he hath wit enough to keepe himselfe warme.

O Damon, he cries, and Pythias; what harme,

365 *Hath poore Dionysius done you in his graue,*

That after his death, you should fall out thus, and raue,

And call amorous Leander whore-master Knaue?

PVP. D. *I cannot, I will not, I promise you, endure it.*

v iv 352 I.] I. F
Damon,] Damon F

362 In] in F
368 I will] I will F

363 For] for F
you,] you F

364

ACT V. SCENE V.

To them B v s v.

B v s. Downe with *Dagon*, downe with *Dagon*; 'tis I, will no longer endure your prophanations.

L A N. What meane you, Sir?

B v s. I wil remoue *Dagon* there, I say, that *Idoll*, that heathenish *Idoll*, that remaines (as I may say) a beame, a very beame, not a beame of the *Sunne*, nor a beame of the *Moone*, nor a beame of a ballance, neither a house-beame, nor a Weauers beame, but a beame in the eye, in the eye of the brethren; a very great beame, an exceeding great beame; such as are your *Stage-players*, *Rimers*, and *Morris-dancers*, who haue walked hand in hand, in contempt of the *Brethren*, and the *Cause*; and beene borne out by instruments, of no meane countenance.

L A N. Sir, I present nothing, but what is licens'd by authority. 15

B v s. Thou art all *license*, euen *licentiousnesse* it selfe, *Shimei*!

L A N. I haue the Master of the *Reuell's* hand for't, Sir.

B v s. The Master of <the> *Rebells* hand, thou hast; *Satan's*! hold thy peace, thy scurrility, shut vp thy mouth, thy profession is damnable, and in pleading for it, thou dost plead for *Baal*. I haue long opened my mouth wide, and gaped, I haue gaped as the oyster for the tide, after thy destruction but cannot compasse it by sute, or dispute; so that I looke for a bickering, ere long, and then a battell. 25

K N O. Good *Banbury-vapours*.

C O K Friend, you'd haue an ill match on't, if you bicker with him here, though he be no man o' the fist, hee has friends that will goe to cuffes for him. *Numps*, will not you take our side? 30

v v] *Rabbi Busy rushes in* G, who continues the scene 1 'tis I, will] 'tis I, I will G 16 Bvs] Bas F 18 hand] hand F 19 the G 20 scurrility.] scurrility F 25 that] that F 29 him. F3 him, F

EDG. Sir, it shall not need, in my minde, he offers him a fairer course, to end it by disputation ! hast thou nothing to say for thy selfe, in defence of thy quality ?

L A N. Faith, Sir, I am not well studied in these con-
35 trouersies, betweene the hypocrites and vs. But here's one of my *Motion*, *Puppet Dionisius* shall vndertake him, and I'll venture the cause on't.

C o K. Who ? my Hobby-horse ? will he dispute with him ?

40 L A N. Yes, Sir, and make a Hobby-Asse of him, I hope.

C o K. That's excellent ! indeed he looks like the best scholler of 'hem all. Come, Sir, you must be as good as your word, now.

B v s. I will not feare to make my spirit, and gifts
45 knowne ! assist me zeale, fill me, fill me, that is, make me full.

W I N - w. What a desperate, prophane wretch is this ! is there any Ignorance, or impudence like his ? to call his zeale to fill him against a *Puppet* ?

50 Q v A I know no fitter match, then a *Puppet* to commit with an Hypocrite !

B v s. First, I say vnto thee, Idoll, thou hast no *Calling*.

P v P. D. *You lie, I am call'd Dionisius.*

L A N. The *Motion* sayes you lie, he is call'd *Dionisius* !
55 the matter, and to that *calling* he answers.

B v s. I meane no *vocation*, *Idoll*, no present lawfull *Calling*.

P v P. D. *Is yours a lawfull Calling ?*

L A N. The *Motion* asketh, if yours be a lawfull *Calling* ?

60 B v s. Yes, mine is of the Spirit.

P v P. D. *Then Idoll is a lawfull Calling.*

L A N. He saies, then *Idoll* is a lawfull *Calling* ! for you call'd him *Idoll*, and your *Calling* is of the spirit.

C o K. Well disputed, Hobby-horse !

65 B v s. Take not part with the wicked, young Gallant.

He neygheth and hinneyeth, all is but hinnying Sophistry. I call him *Idoll* againe. Yet, I say, his *Calling*, his Profession is prophane, it is prophane, *Idoll*.

P v P. D. *It is not prophane!*

L A N. It is not prophane, he sayes.

70

B v s. It is prophane.

P v P. *It is not prophane.*

B v s. It is prophane.

P v P. *It is not prophane.*

L A N. Well said, confute him with *not*, still. You cannot beare him downe with your base noyse, Sir.

75

B v s. Nor he me, with his treble creaking, though he creeke like the chariot wheelles of *Satan*; I am zealous for the *Cause*—

L A N. As a dog for a bone.

80

B v s. And I say, it is prophane, as being the Page of *Pride*, and the waiting woman of *vanity*.

P v P. D. *Yea? what say you to your Tire-women, then?*

L A N. Good.

P v P. *Or feather-makers i' the Fryers, that are o' your faction of faith? Are not they with their perrukes, and their puffes, their fannes, and their huffes, as much Pages of Pride, and waiters vpon vanity? what say you? what say you? what say you?*

85

B v s. I will not answer for them.

90

P v P. *Because you cannot, because you cannot. Is a Bugle-maker a lawfull Calling? or the Confect-makers? such you haue there: or your French Fashioner? you'd haue all the sinne within your selues, would you not? would you not?*

95

B v s. No, *Dagon*.

P v P. *What then, Dagonet? is a Puppet worse then these?*

B v s. Yes, and my maine argument against you, is, that you are an *abomination*: for the Male, among you, putteth on the apparell of the *Female*, and the *Female* of the *Male*.

100

P v P. *You lye, you lye, you lye abominably.*

C O K. Good, by my troth, he has giuen him the lye thrice.

P V P. *It is your old stale argument against the Players, but it will not hold against the Puppets; for we haue neyther Male*
 105 *nor Female amongst vs. And that thou may'st see, if thou wilt, like a malicious purblind zeale as thou art!*

*The
Puppet
takes vp
his
garment.*

E D G. By my faith, there he has answer'd you, friend;
 by playne demonstration.

P V P. *Nay, I'le proue, against ere a Rabbin of 'hem all,*
 110 *that my standing is as lawfull as his; that I speak by inspiration, as well as he; that I haue as little to doe with learning as he; and doe scorne her helps as much as he.*

B V S. I am confuted, the Cause hath failed me.

P V P. *Then be conuerted, be conuerted.*

115 L A N. Be conuerted, I pray you, and let the Play goe on!

B V S. Let it goe on. For I am changed, and will become
 a beholder with you!

C O K. That's braue i' faith, thou hast carryed it away,
 Hobby-horse, on with the Play!

*The
Iustice
discovers
himselſe*

I V S. Stay, now do I forbid, I *Adam Ouerdoo!* sit still, I
 charge you.

C O K. What, my Brother i'law!

G R A. My wise Guardian!

E D G. *Iustice Ouerdoo!*

125 I V S. It is time, to take Enormity by the fore head, and
 brand it; for, I haue discouer'd enough.

ACT V. SCENE VI.

To them, QVARLOVS (like the Mad-man) P V R E -

CRAFT (a while after.) IOHN. to them TROV -

BLE - ALL. VRSLA NIGHT I <N> GALE.

Q V A R. Nay, come Mistresse Bride. You must doe as
 I doe, now. You must be mad with mee, in truth.
 I haue heere *Iustice Ouerdoo* for it.

v. v. 113 BVS] BVS, F 114 PVP] PVS F 120 I Adam]
 I am Adam F3 v v1] Enter Quarious in Troubleall's clothes, as
 before, and Dame Purecraft G, continuing the scene QVARLOVS]
 QVARLOVS F Mad-man] Mad-man F P V R E - CRAFT] P V R E -
 CRAFT F after] after F

I v s. Peace good *Trouble-all*; come hither, and you shall trouble none. I will take the charge of you, and your friend too; you also, young man, shall be my care, stand there.

To the
Culprurse,
and
Mistresse
Lit(tle)-
wit

E d g. Now, mercy vpon mee.

K n o. Would we were away, *Whit*, these are dangerous vapours, best fall off with our birds, for feare o' the Cage.

The rest
are steal-
ing away.

I v s. Stay, is not my name your terror?

W h i. Yesh faith man, and it ish for tat, we would be gone, man.

I o h. O Gentlemen! did you not see a wife of mine? I ha' lost my little wife, as I shall be trusted: my little pretty *Win*, I left her at the great woman's house in trust yonder, the Pig-womans, with Captaine *Jordan*, and Captaine *Whit*, very good men, and I cannot heare of her. Poore foole, I feare shee's stepp'd aside. Mother, did you not see *Win*?

I v s. If this graue Matron be your mother, Sir, stand by 20 her, *Et digito compesce labellum*, I may perhaps spring a wife for you, anone. Brother *Bartholmew*, I am sadly sorry, to see you so lightly giuen, and such a *Disciple* of enormity with your graue Gouvernour *Humphrey*: but stand you both there, in the middle place, I will reprehend you in your 25 course. *Mistresse Grace*, let me rescue you out of the hands of the stranger.

W i n - w. Pardon me, Sir, I am a kinsman of hers.

I v s. Are you so? of what name, Sir?

W i n - w. *Winwife*, Sir.

30

I v s. Master *Winwife*? I hope you haue won no wife of her, Sir. If you haue, I will examine the possibility of it, at fit leasure. Now, to my enormities: looke vpon mee, O *London*! and see mee, O *Smithfield*; The *example of Iustice*, and *Mirror of Magistrates*: the true top of formality, and 35 scourge of enormity. Harken vnto my labours, and but obserue my *discoveries*; and compare *Hercules* with me, if thou dar'st, of old; or *Columbus*; *Magellan*, or our

v vi 6 too,] too, F man,] man F
for] fot F 13 gone,] gone F

12 Enter Littlewit add G

*To Busy,
To Lan-
tern,
To the
horse
courser,
and
Cutpurse.
Then
Cap
Whit,
and
Mistresse
Littlewit
Enter
Trouble-
all*

country man *Drake* of later times : stand forth, you weedes of enormity, and spread. First, *Rabbi Busy*, thou *super-lunaticall* hypocrite, next, thou other extremity, thou prophane professor of *Puppetry*, little better then *Poetry* : then thou strong Debaucher, and Seducer of youth ; wnesse this easie and honest young man : now thou *Esquire* of Dames, *Madams*, and twelue-penny *Ladies* : now my greene *Madame* her selfe, of the price. Let mee vnmasque your *Ladiship*.

I o H. O my wife, my wife, my wife !

I v s. Is she your wife ? *Redde te Harpocratem !*

T r o. By your leaue, stand by, my Masters, be vnouer'd.

V r s. O stay him, stay him, helpe to cry, *Nightingale* ;

my pan, my panne.

I v s. What's the matter ?

N i g. Hee has stolne gammar *Vrsla's* panne.

T r o. Yes, and I feare no man but *Iustice Ouerdoo*.

*To Vrsla,
and
Nightingale.*

I v s. *Vrsla* ? where is she ? O the Sow of enormity, this ! welcome, stand you there, you, Songster, there.

V r s. An' please your worship, I am in no fault : A Gentleman stripp'd him in my Booth, and borrow'd his gown, and his hat ; and hee ranne away with my goods, 60 here, for it.

*To
Quarulous*

I v s. Then this is the true mad-man, and you are the enormity !

Q v a. You are i' the right, I am mad, but from the gowne outward.

65 I v s. Stand you there.

Q v a. Where you please, Sir.

*Mistresse
Ouerdoo
is sicke
and her
husband
is
silenc'd*

O v e r. O lend me a bason, I am sicke, I am sicke ; where's M^r *Ouerdoo* ? *Bridget*, call hither my *Adam*.

I v s. How ?

W h i. Dy very owne wife, i' fait, worshipfull *Adam*.

O v e r. Will not my *Adam* come at mee ? shall I see him no more then ?

v. vi 39 forth,] forth F 46 Discovers Mrs Lit add G 48
stage dir Enter Troubleall with a dripping-pan, followed by Ursula and
Nightingale G 49 by,] by F 56 you,] you F 57 An']
An't G 67 OVER] OVER F Mrs Over [waking] G

Q v A. Sir, why doe you not goe on with the enormity ? are you opprest with it ? ' I'le helpe you : harke you Sir, i' your eare, your *Innocent young man*, you haue tane such 75 care of, all this day, is a *Cutpurse* ; that hath got all your brother *Cokes* his things, and help'd you to your beating, and the stocks ; if you haue a minde to hang him now, and shew him your *Magistrates* wit, you may : but I should think it were better, recouering the goods, and to saue your 80 estimation in him. I thank you S^r. for the gift of your *Ward*, M^{rs}. *Grace* : look you, here is your hand & seale, by the way. M^r. *Win-wife*, giue you 10y, you are *Palemon*, you are possest o' the Gentlewoman, but she must pay me value, here's warrant for it. And honest mad-man, there's thy 85 gowne, and cap againe ; I thanke thee for my wife. Nay, *To the* I can be mad, sweet heart, when I please, still ; neuer feare *widow*. me . And carefull *Numps*, where's he ? I thanke him for my licence.

W A S. How !

Q v A. 'Tis true, *Numps*.

W A S. I'll be hang'd then.

Waspe
misseth
the
Licence.

Q v A. Lo(o)ke i' your boxe, *Numps*, nay, Sir, stand not you fixt here, like a stake in *Finsbury* to be shot at, or the whipping post i' the *Fayre*, but get your wife out o' the ayre, 95 it wil make her worse else ; and remember you are but *Adam*, Flesh, and blood ! you haue your frailty, forget your other name of *Ouerdoo*, and inuite vs all to supper. There you and I will compare our *discoueries* ; and drowne the memory of all enormity in your bigg'st bowle at home 100

C o k. How now, *Numps*, ha' you lost it ? I warrant, 'twas when thou wert i' the stocks : why dost not speake ?

W A S. I will neuer speak while I lue, againe, for ought I know.

I v s. Nay, *Humphrey*, if I be patient, you must be so 105 too ; this pleasant conceited Gentlemen hath wrought vpon my iudgement, and preuail'd : I pray you take care of your sickle friend, Mistresse *Alice*, and my good friends all——

Q v a. And no enormities.

110 I v s. I inuite you home, with mee to my house, to supper : I will haue none feare to go along, for my intents are
Ad correctionem, non ad destructionem ; Ad ædificandum,
non ad diruendum : so lead on.

C o k. Yes, and bring the *Actors* along, wee'll ha' the rest
115 o' the *Play* at home

The end.

v. vi 115 *Exeunt* add G

The EPILOGVE.

YOur Maiesty hath seene the Play, and you
 can best allow it from your eare, and view.
 You know the scope of Writers, and what store
 of leaue is giuen them, if they take not more,
 And turne it into licence : you can tell 5
 if we have vs'd that leaue you gaue vs, well :
 Or whether wee to rage, or licence breake,
 or be prophane, or make prophane men speake ?
 This is your power to iudge (great Sir) and not
 the enuy of a few. Which if wee haue got, 10
 Wee value lesse what their dislike can bring,
 if it so happy be, t' haue pleas'd the King.

3 store] store, F

THE DEVIL IS AN ASS

THE TEXT

Together with *Bartholomew Fair* and *The Staple of News* the comedy of *The Devil is an Ass* was printed by John Beale for Robert Allot in 1631. The collation is continuous with that of *Bartholomew Fair*, and we know that Jonson, on sending presentation copies of these two plays to the Earl of Newcastle in that year, complained that he could not accompany them with a copy of *The Staple of News*.¹ Yet *The Devil is an Ass* usually appears as the last of the group, and it is numbered third on the general title-page which Richard Meighen prefixed to copies of the 1640 Folio, calling these three plays 'The Second Volume' of Jonson's 'Workes'. It looks as if the printer of this title-page made a mistake and forced a wrong order on the binder.

The play was not entered by Allot on the Stationers' Register. Nor was it mentioned in 1637 when, on 1 July, his widow Mary transferred the copyright of *Bartholomew Fair*, *The Staple of News*, and fifty-nine other books to John Leggatt and Andrew Crooke.² The omission is difficult to explain, for Allot had the copyright and there is no record of an earlier transfer. Probably it was an oversight, but the failure to make a proper entry led to complications.

The first entry of the play on the Stationers' Register was made by Thomas Walkley on 17 September 1658, when he included it in what he called 'the third volume' of Jonson's *Works*, i.e. all writings of Jonson printed later than 1631—the masques, the latest plays, the *Underwoods*, the translation of the *Ars Poetica*, and the prose works³—all which, when bound up with the three plays of 1631, make up the second volume of the 1640 Folio. As Meighen printed a title-page to the 1640 issue of the three plays, he probably had come to terms with Crooke, but Walkley omitted to register any of the rest of the volume, and John Benson and Crooke anticipated him in portions of it—the Poems, the

¹ See vol. 1, p. 211.

² Arber, *Transcript*, iv, 387–8.

³ Eyre and Rivington, *Transcript*, vol. II, p. 196.

Ars Poetica, the *Masque of Gypsies*, and the four succeeding masques—in 1639 and 1640.¹ This led to a law-suit in the Court of Chancery in January 1640,² in which Walkley probably made good his claim to the works 'not before printed'. In 1648 he made a final appeal to the House of Lords, complaining that he still could not get a licence.³ The belated entry on the Register in September 1658 finally established his rights, and he promptly transferred them to Humphrey Mosely on 20 November, including *The Devil is an Ass*, but not the two companion plays, in the entry and the transfer.⁴ The two transactions are evidently connected; Walkley had to ensure his rights before he could transfer them.

But this is not the complete history of this tangled business. Professor S. G. Dunn found a copy of the 1640 Folio with a manuscript note in a seventeenth-century hand written in the margin below the epilogue of *The Devil is an Ass*. 'June 6, 1640. Let this be entered for Andrew Crooke but not printed till I give further directions. John Hansley.'⁵ John Hansley was an official licenser of books who was chaplain to the Bishop of London and rector of St. Christopher-le-Stock from 1640 to 1643.⁶ His name frequently occurs in the Stationers' Register from 1639 to 1643. He read *The Devil is an Ass* twenty-four years after it had been acted and nine years after it had been printed under the impression that it was new. Evidently he had some doubt about Crooke's right to the play.

The collation of the 1631 text of *The Devil is an Ass* follows on that of *Bartholomew Fair*, which ended on signature

¹ Arber, *Transcript*, iv, 487, 493, 498, 503.

² See Frank Marcham, 'Thomas Walkley and the Ben Jonson "Works" of 1640', in *The Library*, fourth series, vol. xi, pp. 225-9, with a supplementary note by Dr. Greg, *ibid.*, pp. 461-5.

³ House of Lords MS., 20 December 1648. See Mr. A. G. Chester's letter to *The Times Literary Supplement*, March 1935.

⁴ Eyre and Rivington, *Transcript*, vol. II, p. 206.

⁵ See Professor Dunn's letter on 'A Jonson Copyright' in *The Times Literary Supplement*, 28 July 1921.

⁶ Venn, *Alumni Cantabrigienses*, vol. II, p. 300.

M4 verso, page 88. Omitting two numbers in the pagination, it begins on signature N, page 91. The play is a folio in fours, signed N to Y. The collation is in detail: N 1, the title-page, with the verso blank; N 2 recto, 'the Persons of the Play'; N 2 verso, 'The Prologue'; N 3 and 4, O 1-Y 4, the text of the play, ending on Y 4 verso with the six-line Epilogue.

For some reason which cannot now be determined, the stock ran out when the three plays printed by Beale were prefixed to the Folio volume of 1640. Either there was a miscalculation in 1631, resulting in a shortage later; or there was some accident at the printer's, such as a fire. Whatever the cause, the play was reprinted in 1641. The title-page bears the laconic imprint, 'Imprinted at London, 1641', but the printer is identified as Thomas Harper by his device, a swan standing on a wreath within a border of intertwined snakes, a man's head below, and the motto 'God is my helper'.¹ The collation is—two leaves of A, B to I in fours, one leaf of K; in detail this is: A 1, title-page, with the verso blank; A 2 recto, 'The Persons of the Play'; A 2 verso, 'The Prologue'; B 1-I 4, K 1, the text of the play, with the Epilogue on K 1 verso. Harper aimed at compression, getting fifty lines on a full page, using lower-case for scene headings and the list of characters in the headings, and marking off the acts with a thin ornamental border instead of the ample headpiece which Beale had employed for that purpose: he saved three leaves on the text.

A peculiarity of this reprint is the two panel-compartments with a picture of the Creator which Harper printed horizontally as head-pieces across the top of signature A 2, 'The Persons of the Play', and A 2 verso, 'The Prologue'. They are two scenes from the story of the creation in Genesis—God creating the birds and God creating the firmament. They must originally have formed part of a set of seven illustrating the days of creation. The monogram 'I.C.' appears in the first of these. This pair are also found as

¹ McKerrow, *Printers' and Publishers' Devices*, no 227

side-pieces for the border of the title-page in Lewis Lavater's *The Booke of Ruth expounded in twenty eight Sermons*, which Robert Waldegrave printed in 1586; and in Robert Southwell's *Marie Magdalens funerall Teares*, which Thomas Snodham printed for William Leake in 1609. Snodham had used the swan-device before it passed to Harper, so probably these panels were part of his stock.

Harper printed extra copies of the 1641 text, over and above the number required to complete the Folio sets. In the first issue of *Cabala, Mysteries of State, in Letters of the Great Ministres of K. James and K. Charles*, published by Mercy Meighen, Gabriell Bedell and Thomas Collins, and 'to be sold at their Shop at the Middle-Temple Gate in Fleetstreet' in 1654, there is an advertisement on Aa2-Aa4 of books sold by the firm, including on Aa3 recto '*The Divels an Asse*, a Comedy, acted in the year 1616, by his Majesty's Servants, the Author *Ben. Johnson*. in folio'. Bedell and Collins also advertised it in T. Goffe's *Three Excellent Tragedies*, 1656, and Humphrey Moseley in an advertisement list of 1660.

The Duke of Portland has at Welbeck a copy of the 1640 second volume of the Folio with Meighen's title-page prefixed to the three first plays and the 1641 text of *The Devil is an Ass* with a cancel title-page dated 1669. It has a sub-title, 'The Cheater cheated', and is advertised as 'A Witty Comedy'. The paper is of Geneva make,¹ the water-mark a crown with the letters P G H attached in three successive rings below. No publisher's or printer's name is on the imprint. A separate issue of the play with this new title-page would have suggested that it was put on the market as a remainder, but the Welbeck copy includes it in the complete collection of the 1640 Folio. It is an exceptionally fine copy. This title-page was probably printed by Henry Herringman, to whom Moseley had transferred the copyright in 1667.

Beale's printing of the 1631 text shows the same signs of

¹ Identified by Mr Strickland Gibson

hasty and slovenly work as in *Bartholomew Fair*. There are mistakes which a compositor might have put straight even if Beale kept no corrector on his staff: 'fooolish' (i. i. 2), 'buttter' (ib. 14), 'Lad *Maioresse*' for 'Lady' (ib. 98), 'pretitly' (iv. 42), 'meetingy' for 'meetings' (vi. 9), a duplicated 'haue haue' (ib. 11), 'dealth with' (ib. 182), 'hs' for 'his' (ii. ii. 83), 'acquintance' (iii. iii. 37), 'ACT. IIIJ. SCEN. EII', 'kindesse' (iv. iv. 125), '*with a a Wanion*' (v. viii. 33); foul case in 'Viccs' for 'Vices' (i. i. 101), 'sincc' (iii. iii. 68), *Feoffces* (v. 60), 'seruiee' (iv. v. 9); and such examples of turned letters as '*begiunes*' (i. vi. 74, stage direction) and 'pnt' (ii. ii. 48). Much confusion is caused by assigning speeches to the wrong characters—Meere-craft's to Fitton in ii. viii. 95, 103; to Everill in iii. iv. 55, when Everill is not present; a question of Tailbush's to Wittipol and Wittipol's answer in iv. iv. 75, 76. Or the name of the real speaker is omitted, making nonsense of the text, as in iii. vi. 61 and iv. iv. 17, 149, or prefixed to two successive speeches, as in iv. iv. 238, though here possibly a single-line speech has been lost. In the second scene of the third Act Fitz-dottrell is included among the characters in the scene heading, and must be present during the opening speech; Meere-craft's aside in lines 5 to 7 proves it. He makes a caustic reflection on the intelligence and honesty of London citizens just when Meere-craft is urging the goldsmith Guilt-head to finance him. Guilt-head says:

In truth, Sir,

I cannot. 'T has beene a long vacation with vs,

FIT. Of what, I pray thee? of wit? or honesty?

Those are your Citizens long vacations.

Fitz-dottrell has nothing more to say or to do till Meere-craft has concluded the loan and has also squared his sharking cousin Everill in the next scene; this is the harder bargain of the two, and it takes fifty lines to bring it off. Meanwhile Fitz-dottrell marks time, if he remains on the stage. Gifford cut him out of the second scene¹ and made him

¹ He assigned the insulting remark about citizens to Meere-craft.

enter at line in the 52 third scene. But the Folio arrangement is quite satisfactory if Fitz-dottrell, disgusted at Guilt-head's hesitation over the loan, expresses his contempt for him and all his kind and quits the room instantly. Here Jonson would have helped us with a side-note, '*He goes out*'.

Beale's punctuation is, for the most part, hopeless.¹ All corrections of it are recorded in the critical apparatus. The only point which calls for notice is the usual printer's misunderstanding of the metrical apostrophe which Jonson inserted between two lightly sounded syllables to mark them as metrically equivalent to a single syllable.² Beale, when he did not ignore this characteristic pointing, treated it as an elision: so he printed 'H'll' (I. II. 28), 'ma'advance' (IV. 85), 'Or'n France' (II. III. 60), 'g'him' (VIII. 99), 'fell s'in loue' (III. II. 23), 'Make loue t'vs' (IV. IV. 95). Where Beale omitted the stop we have not restored it, but we have no doubt that Jonson's manuscript had it in such lines as the following:

To keepe me'vpright, while things be reconcil'd, (I. III. 5).
 To'intrap a credulous woman, or betray her: (I. VI. 170).
 A man so'aboue excuse, as he is the cause, (II. VI. 64).
 Twenty to one, they will appeare so'ill-fauour'd,
 (IV. III. 44).

How did the bed-rid poet grapple with the problem such printing presented to him? Most of the sheets in the copies we have examined contain no variants, but corrections are found in P 2 recto (I. VI. 178-224), P 3 verso (II. I. 19-65), V 1 verso (IV. IV. 23-69), Y 3 verso (V. VIII. 58-104). In P 2 recto and P 3 verso there are changes of type and punctuation, and extra marginal notes are inserted. Examples of the former are the italicizing of *Kings* (I. VI. 185), '*Stage-garment*' (ib. 186), '*Duke*' (II. I. 26), '*Commoners*, and *Aldermen*' (ib. 42), '*Crowne's*' and '*Crowne*' (ib. 46, 47), and '*millions*' (ib. 51); and, for

¹ There are good passages occasionally, which show that Jonson's manuscript has been followed, e.g. II. VI. 67-93.

² See the discussion in vol. IV, pp. 338-42.

corrections of the punctuation, a comma is inserted in 'To runne and fetch you, at her longings' (i. vi. 213), and a new sentence is marked in 'For her and you to take the ayre in. Yes' which was originally 'take the ayre in: yes' (ib. 215). Some spellings are corrected: 'Throughout' to 'Thorowout' (ii. i. 50). Two changes affect the text: 'the cloake is mine owne' is altered to 'the cloake is mine' (i. vi. 224), and the ridiculous 'Proiect; foure dogs skins' to 'Proiect. 4. Dog-skinnes' (ii. i. 65). But the most startling change in these two pages is the insertion of four new marginal notes, '*Hee shifts to his owne place againe.*' (at i. vi. 193), '*To a third.*' (at ii. i. 20), '*He turnes to Fitzdottrel*' (at l. 22), and '*He turnes to Ingine.*' (at l. 33). These additional stage directions have an important bearing on the question of the text. Gifford wrote in his prefatory note to the play: 'In noticing the date of *Bartholomew Fair*, I had occasion to observe that Jonson appeared to concern himself little, if at all, with the printing of the plays in the present collection; and *The Devil is an Ass*, as well as *The Staple of News*, furnishes no slight proof of it. In the folio, 1616, which the author certainly revised, he is altogether sparing of his marginal directions, while the dramas just mentioned abound in them. They are, however, of the most trite and trifling nature; they tell nothing that is not told in action, and generally in the same words, and are upon the whole such a worthless incumbrance on the page, that the reader will thank me for discarding them altogether. They bear no trace of the poet's hand.' Gifford's pungent comment on the value of the side-notes is fully justified, but he might have asked himself the question whether any printer—and especially such a printer as Beale—would have wasted superfluous ink upon them. However, there they are, fully authenticated. they are a melancholy sign of Jonson's failing power.

One or two of them are curiosities. 'He hopes to make on o'these *Scripticks* o' me' (v. ii. 40) is annotated '*For Scepticks*': one wonders whether this was not a marginal

direction to the printer which has crept into the text. Still stranger is the note on 'Thou art a *Niaise*' (I. vi. 18)—'*A Niaise is a young Hawke, tane crying out of the nest.*' The note is correct enough; 'a nyas' is the true form of the word often corrupted to 'an eyas'; but what is the point of it? There is, however, a curious parallel in the text of Act III, scene IV, line 50, 'a new kinde of *fucus* (paint, for *Ladies*)', as if the playgoer of the period would not know what a fucus was.

Of the three corrections on V 1 verso, one adjusts the spelling, putting '*Carraucins*' for '*Carrnuacins*' (IV. IV. 45), and two adjust the punctuation—a comma instead of a full stop after '*Abezzo*' (ib. 31) and the deletion of the comma in 'your galley-pot well, glidder'd' (ib. 47).

There is one correction on Y 2 recto, '*Cheaters*' for '*heaters*' (V. VI. 64), but the correcting of Y 3 verso is much fuller, and it is important. Two of the marginal stage-directions are retouched, those at V. VIII. 69 and 81; italics are substituted for roman type in the sham ravings of Fitzdottrell (II. 74, 87); and there are three alterations of the text. In line 58

The *Iustice* sure will proue to be the merrier!
is revised to

The *Iustice* sure will prove the merrier man!
In line 76—

He ratifies it, clapping of his hands.—

Jonson corrected to 'with clapping'. In lines 85 to 87 he made a significant correction: originally he wrote

I'd not breath
A syllable in request, to such a fellow,
I'd rather fall.

The final version is

I'd not breath
A syllable in request, to such a foole,
He makes himselfe.

But the most remarkable correction of the text of this play, unique in Jonson as far as our experience goes, is in Act v, scene vii, line 2, where after the explosion in Newgate the third Keeper was made to exclaim

Fough l what esteem e of brimstone
Is here ?

In one British Museum copy with press-mark C.39.k.9, in one copy belonging to the Editor, and in three copies at Oxford belonging to Christ Church, Jesus College, and Manchester College, the reading 'a steame of' is badly printed in over an erasure. Jonson must have discovered this after the text was printed off and insisted on a correction being made in some form. The alternative was a cancel, which would be too expensive for Beale.

These interesting corrections are only occasional. It is possible, of course, that more lurk undetected in copies which we have not been able to collate. But it is unlikely that Jonson systematically corrected the whole play. Beale may have been late with the proofs, or Jonson may have been too ill to read them.

The text of Harper's 1641 reprint is even worse than Beale's, some of whose errors such as 'Lad *Maiorese*' and 'dealth with' it faithfully reproduces. It makes a few obvious corrections, which are outweighed by its own blunders, such as 'That *Robinson* might have audacity' for 'want audacity' (III. iv. 7), 'I could not so instruct him' for 'I could now . . .' (III v. 31), 'O, might he be?' for 'Who might he bee?' (iv. vii. 23), and '*He stags*' for '*He flags*' in the stage-direction at v. i. 34. In addition to its own inaccuracies it used for copy a text of 1631 in which P 2 recto, P 3 verso, V 1 verso, and Y 3 verso were uncorrected.

A few corrections were made while the book was passing through the press. Mr. H. L. Ford has a copy with some uncorrected readings—'That's' for 'This's' (III. vi. 37),

'Vnquited' for 'Vnquieted' (iv. i. 20), 'Postillos' for 'Pastillos' (iv. iv. 142), and 'privety' for 'piueti' (ib. 150).¹

The Folio of 1692 follows the arrangement of 1640 in placing this play out of its proper order after *The Staple of News*. It was printed from a copy of the 1631 text in which P 2 recto and P 3 verso were uncorrected, so that in this forme it agrees with the reprint of 1641.

The 1631 text of the play has been reprinted by Dr. W. S. Johnson, who edited it in 1905 for the Yale Studies in English, no. xxix, from the copy in the library of Yale University.

¹ H. L. Ford, *A Collation of the Ben Jonson Folios*, pp. 27-8.

THE DIUELL
IS
AN ASSE:

A COMEDIE
ACTED IN THE
YEARE, 1616.

BY HIS MAIESTIES
SERVANTS.

The Author BEN: IONSON.

HOR. de ART. POET.

Falsa voluptasim Causa, sine proxima veris.



LONDON,
Printed by J. B. for ROBERT ALLOT, and are
to be sold at the signe of the Beare, in Pauls
Church-yard 1631.

The title-page of the Folio, 1631, with Beale's device.

THE DIVELL
IS
AN ASSE.

A COMEDIE
ACTED IN THE
YEARE, 1616.

BY HIS MAJESTIES
SERVANTS.

The Author BEN: IOHNSON.

HON. de ART. POET.
Pecca voluptatis Causa, sint proxima veris.



Imprinted at London, 1641.

The title-page of the Folio, 1641, with Harper's device.



THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY.



The Prologue.

Panel compartments used by Harper as head-pieces in the 1641 Folio
on A 2 recto and A 2 verso.

THE
DEVIL
IS
AN ASSE.
OR, THE
Cheater cheated.

A Witty Comedy.

The Author *Ben. Johnson.*

Hor. de Art. Poet.

Falsa voluptatis Causa, sine proxima veris.



Imprinted at *London*, and are to be sold in *Fleet-*
street, and *Westminster-Hall*, 1669.

The title-page in the Welbeck copy of the 1640 Folio.

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

SATAN.	<i>The great diuell.</i>
P V G.	<i>The lesse diuell.</i>
INIQVITY.	<i>The Vice.</i>
FITZ-DOTTRELL.	<i>A Squire of Norfolk.</i>
5 MISTRESSE FRANCES.	<i>His wife.</i>
MEERE-CRAFT.	<i>The Proiector.</i>
EVERILL.	<i>His Champion.</i>
WITTIPOL.	<i>A young Gallant.</i>
MANLY.	<i>His friend.</i>
10 I N G I N E.	<i>A Broaker.</i>
TRAINES.	<i>The Proiectors man.</i>
GVILT-HEAD.	<i>A Gold-smith.</i>
PLVTARCHVS.	<i>His sonne.</i>
Sir POVLE EITHER-SIDE.	<i>A Lawyer, and Iustice.</i>
15 Lady EITHER-SIDE.	<i>His wife.</i>
Lady TAILE-BVSH.	<i>The Lady Proiectresse.</i>
PIT-FALL.	<i>Her woman.</i>
AMBLER.	<i>Her Gentleman vsher</i>
SLEDGE.	<i>A Smith, the Constable.</i>
20 SHACKLES.	<i>Keeper of Newgate.</i>

SERIEANTS.

The Scene, LONDON.

<p>THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY.] DOTTRELL] Fabian Fitzdottrel G 12 GVILT-HEAD] Thomas Gilthead G Gentleman vsher] Gentlemanvsher F officers, servants ,underkeepers, etc. G</p>	<p>1, 2 diuell] Devil F3 9 MANLY] Eustace Manly G 14 POVLE] Paul G 21 SERIEANTS] Serjeants,</p>
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The Prologue.

THE DIVELL is an Asse. That is, to day,
The name of what you are met for, a new Play.
 Yet, Grandee's, would you were not come to grace
 Our matter, with allowing vs no place.
 Though you presume SATAN a subtile thing, 5
 And may haue heard hee's worne in a thumbe-ring ;
 Doe not on these presumptions, force vs act,
 In compasse of a cheese-trencher. This tract
 Will ne'er admit our vice, because of yours.
 Anone, who, worse then you, the fault endures 10
 That your selues make ? when you will thrust and spurne,
 And knocke vs o' the elbowes, and bid, turne ;
 As if, when wee had spoke, wee must be gone,
 Or, till wee speake, must all runne in, to one,
 Like the young adders, at the old ones mouth ? 15
 Would wee could stand due North ; or had no South,
 If that offend : or were Muscouy glasse,
 That you might looke our Scenes through as they passe.
 We know not how to affect you. If you'll come
 To see new Playes, pray you affoord vs roome, 20
 And shew this, but the same face you haue done
 Your deare delight, the Diuell of Edmunton.
 Or, if, for want of roome, it must mis-carry,
 'Twill be but Iustice, that your censure tarry,
 Till you grue some. And when sixe times you ha' seen't, 25
 If this Play doe not like, the Diuell is in't.

THE DIVELL

IS AN ASSE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

DIVELL. P V G. INIQUITY.

HOh, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, &c.
To earth? and, why to earth, thou foolish Spirit?
What wold'st thou do on earth? P V G. For that, great
Chiefe!

As time shal work. I do but ask my mon'th,
5 Which euery petty *pus'nee Diuell* has;
Within that terme, the Court of *Hell* will heare
Some thing, may gaine a longer grant, perhaps.
S A T. For what? the laming a poore Cow, or two?
Entring a Sow, to make her cast her farrow?
10 Or crossing of a Mercat-womans Mare,
'Twixt this, and *Totnam*? these were wont to be
Your maine atchieuements, *Pug*. You haue some plot, now,
Vpon a tonning of Ale, to stale the yest,
Or keepe the churme so, that the butter come not;
15 Spight o' the housewiues cord, or her hot spit?
Or some good Ribibe, about *Kentish* Towne,
Or *Hogsden*, you would hang now, for a witch,
Because shee will not let you play round *Robbin*:
And you'll goe sowre the Citizens Creame 'gainst Sunday?
20 That she may be accus'd for't, and condemn'd,

ACT I SCENE I] ACT I SCENE I *F* (so throughout) ACT I. SCENE I |
Enter Satan and Pug G 2 foolish] foolish *F* 3 *Chiefe* 1641:
Chiefe *F* 4 mon'th,] month *F* 10 Mercat-] Market- 1641, *F* 3
11 'Twixt] Twixt *F* 12 *Pug*] *Pug*. *F* 14 butter] buttter *F*
20 for't, corr. *F* for't *F* originally

By a *Middlesex* lury, to the satisfaction
 Of their offended friends, the *Londiners* wiues,
 Whose teeth were set on edge with it ? Foolish feind,
 Stay i' your place, know your owne strengths, and put not
 Beyond the spheare of your actiuity. 25
 You are too dull a Diuell to be trusted
 Forth in those parts, *Pug*, vpon any affayre
 That may concerne our name, on earth. It is not
 Euery ones worke. The state of *Hell* must care
 Whom it imployes, in point of reputation, 30
 Heere about *London*. You would make, I thinke,
 An Agent, to be sent, for *Lancashire*,
 Proper inough ; or some parts of *Northumberland*,
 So yo' had good instructions, *Pug*. P v g. O *Chiefe* !
 You doe not know, deare *Chiefe*, what there is in mee. 35
 Proue me but for a fortnight, for a weeke,
 And lend mee but a *Vice*, to carry with mee,
 To practice there, with any play-fellow,
 And, you will see, there will come more vpon't,
 Then you'll imagine, pretious *Chiefe*. S A T. What *Vice* ? 40
 What kind wouldst th' haue it of ? P v g. Why, any,
Fraud;
 Or *Couetousnesse* ; or Lady *Vanity* ;
 Or old *Iniquity* : I'll call him hither.
 I N I. What is he, calls vpon me, and would seeme to lack
 a *Vice* ?

Ere his words be halfe spoken, I am with him in a trice ; 45
 Here, there, and euery where, as the Cat is with the mice :
 True *vetus Iniquitas*. Lack'st thou Cards, friend, or Dice ?
 I will teach thee <to> cheate, Child, to cog, lye, and swagger,
 And euer and anon, to be drawing forth thy dagger :
 To sweare by Gogs-nownes, like a lusty *Iuuentus*, 50
 In a cloake to thy heele, and a hat like a pent-house,

i i. 22 *Londiners*] *Londoners* 1641 wiues,] wiues F 24 strengths]
 strength F3 27 in] into 1641 31 thinke,] thinke F 38
 there, with] there-with F 42 any, G any F 43 I'll] Sat.
 I'll W After 43 Enter *Iniquity* G 48 to cheat W 51
 house,] house F

Thy breeches of three fingers, and thy doublet all belly,
With a Wench that shall feede thee, with cock-stones and
gelly.

P v G. Is it not excellent, *Chiefe* ? how nimble he is !

55 I N I. Child of hell, this is nothing ! I will fetch thee a
leape

From the top of *Pauls*-steeple, to the Standard in *Cheepe* :
And lead thee a daunce, through the streets without faile,
Like a needle of *Spaine*, with a thred at my tayle.

We will suruay the *Suburbs*, and make forth our sallyes,
60 Downe *Petticoate-lane*, and vp the *Smock-allies*,
To *Shoreditch*, *Whitechappell*, and so to Saint *Kathernes*,
To drinke with the *Dutch* there, and take forth their pat-
ternes :

From thence, wee will put in at *Custome-house* key there,
And see, how the Factors, and Prentizes play there,
65 False with their Masters ; and gueld many a full packe,
To spend it in pies, at the *Dagger*, and the *Wool-sacke*.

P v G. Braue, braue, *Iniquity* ! will not this doe, *Chiefe* ?

I N I. Nay, boy, I wil bring thee to the Bawds, and the
Roysters,

At *Belins-gate*, feasting with claret wine, and oysters,
70 From thence shoot the *Bridge*, childe, to the Cranes i' the
Vintry,

And see, there the gimblets, how they make their entry !
Or, if thou hadst rather, to the *Strand* downe to fall,
'Gainst the Lawyers come dabled from *Westminster-hall*,
And marke how they cling, with their clyents together,
75 Like luie to Oake ; so Veluet to Leather :

Ha, boy, I would shew thee. P v G. Rare, rare ! D I V.
Peace, dotard,

And thou more ignorant thing, that so admir'st.
Art thou the spirit thou seem'st ? so poore ? to choose
This, for a *Vice*, t(o)'aduanche the cause of *Hell*,
80 Now ? as Vice stands this present yeere ? Remember,
What number it is. *Six hundred and sixteene*.

Had it but beene *five hundred*, though some *sixty*
 Aboue ; that's *fifty* yeeres agone, and *six*,
 (When euery great man had his *Vice* stand by him,
 In his long coat, shaking his wooden dagger) 85
 I could consent, that, then this your graue choice
 Might haue done that, with his Lord *Chiefe*, the which
 Most of his chamber can doe now. But *Pug*,
 As the times are, who is it, will receiue you ?
 What company will you goe to ? or whom mix with ? 90
 Where canst thou carry him ? except to *Tauernes* ?
 To mount vp on a joynt-stoole, with a *Iewes*-trumpe,
 To put downe *Cokeley*, and that must be to Citizens ?
 He ne're will be admitted, there, where *Vennor* comes.
 Hee may perchance, in taile of a Sheriffes dinner, 95
 Skip with a rime o' the Table, from *New-nothing*,
 And take his *Almaine*-leape into a custard,
 Shall make my Lad(y) *Maioresse*, and her sisters,
 Laugh all their hoods ouer their shoulders. But,
 This is not that will doe, they are other things 100
 That are receiu'd now vpon earth, for Vices ;
 Stranger, and newer : and chang'd euery houre.
 They ride 'hem like their horses off their legges,
 And here they come to *Hell*, whole legions of 'hem,
 Euery weeke tyr'd. Wee, still striue to breed, 105
 And reare 'hem vp new ones ; but they doe not stand,
 When they come there : they turne 'hem on our hands.
 And it is fear'd they haue a stud o' their owne
 Will put downe ours. Both our breed, and trade
 Will suddenly decay, if we preuent not. 110
 Vnlesse it be a *Vice* of quality,
 Or fashion, now, they take none from vs. Car-men
 Are got into the yellow starch, and Chimney-sweepers
 To their tabacco, and strong-waters, *Hum*,
Meath, and *Obarni*. We must therefore ayme 115

I. 1. 92 on a] ona F 98 Lady F3 *Maioresse*] *Majoresse* 1641:
Mayoreess F3 101 Vices] . Vices F 103 'hem] 'em F3 (et
passim) 106 'hem om G 106-7 stand, . . . there.] stand :
. . . there, G 114 tabacco] tobacco 1641

- At extraordinary subtile ones, now,
 When we doe send, to keepe vs vp in credit,
 Not old *Iniquities*. Get you e'ne backe, Sir,
 To making of your rope of sand againe.
- 120 You are not for the manners, nor the times :
 They haue their *Vices*, there, most like to *Vertues* ;
 You cannot know 'hem, apart, by any difference:
 They weare the same clothes, eate <o'> the same meate,
 Sleepe i' the selfe-same beds, ride i' those coaches,
- 125 Or very like, foure horses in a coach,
 As the best men and women. Tissue gownes,
 Garters and roses, fourescore pound a paire,
 Embroydred stockings, cut-worke smocks, and shirts,
 More certaine marks of lechery, now, and pride,
- 130 Then ere they were of true nobility !
 But *Pug*, since you doe burne with such desire
 To doe the Common-wealth of Hell some seruice ;
 I am content, assuming of a body,
 You goe to earth, and visit men, a day.
- 135 But you must take a body ready made, *Pug*,
 I can create you none : nor shall you forme
 Your selfe an aery one, but become subiect
 To all impression of the flesh, you take,
 So farre as humane frailty. So, this morning,
- 140 There is a handsome Cutpurse hang'd at *Tiborne*,
 Whose spirit departed, you may enter his body :
 For clothes imploy your credit, with the Hangman,
 Or let our tribe of Brokers furnish you.
 And, looke, how farre your subtilty can worke
- 145 Thorow those organs, with that body, spye
 Amongst mankind, (you cannot there want vices,
 And therefore the lesse need to carry 'hem wⁱ you)
 But as you make your soone at nights relation,
 And we shall find, it merits from the State,

1. 1 117 send,] send *F* credit,] credit *F* 124 coaches,] coaches *F*
 128 Embroydred stockings] Embrothered stockings 164r 130 *Ext*
Iniquity add *G* 140 *Tiborne*] *Tyburn* *F* 145 Thorow]
 Through 164r

You shall haue both trust from vs, and imployment. 150

P v G. Most gracious *Chiefe* ! D i v. Onely, thus more I
bind you,

To serue the first man that you meete ; and him
I'll shew you, now : Obserue him. Yon' is hee,
You shall see, first, after your clothing. Follow him :
But once engag'd, there you must stay and fixe ;
Not shift, vntill the midnights cocke doe crow.

*He shewes
Fitz-dot-
trell to
him, com-
ming
forth.*

P v G. Any conditions to be gone. D i v. Away, then.

ACT I. SCENE II.

F I T Z - D O T T R E L L.

I they doe, now, name *Bretnor*, as before
I, They talk'd of *Gresham*, and of Doctor *Fore-man*,
Francklin, and *Fiske*, and *Sauory* (he was in too)
But there's not one of these, that euer could
Yet shew a man the *Diuell*, in true sort. 5
They haue their christalls, I doe know, and rings,
And virgin parchment, and their dead-mens skulls,
Their rauens wings, their lights, and *pentacles*,
With *characters* ; I ha' seene all these. But—
Would I might see the *Diuell*. I would giue 10
A hundred o' these pictures, (so) to see him
Once out of picture. May I proue a cuckold,
(And that's the one maine mortall thing I feare)
If I beginne not, now, to thinke, the Painters
Haue onely made him. 'Slight, he would be seene, 15
One time or other else. He would not let
An ancient gentleman, of a good house,
As most are now in *England*, the *Fitz-dottrel's*,
Runne wilde, and call vpon him thus in vaine,
As I ha' done this twelue mone'th. If he be not, 20

I 1. 157 *Exeunt* severally add G I 11] SCENE II | *The Street before
Fitzdottrel's House* | *Enter Fitzdottrel* G I before] before, F
3 *Francklin*] *Franklin* 1641 7 skulls,] skulls F 11 pictures,]
picture,, 1641 so Editor

- At all, why, are there Coniurers? If they be not,
 Why, are there lawes against 'hem? The best artists
 Of *Cambridge, Oxford, Middlesex, and London,*
Essex, and Kent, I haue had in pay to raise him,
 25 These fifty weekes, and yet h(e)'appeares not. 'Sdeath,
 I shall suspect, they can make circles onely
 Shortly, and know but his hard names. They doe say,
 H(e)'will meet a man (of himselfe) that has a mind to him.
 If hee would so, I haue a minde and a halfe for him :
 30 He should not be long absent. Pray thee, come,
 I long for thee. An' I were with child by him,
 And my wife, too ; I could not more. Come, yet,
 He ex- presses a long- ing to see the Diuell. Good *Beelezebub.* Were hee a kinde diuell,
 And had humanity in him, hee would come, but
 To saue ones longing. I should vse him well,
 I sweare, and with respect (would he would try mee)
 Not, as the Conjurers doe, when they ha' rais'd him.
 Get him in bonds, and send him post, on errands,
 A thousand miles, it is preposterous, that :
 40 And, I beleeeue, is the true cause he comes not.
 And hee has reason. Who would be engag'd,
 That might liue freely, as he may doe? I sweare,
 They are wrong all. The burn't child dreads the fire.
 They doe not know to entertaine the *Diuell.*
 45 I would so welcome him, obserue his diet,
 Get him his chamber hung with *arras*, two of 'hem,
 I' my own house ; lend him my wiues wrought pillowes :
 And as I am an honest man, I thinke,
 If he had a minde to her, too ; I should grant him,
 50 To make our friend-ship perfect. So I would not
 To euery man. If hee but heare me, now ?
 And should come to mee in a braue young shape,
 And take me at my word ? ha ! Who is this ?

1 u 21 why,] why F3 22 Why,] Why F3 26 they
 F3 they, F circles] circle 164r 30 come,] come F 32
 expresses] expresseth F3 38 errands,] errands F 40 And,]
 And F 53 After 'word?' Enter *Pug, handsomely shaped and*
apparelled G

ACT I. SCENE IIJ.

P V G. FITZ-DOTTRELL.

S I R, your good pardon, that I thus presume
Vpon your priuacy. I am borne a Gentleman,
A younger brother ; but, in some disgrace,
Now, with my friends : and want some little meanes,
To keepe me vpriight, while things be reconcil'd.
Please you, to let my seruice be of vse to you, Sir.

5

F I T. Seruice ? 'fore hell, my heart was at my mouth,
Till I had view'd his shooes well : for, those roses
Were bigge inough to hide a clouen foote.
No, friend, my number's full. I haue one seruant,
Who is my all, indeed ; and, from the broome
Vnto the brush : for, iust so farre, I trust him.
He is my Ward-robe man, my Cater, Cooke,
Butler, and Steward ; lookes vnto my horse :
And helps to watch my wife. H'has all the places,
That I can thinke on, from the garret downward,
E'en to the manger, and the curry-combe.

Hee
lookes and
suruay's
his feet:
ouer and
ouer

15

P v G. Sir, I shall put your worship to no charge,
More then my meate, and that but very little,
I'll serue you for your loue. F I T. Ha ? without wages ?
I'd harken o' that eare, were I at leasure.
But now, I'm busie. 'Pr'y the<e>, friend, forbear me,
And thou hadst beene a *Diuell*, I should say
Somewhat more to thee. Thou dost hinder, now,
My meditations. P v G. Sir, I am a *Druell*.

25

F I T. How ! P v G. A true *Diuell*, S^r. F I T. Nay, now,
you ly :

Vnder your fauour, friend, for, I'll not quarrell.
I look'd o' your feet, afore, you cannot coozen mee,
Your shoo's not clouen, Sir, you are whole hoof'd.

He viewes
his feete
againe

1. iii G continues the scene 9 Aside add G 13 my Cater]
m'acater W 19 but] The t faint or missing in F 21 I'd]
I'd W: I'll F (repeated from l 20) 22 friend,] friend F 23
And] And' F: An' G

- 30 P v G. Sir, that's a popular error, deceiues many :
 But I am that, I tell you. F i T. What's your name ?
 P v G. My name is *Diuell*, S^r. F i T. Sai'st thou true ?
 P v G. Indeed, S^r.
 F i T. 'Slid ! there's some *omen* !' this ! what countryman ?
 P v G. Of *Derby-shire*, S^r. about the *Peake*. F i T. That
 Hole
 35 Belong'd to your Ancestors ? P v G. Yes, *Diuells* arse, S^r.
 F i T. I'll entertaine him for the name sake. Ha ?
 And turne away my tother man ? and saue
 Foure pound a yeere by that ? there's lucke, and thrift too !
 The very *Diuell* may come, heereafter, as well.
 40 Friend, I receiue you : but (withall) I acquaint you,
 Aforehand, if yo<u>' offend mee, I must beat you.
 It is a kinde of exercise, I vse,
 And cannot be without. P v G. Yes, if I doe not
 Offend, you can, sure. F i T. Faith, *Diuell*, very hardly :
 45 I'll call you by your surname, 'cause I loue it.

ACT I. SCENE III.

INGINE. WITTIPOL. MANLY.

FITZDOTTRELL. P v G.

Yonder hee walkes, Sir, I'll goe lift him for you.

W i T. To him, good *Ingine*, raise him vp by degrees,
 Gently, and hold him there too, you can doe it.
 Shew your selfe, now, a *Mathematicall* broker.

- 5 I N G. I'll warrant you for halfe a piece. W i T. 'Tis
 done, S^r.

M A N. Is't possible there should be such a man ?

W i T. You shall be your owne witnesse, I'll not labour
 To tempt you past your faith. M A N. And is his wife

I iii 32 true ?] true F 39 *Aside*. add G 42 vse.] vse F
 1. iv Enter, behind, Engine, with a cloke on his arm, Wittipol, and
 Manly. G, continuing the scene 4 selfe.] selfe F 5 Engine goes
 to Fitzdottrel and takes him aside add G 7 witnesse, corr F:
 witnesso F originally

So very handsome, say you? W I T. I ha' not seene her,
Since I came home from trauell: and they say, 10
Shee is not alter'd. Then, before I went,
I saw her once; but so, as shee hath stuck
Still i' my view, no object hath remou'd her.

M A N. 'Tis a faire guest, Friend, beauty: and once
lodg'd
Deepe in the eyes, shee hardly leaues the Inne. 15
How do's he keepe her? W I T. Very braue. Howeuer
Himselfe be sordide, hee is sensuall that way.
In euery dressing, hee do's study her.

M A N. And furnish forth himselfe so from the *Brokers*?
W I T. Yes, that's a hyr'd suite, hee now has on, 20
To see the *Diuell is an Asse*, to day, in:

(This *Ingine* gets three or foure pound a weeke by him)
He dares not misse a new *Play*, or a *Feast*,
What rate soeuer clothes be at; and thinkes
Himselfe still new, in other mens old. M A N. But stay, 25
Do's he loue meat so? W I T. Faith he do's not hate it.

But that's not it. His belly and his palate
Would be compounded with for reason. Mary,
A wit he has, of that strange credit with him,
'Gainst all mankinde; as it doth make him doe 30
Iust what it list: it rauishes him forth,

Whither it please, to any assembly'or place,
And would conclude him ruin'd, should hee scape
One publike meeting, out of the beliefe
He has of his owne great, and catholike strengths, 35
In arguing, and discourse. It takes, I see:

H'has got the cloak vpon him. F I T. A faire garment,
By my faith, *Ingine*! I N G. It was neuer made, Sir,
For three score pound, I assure you: 'Twill yeeld thurty.
The plush, Sir, cost three pound, ten shillings a yard! 40
And then the lace, and veluet. F I T. I shall, *Ingine*,

Ingine
hath won
Fitz-
dottrei,
to 'say on
the cloaks.
40

1. iv, 16 Howeuer] Howeuer, F 20 on 1641, F3 one F 21
15 an] is an F 28 Mary] Marry F3 (et passim) 32 assembly'or]
assembly or 1641 35 catholike Catholike F

- Be look'd at, prettily, in it ! Art thou sure
Hee giues The *Play* is play'd to day ? I N G. O here's the bill, S^r.
him the I had forgot to gi' 't you. F I T. Ha ? the *Diuell* !
Play-bill
 45 I will not lose you, Sirah ! But, *Ingine*, thinke you,
 The Gallant is so furious in his folly ?
 So mad vpon the matter, that hee'll part
 With's cloake vpo' these termes ? I N G. Trust not your
Ingine,
 Breake me to pieces else, as you would doe
 50 A rotten *Crane*, or an old rusty *Iacke*,
 That has not one true wheele in him. Doe but talke with
 him.
 F I T. I shall doe that, to satisfie you, *Ingine*,
Hee And my selfe too. With your leaue, Gentlemen.
turnes to Which of you is it, is so meere Idolater
Wittpol.
 55 To my wiues beauty, and so very prodigall
 Vnto my patience, that, for the short parlee
 Of one swift houres quarter, with my wife,
 He will depart with (let mee see) this cloake here,
 The price of folly ? Sir, are you the man ?
 60 W I T. I am that vent'rer, Sir. F I T. Good time ! your
 name
 Is *Witty-pol* ? W I T. The same, S^r. F I T. And 'tis told me,
 Yo' haue trauell'd lately ? W I T. That I haue, S^r. F I T.
 Truly,
 Your trauels may haue alter'd your complexion ;
 But sure, your wit stood still. W I T. It may well be, Sir.
 65 All heads ha' not like growth. F I T. The good mans
 grauity,
 That left you land, your father, neuer taught you
 These pleasant matches ? W I T. No, nor can his mirth,
 With whom I make 'hem, put me off. F I T. You are
 Resolu'd then ? W I T. Yes, S^r. F I T. Beauty is the *Saint*,
 70 You'll sacrifice your selfe, into the shirt too ?

1 iv. 42 prettily 1641: prettily F 44 I had] I', had F: I,
 had 1641 gr' 't] gr't F 45 lose] loose 1641 48 these]
 those 1641 50 Crane] Cain F3 . Cane 1716 56 parlee]
 parlee ? F 58 here,] here F 70 too] to W

WIT. So I may still cloth, and keepe warme your wisdom?

FIT. You lade me S^r! WIT. I know what you wil beare, S^r.

FIT. Well, to the point. 'Tis only, Sir, you say, To speake vnto my wife? WIT. Only, to speake to her.

FIT. And in my presence? WIT. In your very presence.

75

FIT. And in my hearing? WIT. In your hearing: so, You interrupt vs not. FIT. For the short space You doe demand, the fourth part of an houre, I thinke I shall, with some conuenient study, And this good helpe to boot, bring my selfe to't.

Hee shrugs himselfe vp in the cloake.

WIT. I aske no more. FIT. Please you, walk to'ard my house,

Speake what you list; that time is yours: My right I haue departed with. But, not beyond, A minute, or a second, looke for. Length, And drawing out, ma(y)'aduance much, to these matches. 85 And I except all kissing. Kisses are Silent petitions still with willing *Louers*.

WIT. *Louers*? How falls that o' your phantsie? FIT. Sir,

I doe know somewhat, I forbid all lip-worke.

WIT. I am not eager at forbidden dainties. 90 Who couets vnfit things, denies him selfe.

FIT. You say well, Sir; 'Twas prettily said, that same, He do's, indeed. I'll haue no touches, therefore, Nor takings by the armes, nor tender circles Cast 'bout the wast, but all be done at distance. 95 Loue is brought vp with those soft *mignard* handlings; His pulse lies in his palme: and I defend All melting ioynnts, and fingers, (that's my bargaine) I doe defend 'hem, any thing like action. But talke, Sir, what you will. Vse all the *Tropes* 100

1. i. v. 82 time is] times 1641 91 things] thinks 1641 92 Sir.]
Sir. F 99 'hem.] hem; F. 'hem 1641: 'em, F3

And *Schemes*, that Prince *Quintilian* can afford you :
And much good do your *Rhetoriques* heart. You are wel-
come, Sir.

Ingine, God b'w'you. WIT. Sir, I must condition
To haue this Gentleman by, a witnesse. FIT. Well,
105 I am content, so he be silent. MAN. Yes, Sir.
FIT. Come *Diuell*, I'll make you roome, streight. But
I'll shew you
First, to your Mistresse, who's no common one,
You must conceue, that brings this gaine to see her.
I hope thou'st brought me good lucke. PVG. I shall do't,
Sir.

ACT I. SCENE V.

WITTIPOL. MANLY.

*Wittipol
knocks his
friend o'
the brest* *Ingine*, you hope o' your halfe piece ? 'Tis there, Sir.
Be gone. Friend *Manly*, who's within here ? fixed ?
MAN. I am directly in a fit of wonder
What'll be the issue of this conference !

5 WIT. For that, ne'r vex your selfe, till the euent.
How like yo(u)' him ? MAN. I would faine see more of
him.

WIT. What thinke you of this ? MAN. I am past de-
grees of thinking.

Old *Africk*, and the new *America*,
With all their fruite of Monsters cannot shew
10 So iust a prodigie. WIT. Could you haue beleeu'd,
Without your sight, a minde so sordide inward,
Should be so specious, and layd forth abroad,
To all the shew, that euer shop, or ware was ?

MAN. I beleue any thing now, though I confesse
15 His *Vices* are the most extremities

I IV 102 *Opens the door of his house* add G 108 this om. 1641
They all enter the house add G 109 do't.] do't F I. V.
SCENE III | *A Room in Fitzdottrel's House* | *Enter Wittipol, Manly, and*
Engene. G 2 After 'gone.' *Exit Engene G*

I euer knew in nature. But, why loues hee
 The *Diuell* so? WIT. O S^t! for hidden treasure,
 Hee hopes to finde: and has propos'd himselfe
 So infinite a Masse, as to recouer,
 He cares not what he parts with, of the present, 20
 To his men of Art, who are the race, may coyne him.
 Promise gold-mountaines, and the couetous
 Are still most prodigall. MAN But ha' you faith,
 That he will hold his bargaine? WIT O deare Sir!
 He will not off on't. Feare him not. I know him. 25
 One basenesse still accompanies another.
 See! he is heere already, and his wife too.
 MAN. A wondrous handsome creature, as I liue!

ACT I. SCENE VI.

FITZ-DOTTRELL. Mistresse FITZ-DOT-
 TREL. WITTIPOL. MANLY.

Come wife, this is the Gentleman. Nay, blush not.
 M^{rs}. FI. Why, what do you meane Sir? ha' you
 your reason? FIT. Wife,
 I do not know, that I haue lent it forth
 To any one; at least, without a pawne, wife:
 Or that I'haue eat or drunke the thing, of late, 5
 That should corrupt it Wherefore gentle wife,
 Obey, it is thy vertue: hold no acts
 Of disputation. M^{rs}. FI. Are you not enough
 The talke, of feasts, and meetings, but you'll still
 Make argument for fresh? FIT. Why, carefull wedlocke, 10
 If I haue a longing to haue one tale more
 Goe of mee, what is that to thee, deare heart?
 Why shouldst thou enuy my delight? or crosse it?
 By being solicitous, when it not concernes thee?
 M^{rs}. FI. Yes, I haue share in this. The scorne will fall 15

I v. 24 deare] deare, F I vi Enter Fitzdottrel, with Mrs Frances,
 his wife. G, continuing the scene 9 meetings 1641. meetingy F
 II I haue] I haue haue F

As bitterly on me, where both are laught at.

F I T. Laught at, sweet bird ? is that the scruple ? Come,
come,

- A Niaise Thou art a *Niaise*. Which of your great houses,
 is a young (I will not meane at home, here, but abroad)
 Hawke, Your families in *France*, wife, send not forth
 tane cry- Something, within the seuen yeere, may be laught at ?
 ing out of the nest I doe not say seuen moneths, nor seuen weekes,
 Nor seuen daies, nor houres : but seuen yeere, wife.
 I giue 'hem time. Once, within seuen yeere,
 25 I thinke they may doe something may be laught at.
 In *France*, I keepe me there, still. Wherefore, wife,
 Let them that list, laugh still, rather then weepe
 For me ; Heere is a cloake cost fifty pound, wife,
 Which I can sell for thirty, when I ha' seene
 30 All *London* in't, and *London* has seene mee.
 To day, I goe to the *Black-fryers Play-house*,
 Sit i' the view, salute all my acquaintance,
 Rise vp between the *Acts*, let fall my cloake,
 Publish a handsome man, and a rich suite
 35 (As that's a speciall end, why we goe thither,
 All that pretend, to stand for't o' the *Stage*)
 The Ladies aske who's that ? (For, they doe come
 To see vs, *Loue*, as wee doe to see them)
 Now, I shall lose all this, for the false feare
 40 Of being laught at ? Yes, wusse. Let 'hem laugh, wife,
 Let me haue such another cloake to morrow.
 And let 'hem laugh againe, wife, and againe,
 And then grow fat with laughing, and then fatter,
 All my young Gallants, let 'hem bring their friends too :
 45 Shall I forbid 'hem ? No, let heauen forbid 'hem :
 Or wit, if't haue any charge on 'hem. Come, thy eare, wife,
 Is all, I'll borrow of thee. Set your watch, Sir,
 Thou, onely art to heare, not speake a word, *Doue*,
 To ought he sayes. That I doe gi' you in precept,
 50 No lesse then councell, on your wiue-hood, wife,

Not though he flatter you, or make court, or loue,
(As you must looke for these) or say, he raile ;
What ere his arts be, wife, I will haue thee
Delude 'hem with a trick, thy obstinate silence ;
I know aduantages ; and I loue to hit

55

These pragmaticke young men, at their owne weapons.
Is your watch ready ? Here my saile beares, for you :
Tack toward him, sweet *Pinnace*, where's your watch ?

*He dis-
poses his
wife to her
place, and
sets his
watch*

W I T. I'll set it, Sir, with yours. M^r. F I. I must obey.

M A N. Her modesty seemes to suffer with her beauty,
And so, as if his folly were away,

It were worth pittie. F I T. Now, th'are right, beginne, Sir.
But first, let me repeat the contract, briefly.

*Hee re-
peats his
contract
againe*

I am, Sir, to inioy this cloake, I stand in,
Freely, and as your gift ; vpon condition
You may as freely, speake here to my spouse,
Your quarter of an houre, alwaies keeping
The measur'd distance of your yard, or more,
From my said Spouse : and in my sight and hearing.

This is your couenant ? W I T. Yes, but you'll allow

70

For this time spent, now ? F I T. Set 'hem so much backe.

W I T. I thinke, I shall not need it. F I T. Well, begin,
Sir,

There is your bound, Sir. Not beyond that rush.

W I T. If you interrupt me, Sir, I shall discloake you.

*Wittipol
begunnes*

The time I haue purchast, Lady, is but short ;

And, therefore, if I imploy it thriftily,

I hope I stand the neerer to my pardon.

I am not here, to tell you, you are faire,

Or louely, or how well you dresse you, Lady,

I'll saue my selfe that eloquence of your glasse,

80

Which can speake these things better to you then I.

And 'tis a knowledge, wherein fooles may be

As wise as a *Court Parliament*. Nor come I,

I vl. 51 though] though F loue] Loue F 57 st dir her place
G. his place F (cf 149, st dir) 59 Aside. add G 62 th'are]
th'art 164r, F3 63 St dir at 65 in F 67 houre.] houre F
70 your] your F 74 st. dir begunnes] begunnes F

- With any preiudice, or doubt, that you
 85 Should, to the notice of your owne worth, neede
 Least reuelation. Shee's a simple woman,
 Know's not her good : (who euer knowes her ill)
 And at all caracts. That you are the wife,
 To so much blasted flesh, as scarce hath soule,
 90 In stead of salt, to keepe it sweete ; I thinke,
 Will aske no witnesses, to proue. The cold
 Sheetes that you lie in, with the watching candle,
 That sees, how dull to any thaw of beauty,
 Pieces, and quarters, halfe, and whole nights, sometimes,
 95 The Diuell-giuen *Elfine* Squire, your husband,
 Doth leaue you, quitting heere his proper circle,
 For a much-worse i' the walks of *Lincolnes Inne*,
 Vnder the Elmes, t'expect the feind in vaine, there,
 Will confesse for you. F I T. I did looke for this geere.
- 100 W I T. And what a daughter of darknesse, he do's make you,
 Lock'd vp from all society, or object ;
 Your eye not let to looke vpon a face,
 Vnder a Conjurers (or some mould for one,
 Hollow, and leane like his) but, by great meanes,
 105 As I now make ; your owne too sensible sufferings,
 Without the extraordinary aydes,
 Of spells, or spirits, may assure you, Lady.
 For my part, I protest 'gainst all such practice,
 I worke by no false arts, medicines, or charmes
- 110 To be said forward and backward. F I T. No, I except :
 He offers to dis- W I T. Sir, I shall ease you. F I T. Mum. W I T. Nor
 cloake him haue I ends, Lady,
 Vpon you, more then this : to tell you how *Loue*,
 Beauties good Angell, he that waits vpon her
 At all occasions, and no lesse then *Fortune*,
 115 Helps th' aduenturous, in mee makes that proffer,
 Which neuer faire one was so fond, to lose ;
 Who could but reach a hand forth to her freedome.

On the first sight, I lou'd you : since which time,
 Though I haue trauell'd, I haue beene in trauell
 More for this second blessing of your eyes 120
 Which now I'haue purchas'd, then for all aymes else.
 Thinke of it, Lady, be your minde as actiue,
 As is your beauty . view your object well.
 Examine both my fashion, and my yeeres.
 Things, that are like, are soone familiar : 125
 And Nature ioyes, still, in equality.
 Let not the signe o' the husband fright you, Lady.
 But ere your spring be gone, inioy it Flowers,
 Though faire, are oft but of one morning. Thinke,
 All beauty doth not last vntill the *autumne*. 130
 You grow old, while I tell you this. And such,
 As cannot vse the present, are not wise.
 If Loue and Fortune will take care of vs,
 Why should our will be wanting ? This is all.
 What doe you answer, Lady ? F I T. Now, the sport comes. *Shee*
 Let him still waite, waite, waite . while the watch goes, *stands*
 And the time runs. Wife ! W I T. How ! not any word ? *mute*
 Nay, then, I taste a tricke in't. Worthy Lady,
 I cannot be so false to mine owne thoughts
 Of your presumed goodnesse, to conceiue 140
 This, as your rudenesse, which I see's impos'd.
 Yet, since your cautelous *Iaylor*, here stands by you,
 And yo' are deni'd the liberty o' the house,
 Let me take warrant, Lady, from your silence,
 (Which euer is interpreted consent) 145
 To make your answer for you : which shall be
 To as good purpose, as I can imagine,
 And what I thinke you'ld speake. F I T. No, no, no, no.
 W I T. I shall resume, S^r. M A N. Sir, what doe you meane ?
 W I T. One interruption more, Sir, and you goe
 Into your hose and doublet, nothing saues you. *He sets*
Mr
Manly,
his friend,
in her
place.

I vi 124 yeeres] *The period faint or missing in F* 126 still,]
 still F 134-5 should What] tshould Wha F (misplacing
 the 't' of l 135) 143 house,] house . 164r 149 st. dir
 friend,] friend F

And therefore harken. This is for your wife.

M A N. You must play faire, S^r. W I T. Stand for mee,
good friend.

And Troth, Sir, 'tis more then true, that you haue vttered
speaks for
her. Of my vnequall, and so sordide matche heere,

With all the circumstances of my bondage.

I haue a husband, and a two-legg'd one,

But such a moon-ling, as no wit of man

Or roses can redeeme from being an Asse.

160 H'is growne, too much, the story of mens mouths,

To scape his lading : should I make't my study,

And lay all wayes, yea, call mankind to helpe,

To take his burden off, why, this one act

Of his, to let his wife out to be courted,

165 And, at a price, proclaimes his asinine nature

So lowd, as I am weary of my title to him.

But Sir, you seeme a Gentleman of vertue,

No lesse then blood ; and one that euery way

Lookes as he were of too good quality,

170 To intrap a credulous woman, or betray her :

Since you haue payd thus deare, Sir, for a visit,

And made such venter, on your wit, and charge,

Meerely to see mee, or at most to speake to mee,

I were too stupid ; or (what's worse) ingrate,

175 Not to returne your venter. Thinke, but how,

I may with safety doe it ; I shall trust

My loue and honour to you, and presume,

You'll euer husband both, against this husband ;

Who, if we chance to change his liberall eares,

180 To other ensignes, and with labour make

A new beast of him, as hee shall deserue,

Cannot complaine, hee is vnkindly dealt with.

This day hee is to goe to a new play, Sir.

From whence no feare, no, nor authority,

I. vi. 154 'tis] tis F 160 growne,] growne F 172 venter]
venture F3 charge,] charge F 174 ingrate,] ingrate F 182
dealt] dealth F, 164r

Scarcely the *Kings* command, Sir, will restraine him, 185
 Now you haue fitted him with a *Stage*-garment,
 For the meere names sake, were there nothing else :
 And many more such iourneyes, hee will make.
 Which, if they now, or, any time heereafter,
 Offer vs opportunity, you heare, Sir, 190
 Who'll be as glad, and forward to imbrace,
 Meete, and enioy it chearefully as you.
 I humbly thanke you, Lady. F I T. Keepe your ground Sir. *Hee shifts*
 W I T. Will you be lightned? F I T. Mum. W I T. And *to his*
 but I am, *owne*
 By the said contract, thus to take my leaue of you *place*
 At this so enuious distance, I had taught *again.*
 Our lips ere this, to seale the happy mixture 195
 Made of our soules. But we must both, now, yeeld
 To the necessity. Doe not thinke yet, Lady,
 But I can kisse, and touch, and laugh, and whisper, 200
 And doe those crowning court-ships too, for which
 Day, and the publike haue allow'd no name,
 But, now, my bargaine binds me. 'Twere rude iniury,
 T<o>'importune more, or vrge a noble nature,
 To what of it's owne bounty it is prone to : 205
 Else, I should speake—But, Lady, I loue so well,
 As I will hope, you'll doe so to. I haue done, Sir.
 F I T. Well, then, I ha' won? W I T. Sir. And I may
 win, too.
 F I T. O yes! no doubt on't. I'll take carefull order,
 That shee shall hang forth ensignes at the window, 210
 To tell you when I am absent. Or I'll keepe
 Three or foure foote-men, ready still of purpose,
 To runne and fetch you, at her longings, Sir.
 I'll goe bespeake me straight a guilt caroch,

1 vi. 185 *Kings* corr F *Kings F originally, 1641* 186 *Stage-*
garment corr F Stage-garment F originally, 1641 187 nothing
 1641: northings F *originally* norhing corr F no things F3 else
 corr. F: else, F *originally* 193 *Stage-direction not in F originally,*
 not in 1641 or F3 *again*] *again* F 195 said W. sad F
 202 name,] name F 207 Sir] Sir, F 213 you, corr. F: you
F originally, 1641

215 For her and you to take the ayre in. Yes,
 Into *Hide-parke*, and thence into *Black-Fryers*,
 Visit the painters, where you may see pictures,
 And note the properest limbs, and how to make 'hem.
 Or what doe you say vnto a middling Gossip ?

220 To bring you aye together, at her lodging ?
 Vnder pretext of teaching o' my wife
 Some rare receit of drawing *almond* milke ? ha ?
 It shall be a part of my care. Good Sir, God b'w'you.
 I ha' kept the contract, and the cloake is mine.

225 W I T. Why, much good do't you S^r; it may fall out,
 That you ha' bought it deare, though I ha' not sold it.

F I T. A pretty riddle ! Fare you well, good Sir.

Hee Wife, your face this way, looke on me : and thinke
turnes his Yo' haue had a wicked dreame, wife, and forget it.
wife

about M A N. This is the strangest motion I ere saw.

F I T. Now, wife, sits this faire cloake the worse vpon me,
 For my great sufferings, or your little patience ? ha ?

They laugh, you thinke ? M^{rs}. F I. Why S^r. and you might
 see't.

What thought, they haue of you, may be soone collected

235 By the young Gen^tlemans speache. F I T. Young Gentle-
 man ?

Death ! you are in loue with him, are you ? could he not
 Be nam'd the Gentleman, without the young ?

Vp to your Cabbins againe M^{rs}. F I. My cage, yo' were best
 To call it ? F I T. Yes, sing there. You'd faine be making

240 *Blanck Manger* with him at your mothers ! I know you.

Goe, get you vp. How now ! what say you, *Diuell* ?

I vi 215 in Yes *corr* F in yes *F originally*, 1641 224 is mine
corr F is mine owne *F originally*, 1641, F3 's mine own W 226
Exit add G 229 Yo' haue had] You had W 230 *Exit* add G
 235 Gentlemans] Gentlemans F Gentlman 1641 Young] Young F
 240 him] it 1641 241 Goe.] Goe F After 'vp' *Exit Mrs Fitz*
 | *Enter Pug. G*

ACT I. SCENE VII.

PVG. FITZDOTTREL. *INGINE.*

HEere is one *Ingine*, Sir, desires to speake with you.

FIT. I thought he brought some newes, of a broker !
Well,

Let him come in, good *Duell*; fetch him else.

O, my fine *Ingine* ! what's th'affaire ? more cheats ?

ING. No Sir, the Wit, the Braine, the great *Proiecter*, 5
I told you of, is newly come to towne.

FIT. Where, *Ingine* ? **ING.** I ha' brought him (H'is
without)

Ere hee pull'd off his boots, Sir, but so follow'd,

For businesses. **FIT.** But what is a *Proiecter* ?

I would conceiue **ING.** Why, one Sir, that proiects 10
Wayes to enrich men, or to make 'hem great,
By suites, by marriages, by vndertakings :
According as he sees they humour it.

FIT. Can hee not coniure at all ? **ING.** I thinke he can,
Sir,

(To tell you true) but, you doe know, of late, 15
The State hath tane such note of 'hem, and compell'd 'hem,
To enter such great bonds, they dare not practice.

FIT. 'Tis true, and I lie fallow for't, the while !

ING. O, Sir ! you'll grow the richer for the rest.

FIT. I hope I shall : but *Ingine*, you doe talke 20
Somewhat too much, o' my courses. My Cloake-customer
Could tell mee strange particulars. **ING.** By my meanes ?

FIT. How should he haue 'hem else ? **ING.** You do not
know, Sr,

What he has : and by what arts ! A monei'd man, Sir,
And is as great with your *Almanack-Men*, as you are ! 25

I. VII *G continues the scene* After 3 *Exit Pug* | *Re-enter Engine*
G 9 businesses. F 3 businesses F 1641 12
By] But 1641 14 Sir,] Sir F

FIT. That Gallant? ING. You make the other wait too long, here :

And hee is extreme punctuall. FIT. Is he a gallant?

ING. Sir, you shall see : He's in his riding suit,
As hee comes now from Court. But heere him speake :
30 Minister matter to him, and then tell mee.

ACT II. SCENE I.

MEER-CRAFT. FITZ-DOTTREL. ENGINE.
TRAINES. PVG.

SIR, money's a whore, a bawd, a drudge ;
Fit to runne out on errands : Let her goe.
Via pecunia ! when she's runne and gone,
And fled and dead ; then will I fetch her, againe,
5 With *Aqua-vitæ*, out of an old Hogs-head !
While there are lees of wine, or dregs of beere,
I'll neuer want her ! Coyne her out of cobwebs,
Dust, but I'll haue her ! Rasse wooll vpon egge-shells,
Sir, and make grasse grow out o' marro-bones,
To a To make her come. (Commend mee to your Mistresse,
waster. Say, let the thousand pound but be had ready,
And it is done) I would but see the creature
(Of flesh, and blood) the man, the *prince*, indeed,
That could imploy so many millions
15 As I would help him to. FIT. How talks he ? millions ?
To an- M E R. (I'll giue you an account of this to morrow.)
other Yes, I will talke no lesse, and doe it too ;
If they were *Myriades* : and without the *Diuell*,
By direct meanes, it shall be good in law. ING. Sir.

I. VII 27 a om. F3 30 *Exeunt.* add G II 1] ACT II SCENE
1. [A Room in Fitzdottrel's House | Enter Fitzdottrel, Engine, and Meercraft
followed by Trains with a bag, and three or four Attendants. G 1 Sir,
money 's] Sir, money 15 G : Money, sir, money's S. T Coleridge conj.
9 -bones.] -bones F 10 St dir To 1 Attendant G 12 After
'done' Exit 1 Attendant G 15 How F3 How, F 16 MER.]
Meer. [To 2 Attendant] G Exit 2 Atten add G 17 talke] take
1641

M E R. Tell M^r. *Wood-cock*, I'll not faile to meet him
Vpon th' *Exchange* at night. Pray him to haue
The writings there, and wee'll dispatch it. Sir,
You are a Gentleman of a good presence,
A handsome man (I haue considered you
As a fit stocke to graft honours vpon :)
I haue a proiect to make you a *Duke*, now.
That you must be one, within so many moneths,
As I set downe, out of true reason of state,
You sha' not auoyd it. But you must harken, then.

To a
thrd.

He turnes
to Fitz-
dottrel.

25

I N G. Harken? why S^r, do you doubt his eares? Alas | 30
You doe not know Master *Fitz-dottrel*.

F I T. He do's not know me indeed. I thank you, *Ingine*,
For rectifying him. M E R. Good! Why, *Ingine*, then
I'll tell it you. (I see you ha' credit, here,
And, that you can keepe counsell, I'll not question.)

He turnes
to Ingine.

35

Hee shall but be an vndertaker with mee,
In a most feasible bus'nesse. It shall cost him
Nothing. I N G. Good, S^r. M E R. Except he please, but's
count'nance;

(That I will haue) t(o)'appeare in't, to great men,
For which I'll make him one Hee shall not draw
A string of's purse. I'll drue his pattent for him.
We'll take in Cittizens, *Commoners*, and *Aldermen*,
To beare the charge, and blow 'hem off againe,
Like so many dead flyes, when 'tis carryed.

40

The thing is for recouery of drown'd land,
Whereof the *Crowne's* to haue his moiety,
If it be owner; Else, the *Crowne* and Owners
To share that moyety: and the recouerers

45

II. 1 20 M E R.] Meer. [to 3 Atten] G St dir not in F originally, nor
in 1641. 22 it corr F. it. F originally, 1641 After 'it' Exr 3
Atten. G St dir not in F originally, nor in 1641. inserted in F at l 24
24, 25 you . . . vpon] you) . . . vpon . F 26 proiect . Duke
corr F. Project . . . Duke F originally, 1641 28 As] And 1641
33 St. dir. not in F originally, nor in 1641, F3 34 it om 1641
42 Commoners. . Aldermen corr. F Commoners. . Aldermen F origin-
ally, 1641 45 land corr F. Land F originally, 1641 46 Crowne's
corr. F. Crowne's F originally, 1641 his corr F. a F originally, 1641
47 Crowne corr F: Crowne F originally, 1641

T'enioy the tother moyety, for their charge.

50 I N G. Thorowout *England*? M E R. Yes, which will
arise

To eyghteene *millions*, seuen the first yeere :

I haue computed all, and made my suruay

Vnto an acre. I'll beginne at the Pan,

Not, at the skirts . as some ha' done, and lost,

55 All that they wrought, their timber-worke, their trench,

Their bankes all borne away, or else fill'd vp

By the next winter. Tut, they neuer went

The way : I'll haue it all. I N G. A gallant tract

Of land it is ! M E R. 'Twill yeeld a pound an acre.

60 Wee must let cheape, euer, at first. But Sir,

This lookes too large for you, I see. Come hither,

We'll haue a lesse. Here's a plain fellow, you see him,

Has his black bag of papers, there, in Buckram,

Wi' not be sold for th'Earledome of *Pancridge* : Draw,

65 Gi' me out one, by chance. Proiect 4. *Dog-skinnes* ?

Twelue thousand pound ! the very worst, at first.

F I T. Pray you let's see't Sir. M E R. 'Tis a toy, a trifle !

F I T. Trifle ! 12. thousand pound for dogs-skins ? M E R.

Yes,

But, by my way of dressing, you must know, Sir,

70 And med'cining the leather, to a height

Of improu'd ware, like your *Borachio*

Of *Spaine*, Sir, I can fetch nine thousand for't—

I N G. Of the Kings glouer ? M E R. Yes, how heard you
that ?

I N G. Sir, I doe know you can. M E R. Within this
houre :

75 And reserue halfe my secret. Pluck another ;

11 1. 50 Thorowout *corr* F Throughout F *originally*, 1641 51
millions *corr* F millions F *originally*, 1641 53 an] my F3 acre
corr. F acre, F *originally*, 1641 58 gallant *corr* F Gallant F
originally, 1641 62 After 'fellow'] *points to Trains* G 65 After
'chance'] *Trains gives him a paper out of the bag* G Proiect 4. *Dog-*
skinnes *corr* F Proiect, foure Dogs Skins F *originally* Proiect, foure
dogs skins 1641 : Proiect, four Dogs Skins F3 69 my *om.* 1641
72 Sir, F3 Sir. F, 1641

See if thou hast a happier hand : I thought so.

The very next worse to it ! Bottle-ale.

Yet, this is two and twenty thousand ! Pr'y thee

Pull out another, two or three. F I T. Good, stay, friend,

By bottle-ale, two and twenty thousand pound ?

Hee
pluches
out the 2.
Bottle-ale.

80

M E R. Yes, Sir, it's cast to penny-hal'penny-farthing,

O' the back-side, there you may see it, read,

I will not bate a *Harrington* o' the summe.

I'll winne it i' my water, and my malt,

My furnaces, and hanging o' my coppers,

85

The tonning, and the subtilty o' my yest ;

And, then the earth of my bottles, which I dig,

Turne vp, and steepe, and worke, and neale, my selfe,

To a degree of *Porc'lane*. You will wonder,

At my proportions, what I will put vp

90

In seuen yeeres ! for so long time, I aske

For my inuention. I will saue in cork,

In my mere stop'ling, 'boue three thousand pound,

Within that terme : by googing of 'hem out

Iust to the size of my bottles, and not slicing.

95

There's infinite losse i' that. What hast thou there ?

O' making wine of raisins : this is in hand, now.

I N G. Is not that strange, S^r, to make wine of raisins ?

Hee
drawes
out an-
other
Raisines

M E R. Yes, and as true a wine, as th' wines of *France*,

Or *Spaine*, or *Italy*. Looke of what grape

My raisin is, that wine I'll render perfect,

As of the *muscatell* grape, I'll render *muscatell* ;

Of the *Canary*, his ; the *Claret*, his ;

So of all kinds . and bate you of the prices,

Of wine, throughout the kingdome, halfe in halfe

105

I N G. But, how, S^r, if you raise the other commodity,

Raysins ? M E R. Why, then I'll make it out of black-

berries :

11 1. 76 St dir *Trains* draws out another G 78-80 Pr'y thee
pound om F3 86 the om 1641 89 *Porc'lane*] *Proc'lane*
1641 96 After ' that ' *Trains* draws out another G 97 O'
raisins] O! "Making wine of raisins" G now] now, F 100
Italy] *Italy*, F 107 Raysins] Raysins s F

And it shall doe the same. 'Tis but more art,
And the charge lesse. Take out another. F I T. No, good
Sir.

- 110 Saue you the trouble, I'll not looke, nor heare
Of any, but your first, there ; the *Drown'd-land* :
If 't will doe, as you say. M E R. Sir, there's not place,
To gi' you demonstration of these things.
They are a little to subtle. But, I could shew you
115 Such a necessity in't, as you must be
But what you please : against the receiu'd heresie,
That *England* beares no Dukes. Keepe you the land, S^r,
The greatnesse of th'estate shall throw't vpon you.
If you like better turning it to money,
120 What may not you, S^r, purchase with that wealth ?
Say, you should part with two o' your millions,
To be the thing you would, who would not do't ?
As I protest, I will, out of my diudent,
Lay, for some pretty principality,
125 In *Italy*, from the Church : Now, you perhaps,
Fancy the smoake of *England*, rather ? But—
Ha' you no priuate roome, Sir, to draw to,
T<o>enlarge our selues more vpon. F I T. O yes, *Diuell* !
M E R. These, Sir, are bus'nesses, aske to be carryed
130 With caution, and in cloud. F I T. I apprehend,
They doe so, S^r. *Diuell*, which way is your Mistresse ?
P v G. Aboue, S^r. in her chamber. F I T. O that's well.
Then, this way, good Sir. M E R. I shall follow you ;
Traines,
Gi' mee the bag, and goe you presently,
135 Commend my seruice to my Lady *Tail-bush*.
Tell her I am come from Court this morning ; say,
I'haue got our bus'nesse mou'd, and well : Intreat her,
That shee giue you the four-score Angels, and see 'hem
Dispos'd of to my Councel, Sir *Poul Eytherside*.

11. i 124 pretty] petty F3 128 yes, *Diuell* [/] yes — Devil! G
131 so om G After 'S^r' Enter Pug. G 133 good F3: good,
F, 164x

Sometime, to day, I'll waite vpon her Ladiship, 140
 With the relation. I N G. Sir, of what dispatch,
 He is! Do you marke? M E R. *Ingine*, when did you see
 My cousin *Euer-ill*? keepes he still your quarter?
 I' the *Bermudas*? I N G. Yes, Sir, he was writing
 This morning, very hard. M E R. Be not you knowne to
 him, 145

That I am come to Towne: I haue effected
 A businesse for him, but I would haue it take him,
 Before he thinks for't. I N G. Is it past? M E R. Not yet.
 'Tis well o' the way. I N G. O Sir! your worship takes
 Infinit paines. M E R. I loue Friends to be actiue: 150
 A sluggish nature puts off man, and kinde.

I N G. And such a blessing followes it. M E R. I thanke
 My fate. Pray you let's be priuate, Sir? F I T. In, here.

M E R. Where none may interrupt vs. F I T. You heare,
Diuell,

Lock the streete-doores fast, and let no one in 155
 (Except they be this Gentlemans followers)
 To trouble mee. Doe you marke? Yo' haue heard and
 seene

Something, to day; and, by it, you may gather
 Your Mistresse is a fruite, that's worth the stealing,
 And therefore worth the watching. Be you sure, now, 160
 Yo' haue all your eyes about you; and let in
 No lace-woman; nor bawd, that brings French-masques,
 And cut-works. See you? Nor old croanes, with wafers,
 To conuey letters. Nor no youths, disguis'd
 Like country-wiues, with creame, and marrow-puddings. 165
 Much knauery may be vented in a pudding,
 Much bawdy intelligence: They're shrewd ciphers.
 Nor turne the key to any neyghbours need;
 Be't but to kindle fire, or begg a little,
 Put it out, rather: all out, to an ashe, 170

II. i. 141 After 'relation' Exit Trains G 142 After 'marke' '
Asside to Fitz G 150 Friends] Friends, F 154 After 'vs' '
Exeunt Meer and Engine G 155 streete-doores] streete doores F
 159 stealing,] stealing F 168 neede] need e F

- That they may see no smoake. Or water, spill it :
 Knock o' the empty tubs, that by the sound,
 They may be forbid entry. Say, wee are robb'd,
 If any come to borrow a spoone, or so.
- 175 I wi' not haue good fortune, or gods blessing
 Let in, while I am busie. P v g. I'll take care, Sir :
 They sha' not trouble you, if they would. F i t. Well, doe
 so.

ACT II. SCENE II.

P v g. Mistresse FITZDOTTREL.

- I haue no singular seruice of this, now ?
 Nor no superlatiue Master ? I shall wish
 To be in hell againe, at leasure ? Bring
 A *Vice* from thence ? That had bin such a subtilty,
 5 As to bring broad-clothes hither : or transport
 Fresh oranges into *Spaine*. I finde it, now ;
 My *Chiefe* was i' the right. Can any feind
 Boast of a better *Vice*, then heere by nature,
 And art, th'are owners of ? Hell ne'r owne mee,
 10 But I am taken ! the fine tract of it
 Pulls mee along ! To heare men such professors
 Growne in our subtlest *Sciences* ! My first *Act*, now,
 Shall be, to make this Master of mine cuckold :
 The primitiue worke of darknesse, I will practise !
 15 I will deserue so well of my faire Mistresse,
 By my discoueries, first ; my counsell after ;
 And keeping counsell, after that . as who,
 So euer, is one, I'll be another, sure,
 I'll ha' my share. Most delicate damn'd flesh !
 20 Shee will be ! O ! that I could stay time, now,
 Midnight will come too fast vpon mee, I feare,
 To cut my pleasure— M^{rs}. F i. Looke at the back-doore,
 One knocks, see who it is. P v g. Dainty *she-Diuell* !
- Shee
sends
Diuell
out* 11 1. 177 *Exit* add G 11 11 G *continues the scene* 3 Bring
 F3: Bring, F, 1641 22 After 'pleasure' Enter Mrs *Fitzdottrel*. G

M^{rs}. F I. I cannot get this venter of the cloake,
 Out of my fancie ; nor the Gentlemans way, 25
 He tooke, which though 'twere strange, yet 'twas handsome,
 And had a grace withall, beyond the newnesse.
 Sure he will thinke mee that dull stupid creature,
 Hee said, and may conclude it ; if I finde not
 Some thought to thanke th' attemp. He did presume, 30
 By all the carriage of it, on my braine,
 For answer ; and will sweare 'tis very barren,
 If it can yeeld him no returne. Who is it ?

*Divell
 returnes*

P v G. Mistresse, it is, but first, let me assure
 The excellence, of Mistresses, I am, 35
 Although my Masters man, my Mistresse slaue,
 The seruant of her secrets, and sweete turnes,
 And know, what fitly will conduce to either.

M^{rs}. F I. What's this ? I pray you come to your selfe and
 thinke
 What your part is to make an answer Tell, 40
 Who is it at the doore ? P v G. The Gentleman, M^{rs},
 Who was at the cloake-charge to speake with you,
 This morning, who expects onely to take
 Some small command'ments from you, what you please,
 Worthy your forme, hee saies, and gentlest manners. 45

M^{rs}. F I. O ! you'll anon proue his hyr'd man, I feare,
 What has he giu'n you, for this message ? Sir,
 Bid him put off his hopes of straw, and leaue
 To spread his nets, in view, thus. Though they take
 Master *Fitz-dottrel*, I am no such foule, 50
 Nor faire one, tell him, will be had with stalking.
 And wish him to for-beare his acting to mee,
 At the Gentlemans chamber-window in *Lincolnes-Inne*
 there,
 That opens to my gallery : else, I sweare
 T<o>'acquaint my husband with his folly, and leaue him 55

11, 11 30 attemp] attempt 1641
 'returne' Re-enter Pug G
 48 put] pnt F

33 returne] returne F After
 34 15.] 15—W 41 it om. F3

- To the iust rage of his offended ieaiousie.
 Or if your Masters sense be not so quicke
 To right mee, tell him, I shall finde a friend
 That will repair mee. Say, I will be quiet,
 60 In mine owne house. Pray you, in those words giue it him.
He goes out P v G. This is some foole turn'd ! M^r. F i. If he be the
 Master,
 Now, of that state and wit, which I allow him ;
 Sure, hee will vnderstand mee : I durst not
 Be more direct. For this officious fellow,
 65 My husbands new groome, is a spie vpon me,
 I finde alrcady. Yet, if he but tell him
 This in my words, hee cannot but conceue
 Himselfe both apprehended, and requited
 I would not haue him thinke hee met a *statue* :
 70 Or spoke to one, not there, though I were silent.
 How now ? ha' you told him ? P v G. Yes. M^r. F i. And
 what saies he ?
 P v G. Sayes he ? That which my self would say to you,
 if I durst.
 That you are proude, sweet Mistresse ! and with-all,
 A little ignorant, to entertaine
 75 The good that's proffer'd, and (by your beauties leaue)
 Not all so wise, as some true politique wife
 Would be : who hauing match'd with such a *Nupson*
 (I speake it with my Masters peace) whose face
 Hath left t(o)'accuse him, now, for 't doth confesse him,
 80 What you can make him ; will yet (out of scruple,
 And a spic'd conscience) defraud the poore Gentleman,
 At least delay him in the thing he longs for,
 And makes it h(i)s whole study, how to compasse,
 Onely a title. Could but he write *Cuckold*,
 85 He had his cnds. For, looke you— M^r. F i. This can be
 None but my husbands wit. P v G. My pretious M^r

11 11 59 quiet,] quiet F, 1641, F3 60 house] house ? F, 1641
 61 After 'turn'd' Exit G 70 After 'silent' Re-enter Pug G
 73 Mistresse ! 1641 · Mistresse ? F 83 his 1641 86 After
 'wit' Aside G

M^(r). F I. It creaks his *Ingine*: The groome neuer durst
 Be, else, so saucy— P v G. If it were not clearely,
 His worshipfull ambition; and the top of it;
 The very forked top too: why should hee 90
 Keepe you, thus mur'd vp in a back-roome, Mistresse,
 Allow you ne'r a casement to the streete,
 Feare of engendering by the eyes, with gallants,
 Forbid you paper, pen and inke, like Rats-bane.
 Search your halfe pint of *muscatell*, lest a letter 95
 Be suncke i' the pot: and hold your new-laid egge
 Against the fire, lest any charme be writ there?
 Will you make benefit of truth, deare Mistresse,
 If I doe tell it you: I do't not often?
 I am set ouer you, imploy'd, indeed, 100
 To watch your steps, your lookes, your very breathings,
 And to report them to him Now, if you
 Will be a true, right, delicate sweete Mistresse,
 Why, wee will make a *Cokes* of this *Wise Master*,
 We will, my Mistresse, an absolute fine *Cokes*, 105
 And mock, to ayre, all the deepe diligences
 Of such a solemne, and effectuall Asse,
 An Asse to so good purpose, as wee'll vse him.
 I will contriue it so, that you shall goe
 To *Playes*, to *Masques*, to *Meetings*, and to *Feasts*. 110
 For, why is all this Rigging, and fine Tackle, Mistris,
 If you neat handsome vessells, of good sayle,
 Put not forth cuer, and anon, with your nets
 Abroad into the world. It is your fishing.
 There, you shal choose your friends, your seruants, Lady, 115
 Your squires of honour; I'll conuey your letters,
 Fetch answers, doe you all the offices,
 That can belong to your bloud, and beauty. And,
 For the variety, at my times, although
 I am not in due *symmetrie*, the man 120
 Of that proportion; or in rule
 Of *physicke*, of the iust complexion;

Or of that truth of *Picardill*, in clothes,
 To boast a soueraignty o're Ladies : yet
 125 I know, to do my turnes, sweet Mistresse. Come, kisse—
 M^{rs}. F I. How now ! P V G. Deare delicate Mistresse, I
 am your slaue,
 Your little *worme*, that loues you : your fine *Monkey* ;
 Your *Dogge*, your *Iacke*, your *Pug*, that longs to be
 Stil'd, o' your pleasures. M^{rs}. F I T. Heare you all this?
 Sir, pray you,
 Come from your standing, doe, a little, spare
 Your selfe, Sir, from your watch, t<o>'applaud your *Squire*,
 That so well followes your instructions !

Shee
 thinks
 her hus-
 band
 watches

ACT II. SCENE III.

FITZ-DOTTRELL. Mistresse FITZ-DOT-
 TREL. P V G.

HOW now, sweet heart ? what's the matter ? M^{rs}. F I.
 Good !

You are a stranger to the plot ! you set not
 Your saucy *Diuell*, here, to tempt your wife,
 With all the insolent vnciuill language,
 5 Or action, he could vent ? F I T. Did you so, *Diuell* ?

M^{rs}. F I T. Not you ? you were not planted i' your hole to
 heare him,

Vpo' the stayres ? or here, behinde the hangings ?
 I doe not know your qualities ? he durst doe it,
 And you not giue directions ? F I T. You shall see, wife,

10 Whether he durst, or no : and what it was,
 I did direct. P V G. Sweet Mistresse, are you mad ?

Her hus-
 band goes
 out, and
 enters
 presently
 with a
 cudgell
 vpon
 him.

F I T. You most mere Rogue ! you open manifest Vil-
 laine !

You Feind apparant you ! you declar'd Hel-hound !

II II 126 Mistresse,] Mist F 129 M^{rs} FIT] Mrs Fitz [aloud.] G
 pray] Pray F II III Enter Fitzdottrel, G, continuing the scene II
 After 'direct' Exit G After 'mad?' Re-enter Fitzdottrel with a
 cudgel G

P v G. Good S^r. F I T. Good Knaue, good Rascal, and good Traitor.

Now, I doe finde you parcel-*Diuell*, indeed. 15

Vpo' the point of trust ? I' your first charge ?

The very day o' your probation ?

To tempt your Mistresse ? You doe see, good wedlocke,

How I directed him. M^{rs}. F I T. Why, where S^r, were you ?

F I T. Nay, there is one blow more, for exercise : *After a pause*
I told you, I should doe it. P v G. Would you had done, Sir.

F I T. O wife, the rarest man ! yet there's another *He strikes him againe*
To put you in mind o' the last. Such a braue man, wife !

Within, he has his proiects, and do's vent 'hem,
The gallantest ! were you *tentiginous* ? ha ? *and againe.*

Would you be acting of the *Incubus* ?

Did her silks rustling moue you ? P v G. Gentle Sir.

F I T. Out of my sight. If thy name were not *Diuell*,

Thou should'st not stay a minute with me. In,

Goe, yet stay : yet goe too. I am resolu'd, 30

What I will doe . and you shall know't afore-hand.

Soone as the Gentleman is gone, doe you heare ?

I'll helpe your lipping Wife, such a man, wife ! *Diuell goes out.*
He has such plots ! He will make mee a *Duke* !

No lesse, by heauen ! six Mares, to your coach, wife ! 35

That's your proportion ! And your coach-man bald !

Because he shall be bare, inough. Doe not you laugh,

We are looking for a place, and all, i' the map

What to be of. Haue faith, be not an Infidell.

You know, I am not easie to be gull'd. 40

I sweare, when I haue my *millions*, else, I'll make

Another *Dutchesse* ; if you ha' not faith.

M^{rs}. F I. You'll ha' too much, I feare, in these false spirits.

F I T. Spirits ? O, no such thing ! wife ! wit, mere wit !
This man defies the *Diuell*, and all his works ! 45

He dos't by *Ingine*, and deuises, hee !

11 11 18 After 'Mistresse?' *Beats Pug* G 23 Such] such F
25 were] where F, 1641, F3 43 spirits] spirits, F 46 *Ingine*]
engine G

- He has his winged ploughes, that goe with sailes,
 Will plough you forty acres, at once ! and mills,
 Will spout you water, ten miles off ! All *Crowland*
 50 Is ours, wife ; and the fens, from vs, in *Norfolke*,
 To the vtmost bound of *Lincoln-shire* ! we haue view'd it,
 And measur'd it within all ; by the scale !
 The richest tract of land, Loue, i' the kingdome !
 There will be made seuentene, or eightene *millions* ;
 55 Or more, as 't may be handled ! wherefore, thinke,
 Sweet heart, if th' hast a fancy to one place,
 More then another, to be *Dutchesse* of ;
 Now, name it : I will ha't, what ere it cost,
 (If 't will be had for money) either here,
 60 Or' *in France, or Italy* M^{rs}. F I. You ha' strange phan-
 tasies !

ACT II. SCENE IV.

MERE-CRAFT. FITZ-DOTTRELL.

I N G I N E.

W Here are you, Sir ? F I T. I see thou hast no *talent*
 This way, wife. Vp to thy gallery ; doe, *Chuck*,
 Leaue vs to talke of it, who vnderstand it.

M E R. I thinke we ha' found a place to fit you, now, Sir.
 5 *Gloc'ster*. F I T. O, no, I'll none ! M E R. Why, S^r ? F I T.
 'Tis fatall

M E R. That you say right in. *Spenser*, I thinke, the
 younger,
 Had his last honour thence But, he was but *Earle*.

F I T. I know not that, Sir. But *Thomas of Woodstocke*,
 I'm sure, was *Duke*, and he was made away,
 10 At *Calice* ; as *Duke Humphrey* was at *Bury* :
 And *Richard* the third, you know what end he came too.

M E R. By m(y)'faith you are cunning i' the *Chronicle*, Sir.

II III 51 bound] bounds F3 60 Or'in F3 II IV] Enter
Meercraft and Engine G, continuing the scene. 3 Exit Mrs Fitz.
 add G 5 'Tis] Tis F 6 thinke,] thinke F3 12 my'faith]
 m'faith F, 1641: my faith W

F I T. No, I confesse I ha 't from the *Play-bookes*,
And thinke they'are more *authentique*. I N G. That's sure,
Sir.

M E R. What say you (to this then?) F I T. No, a noble *He*
house *whispers*
him of a
place
Pretends to that. I will doe no man wrong.

M E R. Then take one proposition more, and heare it
As past exception F I T. What's that? M E R. To be
Duke of those lands, you shall recouer ' take
Your title, thence, Sir, *Duke* of the *Drown'd-lands*, 20
Or *Drown'd-land*. F I T. Ha? that last has a good sound!
I like it well. The *Duke* of *Drown'd-land*? I N G. Yes;
It goes like *Groen-land*, Sir, if you marke it. M E R. I,
And drawing thus your honour from the worke,
You make the reputation of that, greater; 25
And stay 't the longer i' your name. F I T. 'Tis true.
Drown'd-lands will lue in *Drown'd-land*! M E R. Yes, when
you

Ha' no foote left; as that must be, Sir, one day.
And, though it tarry in your heyres, some *forty*,
Fifty descents, the longer luer, at last, yet, 30
Must thrust 'hem out on't: if no quirk in law,
Or odde *Vice* o' their owne not do it first.
Wee see those changes, daily: the faire lands,
That were the *Clyents*, are the *Lawyers*, now
And those rich Mannors, there, of good man *Taylor*s, 35
Had once more wood vpon 'hcm, then the yard,
By which th(ey)'were measur'd out for the last purchase.
Nature hath these vicissitudes. Shee makes
No man a state of perpetuity, Sir

F I T. Yo' are i' the right Let's in then, and conclude. *Hee spies*
I' my sight, againe? I'll talke with you, anon. *Diuell.*

11 iv 15 then?)] then) F house] house F, 1641, F3 32 do
it] do't F do't 1641 39 perpetuity 1641 perpetuity F 40
St dir Hee Diuell] Re-enter Pug G 41 I' 1716 IF, 1641, F3
After 41 Exeunt Fitz Meer and Engine G

ACT II. SCENE V.

P v G.

- S Vre hee will geld mee, if I stay : or worse,
 Pluck out my tongue, one o' the two. This Foole,
 There is no trusting of him : and to quit him,
 Were a contempt against my *Chiefe*, past pardon.
 5 It was a shrewd disheartning this, at first !
 Who would ha' thought a woman so well harness'd,
 Or rather well-caparison'd, indeed,
 That weares such petticoates, and lace to her smocks,
 Broad seaming laces (as I see 'hem hang there)
 10 And garters which are lost, if shee can shew 'hem,
 Could ha' done this ? *Hell* ! why is shee so braue ?
 It cannot be to please *Duke Dottrel*, sure,
 Nor the dull pictures, in her gallery,
 Nor her owne deare reflection, in her glasse ,
 15 Yet that may be : I haue knowne many of 'hem,
 Beginne their pleasure, but none end it, there
 (That I consider, as I goe along with it)
 They may, for want of better company,
 Or that they thinke the better, spend an houre ;
 20 Two, three, or foure, discoursing with their shaddow :
 But sure they haue a farther speculation.
 No woman drest with so much care, and study,
 Doth dresse her selfe in vaine. I'll vexe this *probleme*,
 A little more, before I leaue it, sure.

11 v] G continues the scene
 Cunningham conj

10 can] cannot G conj can't
 17 along] a long F, 1641

24 Exit add G

ACT II. SCENE VI.

WITTIPOL. MANLY. MISTRESSE FITZ-
DOTTREL. PUG.

THIS was a fortune, happy about thought,
That this should prove thy chamber; which I fear'd
Would be my greatest trouble! this must be
The very window, and that the room. MAN. It is.
I now remember, I have often seen there 5
A woman, but I never mark'd her much.

WIT. Where was your soul's friend? MAN. Faith, but
now, and then,

Awake unto those objects. WIT. You pretend so.

Let me not live, if I am not in love

More with her wit, for this direction, now, 10

Then with her form, though I have prais'd that prettily,

Since I saw her, and you, to day. Read those.

They'll goe unto the ayre you love so well.

Try 'hem unto the note, may be the musique

Will call her sooner; <'s>light, shee's here. Sing quickly.

Hee gives
him a
paper,
wherein is
the copy of
a Song

M^{rs}. FIT. Either he understood him not: or else,

The fellow was not faithfull in delivery,

Of what I bad. And, I am rusty pay'd,

That might have made my profit of his service,

But, by mis-taking, have drawne on his enuy, 20

And done the worse defeat upon my selfe.

How! Musique? then he may be there: and is, sure

PUG. O! Is it so? Is there the enter-view?

Have I drawne to you, at last, my cunning Lady?

The Divell is an Ass! fool'd off! and beaten!

Nay, made an instrument! and could not sent it!

Well, since you have shewn the malice of a woman,

Manly
sings,
Pug
enters,
perceives
it.

II VI SCENE II | Manly's Chambers in Lincoln's Inn, opposite Fitz-
dottrel's House | Enter Wittipol and Manly G After 15 Mrs.
Fitzdottrel appears at a window of her house fronting that of Manly's
Chambers G 21 worse] worst W St dir enters.] enters F,
1641, F3 Enter Pug behind G 22 15.] 15 F, 1641, F3 26
sent] scent W

No lesse then her true wit, and learning, Mistresse,
I'll try, if little *Pug* haue the malignity

30 To recompence it, and so saue his danger.

'Tis not the paine, but the discredite of it,
The *Diuell* should not keepe a body intire.

WIT. Away, fall backe, she comes. MAN. I'll leaue
you, Sir,

The Master of my chamber. I haue businesse.

35 WIT. M^r! M^r. FI. You make me paint, S^r. WIT.

The(y)'are faire colours,

Lady, and naturall! I did receiue

This Some commands from you, lately, gentle *Lady*,
Scene is acted at But so perplex'd, and wrap'd in the deliury,
two As I may feare t(o)'haue mis-interpreted :

windo's, But must make suit still, to be neere your grace.

is out of M^r. FI. Who is there with you, S^r? WIT. Nonc, but
two con- my selfe.

inguous It falls out, *Lady*, to be a deare friends lodging.

Wherein there's some conspiracy of fortune

With your poore seruants blest affections.

45 M^r. FI. Who was it sung? WIT. He, *Lady*, but hee's gone,

Vpon my entreaty of him, seeing you

Approach the window. Neither need you doubt him,

If he were here He is too much a gentleman.

M^r. FI. Sir, if you iudge me by this simple action,

50 And by the outward habite, and complexion

Of easinesse, it hath, to your designe ;

You may, with Iustice, say, I am a woman :

And a strange woman. But when you shall please,

To bring but that concurrence of my fortune,

55 To memory, which to day your selfe did vrge :

It may beget some fauour like excuse,

Though none like reason. WIT. No, my tune-full Mis-
tresse ?

II v1 32 *Aside and exit add G* 34 *Exit add G* 35 M^r
FI] Mrs Fitz [advances to the window] G 37 st. dir buildings]
buildings, F 52 may,] may F

Then, surely, *Loue* hath none ; nor *Beauty* any ;
 Nor *Nature* violenced, in both these :
 With all whose gentle tongues you speake, at once. 60
 I thought I had inough remou'd, already,
 That scruple from your brest, and left yo<u>'all reason ;
 When, through my mornings perspectiue, I shewd you
 A man so aboue excuse, as he is the cause,
 Why any thing is to be done vpon him : 65
 And nothing call'd an iniury, mis-plac'd
 I, rather, now had hope, to shew you how *Loue*,
 By his accessses, growes more naturall .
 And, what was done, this morning, with such force
 Was but deu's'd to serue the present, then. 70
 That since *Loue* hath the honour to approach
 These sister-swelling brests ; and touch this soft,
 And rosie hand ; hee hath the skill to draw
 Their *Nectar* forth, with kissing ; and could make
 More wanton salts, from this braue promontory,
 Downe to this valley, then the nimble *Roe* ;
 Could play the hopping *Sparrow*, 'bout these nets ;
 And sporting *Squirell* in these crisped groues ;
 Bury himselfe in euery *Silke-wormes* kell,
 Is here vnrauell'd ; runne into the snare, 80
 Which euery hayre is, cast into a curle,
 To catch a *Cupid* flying Bath himselfe
 In milke, and roses, here, and dry him, there ;
 Warme his cold hands, to play with this smooth, round,
 And well-torn'd chin, as with the *Billyard* ball ; 85
 Rowle on these lips, the banks of loue, and there
 At once both plant, and gather kisses. *Lady*,
 Shall I, with what I haue made to day here, call
 All sense to wonder, and all faith to signe
 The mysteries reuealed in your forme ? 90
 And will *Loue* pardon mee the blasphemy

*He growes
more
familar
in his
Court-
ship,
playes
with her
paps,
kisseth
her hands,
&c.*

11 vi 63 perspective,] perspective F 67 I, rather] I' rather F,
 164r *Loue*,] *Loue* F 71 st dir *Court-ship*,] *Court-ship* F *playes*
 . . . &c at l 76 in F 75 salts] 'salts' F3 81 1s,] 1s, 1s 164r
 85 well-torn'd] well torn'd F

I vtter'd, when I said, a glasse could speake
This beauty, or that fooles had power to iudge it ?

- 95 *Doe but looke, on her eyes ! They doe light—
All that Loue's world comprizeth !*
 *Doe but looke on her hayre ! it is bright,
As Loue's starre, when it riseth !*
 Doe but marke, her fore-head's smother,
 Then words that sooth her !
 100 *And from her arched browes, such a grace
Sheds it selfe through the face ,*
 As alone, there triumphs to the life,
 All the game, all the good, of the elements strife !
- 105 *Haue you seene but a bright Lilly grow,*
 Before rude hands haue touch'd it ?
 Haue you mark'd but the fall of the Snow,
 Before the soyle hath smuch'd it ?
 Haue you felt the wooll o' the Beuer ?
 Or Swans downe, euer ?
 110 *Or, haue smelt o' the bud o' the Bryer ?*
 Or the Nard i' the fire ?
 Or, haue tasted the bag o' the Bee ?
 O, so white ! O, so soft ! O, so sweet is shee !

ACT II. SCENE VII.

FITZ-DOTTRELL. WITTIPOL. P.V.G.

*Her husband
appears
at her
back*

- I**S shee so, Sir ? and, I will keepe her so.
 If I know how, or can : that wit of man
 Will doe't, I'll goe no farther. At this windo'
 She shall no more be *buz'd* at Take your leaue on't.
 5 If you be sweet meates, wedlock, or sweet flesh,
 All's one : I doe not loue this *hum* about you.

11 vi 98 *fore-head's]* *fore-head* 1641 100 a om 1641 106
 of the] of 1641 107 *smuch'd]* *smutch'd* 1641 11 vii] *Fitzdottrel*
appears at his Wife's back G, continuing the scene

A flye-blowne wife is not so proper. In :

For you, S^r, looke to heare from mee. WIT. So, I doe, Sir. *Hee speaks out of his wifes window.*
 FIT. No, but in other termes. There's no man offers
 This to my wife, but paises for't. WIT. That haue I, Sir.

FIT. Nay, then, I tell you, you are. WIT. What am I, Sir?

FIT. Why, that I'll thinke on, when I ha' cut your throat.

WIT. Goe, you are an *Ass*. FIT. I am resolu'd on't, Sir.

WIT. I thinke you are. FIT. To call you to a reckon-
 ing.

WIT. Away, you brokers blocke, you property. 15

FIT. S^tight, if you strike me, I'll strike your Mistresse. *Hee strikes his wife.*

WIT. O! I could shoote mine eyes at him, for that, now;

Or leaue my teeth in'him, were they cuckolds bane,

Inough to kill him. What prodigious,

Blinde, and most wicked change of fortune's this? 20

I ha' no ayre of patience · all my vaines

Swell, and my sinewes start at iniquity of it.

I shall breake, breake. PVG. This for the malice of it, *The Divell speaks below.*
 And my reuenge may passe! But, now, my conscience
 Tells mee, I haue profited the cause of Hell

But little, in the breaking-off their loues.

Which, if some other act of mine repaire not,

I shall heare ill of in my accompt. FIT. O, Bird!

Could you do this? 'gainst me? and at this time, now?

When I was so imploy'd, wholly for you,

Drown'd i' my care (more, then the land, I sweare, *Fitzdottrel enters with his wife as come downe.*
 I'hauc hope to win) to make you peere-lesse? studying,

For footemen for you, fine-pac'd huishers, pages,

To serue you o' the knee; with what Knights wife,

11 vu 7 proper] proper, F 11 are] are—W 13 Sir] sir—G
 16 Mistresse] Mistresse, F, 1641, F3 St dir. Strikes Mrs Fitz and
 leads her out G 22 iniquity] th' iniquity G 23 After
 'breake' Exit G, who makes a new scene here—SCENE III Another
 Room in Fitzdottrel's House | Enter Pug 28 in om. 1641 St
 dir as come downe om G 33 fine-pac'd] fine pac'd F

- 35 To beare your traine, and sit with your foure women
 In councell, and receiue intelligences,
 From forraigne parts, to dresse you at all pieces !
 Y'haue (a'most) turn'd my good affection, to you ;
 Sowr'd my sweet thoughts ; all my pure purposes :
 40 I could now finde (i' my very heart) to make
 Another, *Lady Dutchesse* ; and depose you.
 Well, goe your waies in. *Diuell*, you haue redeem'd all.
 I doe forgiue you. And I'll doe you good.

ACT II. SCENE VIIJ.

MERE-CRAFT FITZ-DOTTREL. INGINE.
 TRAINES.

WHy ha' you these excursions ? where ha' you beene,
 Sir ?

F I T. Where I ha' beene vex'd a little, with a toy !

M E R. O Sir ! no toyes must trouble your graue head,
 Now it is growing to be great. You must
 5 Be aboute all those things. F I T. Nay, nay, so I will.

M E R. Now you are to'ard the Lord you must put off
 The man, Sir. I N G. He saies true. M E R. You must do
 nothing

As you ha' done it heretofore ; not know,
 Or salute any man. I N G. That was your bed-fellow,
 10 The other moneth. M E R. The other moneth ? the weeke.
 Thou dost not know the priuiledges, *Ingine*,
 Follow that Title ; nor how swift . To day,
 When he has put on his Lords face oncc, then——

F I T. Sir, for these things I shall doe well enough,
 15 There is no feare of me. But then, my wife is
 Such an vntoward thing ! shee'll neuer learne
 How to comport with it ! I am out of all

11 vii 42 After 'in' Exit Mrs Fitz G 43 Exit Pug add G
 11 viii] ACT III SCENE VIII 1641 Enter Meercraft with Ingine G,
 continuing the scene 1 Why ha' 1641 Why ha F

Concept, on her behalfe. M E R. Best haue her taught, Sir.

F I T. Where? Are there any Schooles for Ladies? Is there

An Academy for women? I doe know, 20

For men, there was: I learn'd in it, my selfe,

To make my legges, and doe my postures. I N G. Sir.

Doe you remember the concept you had—

O' the Spanish gowne, at home? M E R. Ha! I doe thanke thee,

With all my heart, deare *Ingine*. Sir, there is

A certaine Lady, here about the Towne,

An *English* widdow, who hath lately trauell'd,

But shee's call'd the *Spaniard*, 'cause she came

Latest from thence and keepes the *Spanish* habit.

Such a rare woman! all our women heere, 30

That are of spirit, and fashion flocke, vnto her,

As to their President, their *Law*, their *Canon*;

More then they euer did, to *Oracle-Foreman*.

Such rare receipts shee has, Sir, for the face;

Such oyles, such tinctures, such pomatum[n]'s; 35

Such perfumes, medicines, quintessences, &c.

And such a Mistresse of behauiour;

She knowes, from the *Dukes* daughter, to the *Doxey*,

What is their due iust: and no more! F I T. O Sir!

You please me i' this, more then mine owne greatnesse. 40

Where is shee? Let vs haue her. M E R. By your patience,

We must vse meanes; cast how to be acquainted—

F I T. Good, Sir, about it. M E R. We must think how, first. F I T. O!

I doe not loue to tarry for a thing,

When I haue a mind to't. You doe not know me, 45

If you doe offer it. M E R. Your wife must send

Some pretty token to her, with a complement,

And pray to be receiu'd in her good graces,

Ingine
whispers
Mere-
craft,
Mere-
craft
turnes to
Fitz-
dottrel.

11 viii 28 shee's] she is W 'cause] cause F 29 and om 164r
31 fashion flocke,] fashion, flock F3 36 medicines] medicines F
43 Good,] Good 164r 45 me, F3 me. F, 164r 48 good om 164r

- All the great *Ladies* do't, F I T. She shall, she shall,
 50 What were it best to be? M E R. Some little toy,
 I would not haue it any great matter, Sir :
 A *Diamant* ring, of *forty* or *fifty* pound,
 Would doe it handsomely : and be a gift
 Fit for your wife to send, and her to take.
- F I T. I'll goe, and tell my wife on't, streight. M E R.
 Why this
 Is well ! The clothes we'hauē now . But, where's this *Lady* ?
 If we could get a witty boy, now, *Ingine* ;
 That were an excellent cracke. I could instruct him,
 To the true height. For any thing takes this *dottrel*.
 60 I N G. Why, Sir, your best will be one o' the players !
 M E R. No, there's no trusting them. They'll talke on't,
 And tell their *Poets*. I N G. What if they doe ? the iest
 Will brooke the Stage. But, there be some of 'hem
 Are very honest Lads. There's *Dicke Robinson*,
 65 A very pretty fellow, and comes often
 To a Gentlemans chamber, a friends of mine. We had
 The merriest supper of it there, one night,
 The Gentlemans Land-lady invited him
 To'a Gossips feast. Now, he, Sir, brought *Dick Robinson*,
 70 Drest like a Lawyers wife, amongst 'hem all ;
 (I lent him cloathes) but, to see him behaue it ;
 And lay the law ; and carue ; and drinke vnto 'hem ;
 And then talke baudy : and send frolicks ! o !
 It would haue burst your buttons, or not left you
 75 A seame. M E R. They say hee's an ingenious youth !
 I N G. O Sir ! and dresses himselfe, the best ! beyond
 Forty o' your very *Ladies* ! did you ne'r see him ?
 M E R. No, I do seldome see those toyes. But thinke you,
 That we may haue him ? I N G. Sir, the young Gentleman
 80 I tell you of, can command him. Shall I attempt it ?

Fitz-
dottrel
goes out.

Enters
againe.

M E R. Yes, doe it. F I T. S'light, I cannot get my wife
 11 viii 52 *Diamant*] Diamond F3 60 Sir.] Sir F 63 Will]
 will F 64 *Robinson*] *Robinson* F 66 friends] friend W
 69 feast] feast, F, 1641 Feast F3 he, Sir.] he Sir F 74
 buttons] buttons 1641 77 very om. G

To part with a ring, on any termes : and yet,
The sollen *Monkey* has two. M E R. It were 'gainst reason,
That you should vrge it ; Sir, send to a Gold-smith,
Let not her lose by't. F I T. How do's she lose by't ? 85
Is't not for her ? M E R. Make it your owne bounty,
It will ha' the better successe ; what is a matter
Of fifty pound to you, S^r ? F I T. I'haue but a hundred
Pieces, to shew here ; that I would not breake—

M E R. You shall ha' credit, Sir. I'll send a ticket 90
Vnto my Gold-smith. Heer, my man comes too,
To carry it fitly. How now, *Traines* ? What birds ? *Traines enters*

T R A. Your Cousin *Euer-ill* met me, and has beat mee,
Because I would not tell him where you were .
I thinke he has dogd me to the house too. M E R. Well—— 95
You shall goe out at the back-doore, then, *Traines*.

You must get *Guilt-head* hither, by some meanes :

T R A. 'Tis impossible ! F I T. Tell him, we haue *venison*,
I'll g<1>' him a piece, and send his wife a *Phesant*.

T R A. A Forrest moues not, till that *forty* pound, 100
Yo' had of him, last, be pai'd. He keeps more stirre,
For that same petty summe, then for your bond
Of *sixe* ; and *Statute of eight* hundred ! M E R. Tell him
Wee'll hedge in that. Cry vp *Fitz-dottrell* to him,
Double his price : Make him a man of mettall. 105

T R A. That will not need, his bond is currant enough.

ACT III. SCENE I.

GVILT-HEAD. PLVTARCHVS.

AlI this is to make you a Gentleman :
I'll haue you learne, Sonne. Wherefore haue I plac'd you
With S^r. *Poul* *Either-side*, but to haue so much Law

II viii 83 sullen] sullen F3 88 S^r ?] S^r. F 95 MER W :
FIT. F, 1641, F3 99 Exit add G 102 summe] some 1641
103 MER. W. FIT F, 1641, F3 106 Exeunt add G III. 1] A
Room in Fitzdottrel's House | Enter Thomas Guilthead and Plutarchus G
3 Poul] Pould 1641 to om F3

- To keepe your owne ? Besides, he is a *Iustice*,
 5 Here i' the Towne ; and dwelling, Sonne, with him,
 You shal learne that in a yeere, shall be worth twenty
 Of hauing stay'd you at *Oxford*, or at *Cambridge*,
 Or sending you to the *Innes of Court*, or *France*.
 I am call'd for now in haste, by Master *Meere-craft*,
 10 To trust Master *Fitz-dottrel*, a good man :
 I haue inquir'd him, eighteene hundred a yeere,
 (His name is currant) for a diamant ring
 Of forty, shall not be worth thirty (that's gain'd)
 And this is to make you a Gentleman !
 15 P L V. O, but good father, you trust too much ! G v i.
 Boy, boy,
 We lue, by finding fooles out, to be trusted.
 Our shop-bookes are our pastures, our corn-grounds,
 We lay 'hem op'n, for them to come into :
 And when wee haue 'hem there, wee driue 'hem vp
 20 In t'one of our two Pounds, the *Compters*, streight,
 And this is to make you a Gentleman !
 Wee Citizens neuer trust, but wee doe coozen :
 For, if our debtors pay, wee coozen them ;
 And if they doe not, then we coozen our selues.
 25 But that's a hazard euery one must runne,
 That hopes to make his Sonne a Gentleman !
 P L V. I doe not wish to be one, truly, Father.
 In a descent, or two, wee come to be
 Iust i' their state, fit to be coozend, like 'hem
 30 And I had rather ha' tarried i' your trade :
 For, since the *Gentry* scorne the Citty so much,
 Me thinkes we should in time, holding together,
 And matching in our owne tribes, as they say,
 Haue got an *Act of Common Councell*, for it,
 35 That we might coozen them out of *rerum natura*
 G v i. I, if we had an *Act* first to forbid

111 1 9 *Meere-craft*,] *Meere-craft* F 11 I haue] I'haue F 13
 that's] that's F 15 father,] *The comma faint or missing in F* boy]
 by F3 20 two om F3 29 1' their] 'their F

The marrying of our wealthy heyres vnto 'hem :
And daughters, with such lauish portions.
That confounds all. P L V. And makes a *Mungril* breed,
Father.

And when they haue your money, then they laugh at you: 40
Or kick you downe the stayres. I cannot abide 'hem.
I would faine haue 'hem coozen'd, but not trusted.

ACT III. SCENE II.

MERE-CRAFT. GVILT-HEAD. FITZ-
DOTTRELL. PLVTARCHVS.

O, is he come ! I knew he would not faile me.
Welcome, good *Guilt-head*, I must ha' you doe
A noble Gentleman, a courtesie, here :
In a mere toy (some pretty Ring, or Jewell)
Of fifty, or threescore pound (Make it a hundred, 5
And hedge in the last forty, that I owe you,
And your owne price for the Ring) He's a good man, S^r,
And you may hap' see him a great one ! Hee,
Is likely to bestow hundreds, and thousands,
Wi' you ; if you can humour him. A great prince 10
He will be shortly. What doe you say ? G V I. In truth,
Sir,

I cannot. 'T has beene a long vacation with vs,
F I T. Of what, I pray thee ? of wit ? or honesty ?
Those are your Citizens long vacations.

P L V. Good Father, do not trust 'hem. M E R. Nay, 15
Thom. Guilt-head.

Hee will not buy a courtesie and begge it ·
Hee'll rather pay, then pray. If you doe for him,
You must doe cheerefully. His credit, Sir,
Is not yet prostitute ! Who's this ? thy sonne ?
A pretty youth, what's his name ? P L V. *Plutarchus*, Sir. 20

III II] Enter *Meercraft* G, continuing the scene Query, Enter
Meercraft, with *Fitz-dottrel* 7 After 'Ring' *Aside to Guilt-head* G
11 Sir,] Sir F 13 F I T] Meer G After 14 Query, Exit *Fitz-dottrel*.
15 Father,] Father F

- M E R. *Plutarchus*! How came that about? G v i.
 That yeere S^r,
 That I begot him, I bought *Plutarch's* liues,
 And fell s<o>' in loue with the booke, as I call'd my sonne
 By'his name; In hope he should be like him:
 25 And write the liues of our great men! M E R. I' the City?
 And you do breed him, there? G v i. His minde, Sir, lies
 Much to that way. M E R. Why, then, he is i' the right way.
 G v i. But, now, I had rather get him a good wife,
 And plant him i' the countrey; there to vse
 30 The blessing I shall leaue him. M E R. Out vpon't!
 And lose the laudable meanes, thou hast at home, heere,
 T<o>'aduance, and make him a young *Alderman*?
 Buy him a Captaines place, for shame; and let him
 Into the world, early, and with his plume,
 35 And Scarfes, march through *Cheapside*, or along *Cornehill*,
 And by the vertue'of those, draw downe a wife
 There from a windo', worth ten thousand pound!
 Get him the posture booke, and's leaden men,
 To set vpon a table, 'gainst his Mistresse
 40 Chance to come by, that hee may draw her in,
 And shew her *Finsbury* battells. G v i. I haue plac'd him
 With Iustice *Eytherside*, to get so much law—
 M E R. As thou hast conscience. Come, come, thou dost
 wrong
 Pretty *Plutarchus*, who had not his name,
 45 For nothing . but was borne to traine the youth
 Of *London*, in the military truth—
 That way his *Genius* lies. My Cousin *Euerill*!

III 11 30 him] him F (?) vpon't] vpon't 164r 45-6 to traine
 . . . truth italicized by G 47 After 'lies' Enter *Euerill* G

ACT III. SCENE III.

EVER-ILL. PLVTARCHVS. GVILT-HEAD.

MERE-CRAFT. FITZDOTTRELL.

O, are you here, Sir? 'pray you let vs whisper.

PLV. Father, deare Father, trust him if you loue mee.

GV I. Why, I doe meane it, boy; but, what I doe,
Must not come easily from mee: Wee must deale
With *Courtiers*, boy, as *Courtiers* deale with vs. 5

If I haue a *Busnesse* there, with any of them,
Why, I must wait, I'am sure on't, Son: and though
My *Lord* dispatch me, yet his worshipfull man—
Will keepe me for his sport, a moneth, or two,
To shew mee with my fellow Cittizens. 10

I must make his traine long, and full, one quarter;
And helpe the spectacle of his greatnesse. There,
Nothing is done at once, but iniuries, boy:
And they come head-long! all their good turnes moue not,
Or very slowly. PLV. Yet sweet father, trust him. 15

GV I. Well, I will thinke. EV. Come, you must do't,
Sir.

I'am vndone else, and your *Lady Tayle-bush*
Has sent for mee to dinner, and my cloaths
Are all at pawne. I had sent out this morning,
Before I heard you were come to towne, some twenty 20
Of my epistles, and no one returne—

MER. Why, I ha' told you o' this. This comes of wear-
ing
Scarlet, gold lace, and cut-works! your fine gartring! *Mere-craft tells him of his faults.*
With your blowne roses, Cousin! and your eating
Phesant, and *Godwit*, here in *London*! haunting
The *Globes*, and *Mermaides*! wedging in with *Lords*, 25

III III] *G continues the Scene* I [takes Meer. aside. add G 15
slowly] slowly F 16 After 'thinke' They walk aside G 17
and] and F 26 wedging] and wedging 1641

- Still at the table ! and affecting lechery,
 In veluet ! where could you ha' contented your selfe
 With cheese, salt-butter, and a pickled hering,
 30 I' the Low-countries ; there worne cloth, and fustian !
 Beene satisfied with a leape o' your Host's daughter,
 In garrison, a wench of a stoter ! or,
 Your *Sullers* wife, i' the leaguer, of two blanks !
 You neuer, then, had runne vpon this flat,
 35 To write your letters missiue, and send out
 Your priuy seales, that thus haue frighted off
 All your acqu<a>ntance ; that they shun you at distance,
 Worse, then you do the Bailies ! E v. Pox vpon you.
*Hee re-
pines,* I come not to you for counsell, I lacke money.
 40 M E R. You doe not thinke, what you owe me already ?
 E v. I ?
 They owe you, that meane to pay you. I'll be sworne,
 I neuer meant it. Come, you will proiect,
 I shall vndoe your practice, for this moneth else
*and
threatens
him* You know mee. M E R. I, yo'are a right sweet nature !
 E v. Well, that's all one ! M E R. You'll leaue this Em-
 pire, one day ?
 You will not euer haue this tribute payd,
 Your scepter o' the sword ? E v. Tye vp your wit,
 Doe, and prouoke me not—— M E R. Will you, Sir, helpe,
 To what I shall prouoke another for you ?
 50 E v. I cannot tell ; try me : I thinke I am not
 So vtterly, of an ore vn-to-be-meltd,
*They
soyne.* But I can doe my selfe good, on occasions.
 M E R. Strike in then, for your part. M^r. *Fitz-dottrel*,
 If I transgresse in point of manners, afford mee
 55 Your best construction ; I must beg my freedome
 From your affayres, this day. F I T. How, S^r ? M E R. It is
*Mere-
craft
pretends
businessse.* In succour of this Gentlemans occasions,

III III 32 stoter] Storer 1716 storer W. G 33 *Sullers*] *Sullers*
 1641 41 be sworne] besworne F After 52 Enter *Fitzdottrel*
 G 53 After 'part' [They go up to *Fitzdottrel*] G *Fitz-dottrel*,]
Fitz-dottrel F 56 S^r ?] S^r F St. dir 56 *pretends*] The p has
 dropped out in some copies of F

My kins-man—— F I T. You'll not do me that affront, S^r.

M E R. I am sory you should so interpret it,

But, Sir, it stands vpon his being inuested

In a new *office*, hee has stood for, long :

Master of the *Dependances* ! A place

Of my proiection too, Sir, and hath met

Much opposition ; but the State, now, sees

That great necessity of it, as after all

Their writing, and their speaking, against *Duells*,

They haue erected it. His booke is drawne——

For, since there will be differences, daily,

'Twixt Gentlemen ; and that the roaring manner

Is growne offensiue ; that those few, we call

The ciuill men o' the sword, abhorre the vapours ;

They shall refer now, hither, for their *processe* :

And such as trespasse 'gainst the rule of *Court*,

Are to be fin'd—— F I T. In troth, a pretty place !

M E R. A kinde of arbitrary *Court* 'twill be, Sir.

F I T. I shall haue matter for it, I beleeeue,

Ere it be long. I had a distast. M E R. But now, Sir,

My learned councell, they must haue a feeling,

They'll part, Sir, with no bookes, without the hand-gout

Be oyld, and I must furnish If 't be money,

To me streight. I am Mine, *Mint* and *Exchequer*,

To supply all. What is't ? a hundred pound ?

E V E. No, th'*Harpey*, now, stands on a hundred pieces.

M E R. Why, he must haue 'hem, if he will. To morrow,

Sir,

Will equally serue your occasions,——

And therefore, let me obtaine, that you will yeeld

To timing a poore Gentlemans distresses,

In termes of hazard.—— F I T. By no meanes ! M E R. I

must

Get him this money, and will —— F I T. Sir, I protest,

60

Mere-
craft
describes
the office
of De-
pend-
ancy

70

75

80

85

III III 64 sees] see's F 66 *Duells*] *Divells* 1641 68 since]
sincc, F 75 arbitrary] arbitr ary F 85 occasions] occasion's
F, 1641, F3 89 him] him him 1641

- 90 I'd rather stand engag'd for it my selfe :
 Then you should leaue mee. M E R. O good S^r. do you thinke
 So courselly of our manners, that we would,
 For any need of ours, be prest to take it :
 Though you be pleas'd to offer it. F I T. Why, by heauen,
 95 I meane it ! M E R. I can neuer beleeeue lesse.
Hee offers But wee, Sir, must preserue our dignity,
to be gone. As you doe publish yours. By your faire leaue, Sir.
 F I T. As I am a Gentleman, if you doe offer
 To leaue mee now, or if you doe refuse mee,
 100 I will not thinke you loue mee. M E R. Sir, I honour you.
 And with iust reason, for these noble notes,
 Of the nobility, you pretend too ! But, Sir—
 I would know, why ? a motiue (he a stranger)
 You should doe this ? (E v E. You'll mar all with your
 finenesse)
 105 F I T. Why, that's all one, if 'twere, Sir, but my fancy.
 But I haue a *Busnesse*, that perhaps I'd haue
 Brought to his *office*. M E R. O, Sir ! I haue done, then ;
 If hee can be made profitable, to you.
 F I T. Yes, and it shall be one of my ambitions
 110 To haue it the first *Busnesse* ? May I not ?
 E v E. So you doe meane to make't, a perfect *Busnesse*.
 F I T. Nay, I'll doe that, assure you : shew me once.
 M E R. S^r, it concernes, the first be a perfect *Busnesse*,
 For his owne honour ! E v E. I, and th' reputation
 115 Too, of my place. F I T. Why, why doe I take this course,
 else ?
 I am not altogether, an *Asse*, good Gentlemen,
 Wherefore should I consult you ? doe you thinke ?
 To make a song on't ? How's your manner ? tell vs.
 M E R. Doe, satisfie him : giue him the whole course.
 120 E v E. First, by request, or otherwise, you offer
 Your *Busnesse* to the *Court* : wherein you craue
 The iudgement of the *Master* and the *Assistants*.
 F I T. Well, that's done, now, what doe you vpon it ?
 III. III 104 E v E] *Ever* [*Aside to Meer*] G 121 craue] craue : F

E v E. We streight S^r, haue recourse to the spring-head ;
Visit the ground ; and, so disclose the nature : 125
If it will carry, or no. If wee doe finde,
By our proportions it is like to proue
A sullen, and blacke *Bus'nesse* : That it be
Incorrigible ; and out of treaty ; then,
We file it, a *Dependance* ! F I T So, 'tis fil'd. 130
What followes ? I doe loue the order of these things.

E v E. We then aduise the party, if he be
A man of meanes, and hauings, that forth-with,
He settle his estate . if not, at least
That he pretend it. For, by that, the world 135
Takes notice, that it now is a *Dependance*.
And this we call, Sir, *Publication*.

F I T. Very sufficient ! After *Publication*, now ?

E v E Then we grant out our *Processe*, which is diuers ;
Eyther by *Chartell*, Sir, or *ore-tenus*, 140
Wherein the Challenger, and Challengee
Or (with your *Spamard*) your *Prouocador*,
And *Prouocado*, haue their seuerall courses——

F I T. I haue enough on't ! for an hundred pieces ?
Yes, for two hundred, vnder-write me, doe. 145
Your man will take my bond ? M E R. That he will,
sure,

But, these same Citizens, they are such sharks !
There's an old debt of forty, I ga' my word
For one is runne away, to the *Bermudas*,
And he will hooke in that, or he wi' not doe. 150
He
whispers
Fitz-
dottrell
aside.

F I T. Why, let him. That and the ring, and a hundred
pieces,
Will all but make two hundred ? M E R. No, no more, Sir.
What ready *Arithmetique* you haue ? doe you heare ? 155
A pretty mornings worke for you, this ? Do it,
You shall ha' twenty pound on't. G v I. Twenty pieces ? 155
And then
Guilt-
head

III III 127 our] your 1641 128 *Bus'nesse*] *Bus'nesse* F 129
Incorrigible corr F In corrigible F originally of] of, F, 1641
130 So.] So F 136 that it now] thatt inow 1641 149 to] into
1641 153 St dir. Guilt-head] Guilt-head F

(P L V. Good Father, do't) M E R. You will hooke still ?
well,

Shew vs your ring. You could not ha' done this, now
With gentlenesse, at first, wee might ha' thank'd you ?
But groane, and ha' you <r> courtesies come from you
160 Like a hard stoole, and stinke ? A man may draw
Your teeth out easier, then your money ? Come,

*Hee pulls
Plu-
tarchus
by the
lips.*

Were little *Guilt-head* heere, no better a nature,
I should ne'r loue him, that could pull his lips off, now !
Was not thy mother a Gentlewoman ? P L V. Yes, Sir.
M E R. And went to the Court at *Christmas*, and S^t.
Georges-tide ?

And lent the Lords-men, chaines ? P L V. Of gold, and
pearle, S^r.

M E R. I knew, thou must take, after some body !
Thou could'st not be else. This was no shop-looke !
I'll ha' thee Captaine *Guilt-head*, and march vp,
170 And take in *Pimlico*, and kill the bush,
At euery tauerne ! Thou shalt haue a wife,

*He turns
to old
Guilt-
head.*

If smocks will mount, boy. How now ? you ha' there now
Some *Bristo-stone*, or *Cornish* counterfeit
You'd put vpon vs. G V I. No, Sir, I assure you :

175 Looke on his luster ! hee will speake himselfe !
I'le gi' you leaue to put him i' the Mill,
H'is no great, large stone, but a true *Paragon*,
H'has all his corners, view him well. M E R. H'is yellow.

G V I. Vpo' my faith, S^r, o' the right black-water,
180 And very deepe ! H'is set without a foyle, too.
Here's one o' the yellow-water, I'll sell cheape.

M E R. And what do you valew this, at ? thirty pound ?

G V I. No, Sir, he cost me forty, ere he was set.

M E R. Turnings, you meane ? I know your *Equiuocks* :
185 You're growne the better Fathers of 'hem o' late.
Well, where't must goe, 'twill be iudg'd, and, therefore,
Looke you't be right. You shall haue fifty pound for't.

Not a deneer more ! And, because you would
 Hauē things dispatch'd, Sir, I'll goe presently,
 Inquire out this *Lady*. If you thinke good, Sir,
 Hauing an hundred pieces ready, you may
 Part with those, now, to serue my kinsmans turnes,
 That he may wait vpon you, anon, the freer ;
 And take 'hem when you ha' seal'd, againe, of *Guilt-head*.

Now to
 Fitz-
 dottrel.
 190

F I T. I care not if I do ! M E R. And dispatch all,
 Together. F I T. There, th<ey>'are iust : a hundred pieces !
 I' ha' told 'hem ouer, twice a day, these two moneths.

195

M E R. Well, go, and seale then, S^r, make your returne
 As speedy as you can. E v E. Come gi' mee. M E R. Soft,
 Sir,

Hee
 turnes
 'hem out
 together.
 And
 Euerill
 and hee
 fall to
 share

E v E. Mary, and faire too, then. I'll no delaying, Sir.
 M E R. But, you will heare ? E v. Yes, when I haue my
 diuident.

M E R. There's forty pieces for you. E v E. What is this
 for ?

M E R. Your halfe. You know, that *Guilt-head* must ha'
 twenty.

E v E. And what's your ring there ? shall I ha' none o'
 that ?

M E R. O, that is to be giuen to a *Lady* !

205

E v E. Is't so ? M E R. By that good light, it is. E v.
 Come, gi' me

Ten pieces more, then. M E R. Why ? E v. For *Guilt-
 head* ? Sir,

Do'you thinke, I'll 'low him any such share ? M E R.
 You must.

E v E. Must I ? Doe you your musts, Sir, I'll doe mine,
 You wi' not part with the whole, Sir ? will you ? Goe too. 210

III III 188 deneer] dencer 1641 190 Sir.] Sir F, 1641, F3
 194 againe] a gaine F 196 There om 1641 th'are iust a] they're
 just a W 199 After 'can' Exeunt Fitzdottrel, Guilthead, and
 Plutarchus G 201 diuident] Diuidend 1716 202 There's]
 Theres F 205 that is G that's F 207 Guilthead ? Sir.]
 Guilt, head ? Sir ? 1641: Guilthead, sir ! G 208 Do'you] Doe you
 1641 'low] allow F3 share ? F3: share F. share 1641
 209 you om F3 210 will] Will F

Gi' me ten pieces ! M E R. By what law, doe you this ?

E v E. E'<(e)n Lyon-law, Sir, I must roare else. M E R.

Good !

E v E. Yo' haue heard, how th' *Assé* made his diuisions,
wisely ?

M E R. And, I am he · I thanke you. E v. Much good do
you, S^r.

215 M E R. I shall be rid o' this tyranny, one day ? E v E.
Not,

While you doe eate, and lie, about the towne, here ;

And coozen i' your bullions ; and I stand

Your name of credit, and compound your businesse ;

Adiourne your beatings euery terme ; and make

220 New parties for your proiects. I haue, now,

A pretty tasque, of it, to hold you in

Wi' your *Lady Tayle-bush* : but the toy will be,

How we shall both come off ? M E R. Leaue you your
doubting.

And doe your portion, what's assign'd you : I

225 Neuer fail'd yet. E v E. With reference to your aydes ?

You'll still be vnthankfull. Where shall I meete you, anon ?

You ha' some feate to doe alone, now, I see ;

You wish me gone, well, I will finde you out,

And bring you after to the audit. M E R. S'light !

230 There's *Ingnes* share too, I had forgot ! This raigne

Is too-too-vnsup<p>ortable ! I must

Quit my selfe of this vassalage ! *Ingne* ! welcome.

III in 215 day ?] day W 216 eate, 1641 eate, F 219
your om 1641 223 you om 1641 227 doe] be done 1641
229 After 'audit' Exit G 232 After 'vassalage !' Enter Engine,
followed by Willipol G

ACT IIJ. SCENE IV.

MERE-CRAFT. INGINE. WITTIPOL.

How goes the cry? ING. Excellent well! MER
Wil't do?

Where's *Robinson*? ING. Here is the Gentleman, Sir,
Will vndertake 't himselfe. I haue acquainted him.

MER. Why did you so? ING. Why, *Robinson* would
ha' told him,

You know. And hee's a pleasant wit I will hurt 5

Nothing you purpose. Then, he's of opinion,

That *Robinson* might want audacity,

She being such a gallant. Now, hee has beene

In *Spaine*, and knowes the fashions there; and can

Discourse; and being but mirth (hec saies) leaue much, 10

To his care. MER But he is too tall! ING. For that, He ex-
He has the brauest deuice I (you'll loue him for't) cepts at
his

To say, he weares *Cioppinos*: and they doe so

In *Spaine*. And *Robinson's* as tall, as hee. stature.

MER. Is he so? ING. Euery 10t. MER. Nay, I had
rather 15

To trust a Gentleman with it, o' the two.

ING. Pray you goe to him, then, Sir, and salute him.

MER. Sir, my friend *Inginie* has acquainted you

With a strange *businessse*, here. WIT. A merry one, Sir.

The *Duke of Drown'd-land*, and his *Dutchesse*? MER. Yes, 20
Sir.

Now, that the *Coniurers* ha' laid him by,

I ha' made bold, to borrow him a while;

WIT. With purpose, yet, to put him out, I hope,

To his best vse? MER. Yes, Sir. WIT. For that small
part,

III 14] INGINE WITTIPOL] *Wittipol* *Inginie* 1641 *G continues the*
scene 2 Sir, F3 Sir F, 1641 3 't himselfe] t'himselpe F,
1641 him 1641, F3. him, F 7 want] have 1641 8 beene]
beene, F 11 care F3 care F, 1641 23 out, I hope,] out
I hope F

25 That I am trusted with, put off your care :

I would not lose to doe it, for the mirth,

Will follow of it ; and well, I haue a fancy.

M E R. Sir, that will make it well. W I T. You will report it so.

Where must I haue my dressing ? I N G. At my house, Sir.

30 M E R. You shall haue caution, Sir, for what he yeelds,

To six pence. W I T. You shall pardon me. I will share, Sir,

I' your sports, onely : nothing i' your purchase.

But you must furnish mee with complements,

To th' manner of *Spaine* ; my coach, my *guarda duenna's*.

35 M E R. *Ingine's* your *Proue'dor*. But, Sir, I must

(Now I'haue entred trust wⁱ you, thus farre)

Secure still i' your quality, acquaint you

With somewhat, beyond this. The place, design'd

To be the *Scene*, for this our mery matter,

40 Because it must haue countenance of women,

To draw discourse, and offer it, is here by,

At the *Lady Taile-bushes*. W I T. I know her, Sir,

And her Gentleman *huisher*. M E R. M^r *Ambler* ? W I T.

Yes, Sir.

M E R. Sir, it shall be no shame to mee, to confesse

45 To you, that wee poore Gentlemen, that want acres,

Must for our needs, turne foolcs vp, and plough *Ladies*

Sometimes, to try what glebe they are : and this

Is no vnfruitefull piece. She, and I now,

Are on a proiect, for the fact, and venting

50 Of a new kinde of *fucus* (paint, for *Ladies*)

To serue the kingdome : wherein shee her selfe

Hath trauell'd, specially, by way of seruice

Vnto her sexe, and hopes to get the *Monopoly*,

As the reward, of her inuention.

55 W I T. What is her end, in this ? M E R. Merely ambition,

Sir, to grow great, and court it with the secret :

Though shee pretend some other. For, she's dealing,

Already, vpon caution for the shares,
 And M^r. Ambler, hee is nam'd *Examiner*
 For the ingredients ; and the *Register* 60
 Of what is vented ; and shall keepe the *Office*.
 Now, if shee breake with you, of this (as I
 Must make the leading thred to your acquaintance,
 That, how experience gotten i' your being
 Abroad, will helpe our businesse) thinke of some 65
 Pretty additions, but to keepe her floting :
 It may be, shee will offer you a part,
 Any strange names of—— WIT. S^r, I haue my'instructions.
 Is it not high time to be making ready ?
 MER. Yes, Sir. ING. The foole's in sight, *Dottrel*.
 MER. Away, then. 70

ACT IIJ. SCENE V.

MERE-CRAFT. FITZ-DOTTREL. PVG.

REturn'd so soone ? FIT. Yes, here's the ring : I ha'
 seal'd.
 But there's not so much gold in all the row, he saies——
 Till 't come fro' the Mint. 'Tis tane vp for the gamesters.
 MER. There's a shop-shift ! plague on 'hem. FIT. He
 do's sweare it.
 MER. He'll sweare, and forswear too, it is his trade, 5
 You should not haue left him. FIT. S^hld, I can goe backe,
 And beat him, yet. MER. No, now let him alone.
 FIT. I was so earnest, after the maine *Busnesse*,
 To haue this ring, gone. MER. True, and 'tis time.
 I'haue learn'd, Sir, sin' you went, her *Ladi-ship* eats 10
 With the *Lady Tail-bush*, here, hard by. FIT. I' the lane
 here ?
 MER. Yes, if you had a seruant, now of presence,
 Well cloth'd, and of an aery voluble tongue,
 Neither too bigge, or little for his mouth,
 III IV 59 hee is] is hee F 70 Sir] Sir, F III V 12 you had]
 you'had F

- 15 That could deliuer your wiues complement ;
 To send along withall. F I T. I haue one Sir,
 A very handsome, gentleman-like-fellow,
 That I doe meane to make my *Dutchesse Vsher*——
 I entertain'd him, but this morning, too :
- 20 I'll call him to you. The worst of him, is his name !
 M E R. She'll take no note of that, but of his message
 F I T. *Diuell* ! How like you him, Sir ? Pace, go a little.
 Let's see you moue. M E R. He'll serue, S^r, gue it him .
 And let him goe along with mee, I'll helpe
- 25 To present him, and it F I T. Looke you doe, sirah,
 Discharge this well, as you expect your place.
 Do'you heare, goe on, come off with all your honours.
 I would faine see him, do it M E R. Trust him, with it.
 F I T. Remember kissing of your hand, and answering
- 30 With the *French*-time, in flexure of your body.
 I could now, so instruct him—and for his words——
 M E R. I'll put them in his mouth. F I T. O, but I haue
 'hem
 O' the very *Academies*. M E R. Sir, you'll haue vse for 'hem,
 Anon, your selfe, I warrant you after dinner,
 When you are call'd. F I T. S'light, that'll be iust *play*-time.
- He longs
to see the
play
It cannot be, I must not lose the *play* !
 M E R. Sir, but you must, if she appoint to sit.
 And, shee is president. F I T. S'lid, it is the *Diuell* !
- Because
it is the
Diuell
M E R. And 'twere his *Damme* too, you must now apply
- 40 Your selfe, Sir, to this, wholly ; or lose all.
 F I T. If I could but see a piece—— M E R. S^r. Neuer
 think on't.
 F I T. Come but to one act, and I did not care——
 But to be seene to rise, and goe away,
 To vex the Players, and to punish their *Poet*——
- 45 Keepe him in awe ! M E R. But say, that he be one,
 Wi' not be aw'd ! but laugh at you. How then ?

III v 22 Sir ?] Sir F 25 Looke doe,] Looke, doe F
 28 with it. 1641, F3. with it; F 30 in] and W 31 now]
 not 1641 38 shee is] shee's F she is G 39 And 1641: And, F

F I T. Then he shall pay for his dinner himselfe. M E R.

Perhaps,

He would doe that twice, rather then thanke you.

Come, get the *Diuell* out of your head, my *Lord*,

(I'll call you so in priuate still) and take

Your *Lord-ship* i' your munde. You were, sweete *Lord*,

In talke to bring a *Busnesse* to the *Office*. F I T. Yes.

M E R. Why should not you, S^r, carry it o' your selfe,

Before the *Office* be vp? and shew the world,

You had no need of any mans direction;

In point, Sir, of sufficiency. I speake

Against a kinsman, but as one that tenders

Your graces good. F I T. I thanke you; to proceed—

M E R. To *Publications*: ha' your *Deed* drawne presently,

And leaue a blancke to put in your *Feoffees*,

One, two, or more, as you see cause— F I T. I thank you

Heartily, I doe thanke you. Not a word more,

I pray you, as you loue mee. Let mee alone.

That I could not thinke o' this, as well, as hee?

O, I could beat my infinite blocke-head—!

M E R. Come, we must this way. P V G. How far is't?

M E R. Hard by here

Ouer the way. Now, to atchieue this ring,

From this same fellow, that is, to assure it;

Before hee giue it. Though my *Spanish Lady*,

Be a young Gentleman of meanes, and scorne

To share, as hee doth say, I doe not know

How such a toy may tempt his *Lady-ship*:

And therefore, I thinke best, it be assur'd.

P V G. Sir, be the *Ladies* braue, wee goe vnto?

M E R. O, yes. P V G. And shall I see 'hem, and speake

to 'hem?

50

He puts
him in
mind of
his
quarrell.

55

60

He is
angry
with him-
selfe.

He
thinks
how to
coozen the
bearer, of
the ring.

75

III. v 47 Then] That F3 59 Publications] publication G pre-
sently.] presently F 60 leaue a] leave me a F3 Feoffees.] Feoffees
F 65 Exeunt add G 66 SCENE II | The Lane near the Lady
Tailbush's House | Enter Meercraft followed by Pug G is't?] is't F
67 After 'way' [They cross over] G 68 is,] is F 73 Aside.
add G

Questions
his man.

M E R. What else ? ha' you your false-beard about you,
Traines ?

T R A. Yes. M E R. And is this one of your double
Cloakes ?

T R A. The best of 'hem M E R. Be ready then. Sweet
Pitfall !

ACT IIJ. SCENE VI.

M E R E - C R A F T. P I T F A L L. P V G.

T R A I N E S.

Offers to
kisse

C O M E, I must busse—— P I T. Away. M E R I'll set
thee vp again.

Neuer feare that . canst thou get ne'r a bird ?

No *Thrushes* hungry ? Stay, till cold weather come,

I'll help thee to an *Ousell*, or, a *Field-fare*.

She runs
in, in
haste . he
follows.

Who's within, with Madame ? P I T. I'll tell you straight.

M E R. Please you stay here, a while Sir, I'll goe in.

P V G. I do so long to haue a little venery,

Pug leaps
at Pit-
fall's
comming
in

While I am in this body ! I would tast

Of cuery sinne, a little, if it might be

After the manner of man ! *Sweet-heart !* P I T. What
would you, S^r ?

P V G. Nothing but fall in, to you, be your Black-bird,

My pretty pit (as the Gentleman said) your *Throstle* :

Lye tame, and taken with you ; here is gold !

To buy you so much new stufes, from the shop,

Traines
in his false
cloak,
brings a
false
message,
and gets
the ring.

As I may take the old vp—— T R A. You must send, Sir,

The Gentleman the ring. P V G. There 'tis. Nay looke,

Will you be foolish, *Pit* ? P I T. This is strange rudenesse.

P V G. Deare *Pit*. P I T. I'll call, I sweare. M E R.

Where are you, S^r ?

III v 76 After 'else ?' Enter Trains G you, Traines ?] you ?
Traines F 77 Yes] Yes, F 78 After 'then' Exeunt G (ending the
scene)

III vi] SCENE III | A Hall in Lady Tailbush's House | Enter
Meercraft and Pug, met by Pitfall G 13 here is] here is F 15

Sir, 1641 Sir F St dir Traines] Traine's F and gets] and gets F

16 After 'tis' [Exit Trains] G 17 Pit ?] Pit, F Pit. 1641

18 I'll call] I'll call F

Is your ring ready? Goe with me. P v G. I sent it you.

M E R. Me? When? by whom? P v G. A fellow here,
e'en now,

Mere-
craft
follows
presently,
and ashes
for it

Came for it i' your name. M E R. I sent none, sure.

My meaning euer was, you should deliuer it,

Your selfe: So was your Masters charge, you know.

What fellow was it, doe you know him? P v G. Here,

But now, he had it. M E R. Saw you any, *Traines*?

Ent
Tram's as
himselfe
againo.

T R A. Not I. P v G. The Gentle<wo>man saw him.

M E R. Enquire.

P v G. I was so earnest vpon hcr, I mark'd not!

My diuellish *Chiefe* has put mec here in flesh,

To shame mee! This dull body I am in,

I perceiue nothing with! I offer at nothing,

That will succeed! T R A. Sir, she saw none, she saies.

The
Diuell
confesseth
himselfe
coozen'd
30

P v G. *Satan* himselfe, has tane a shape t<o>'abuse me.

It could not be else! M E R. This is about strange!

That you should be so retchlesse. What'll you do, Sir?

How will you answer this, when you are question'd?

Mere-
craft
accuseth
him of
negh-
gence

P v G. Run from my flesh, if I could · put off mankind!

This's such a scorne! and will be a new exercise,

For my *Arch-Duke*! Woe to the seuerall cudgells,

Must suffer, on this backe! Can you no succours? Sir?

He asketh
ayde

M E R. Alas! the vse of it is so present. P v G. I aske,
Sir, credit for another, but till to morrow?

M E R. There is not so much time, Sir. But how euer,
The lady is a noble Lady, and will

(To saue a Gentleman from check) be intreated

To say, she ha's receu'd it. P v G. Do you thinke so?

Will shee be won? M E R. No doubt, to such an office,

It will be a Lady's brauery, and her pride

Mere-
craft
promiseth
family,
yet com-
forts him.

P v G. And not be knowne on't after, vnto him?

M E R. That were a treachery! Vpon my word,

Be confident. Rcturne vnto your master,

50

III VI 25 any,] any? F 26 Gentlewoman 1716 Gentleman
F, 1641, F3 29 I am] I am F 31 After 'succeed I' Aside G
33 After 'else' Aside G 39 After 'backel' Aside G 40 the
om 1641 present] present, F

My *Lady President* sits this after-noone,
 Ha's tane the ring, commends her seruices
 Vnto your *Lady-Dutchesse*. You may say
 She's a ciuill *Lady*, and do's giue her
 55 All her respects, already : Bad you, tell her
 She lues, but to receiue her wish'd commandements,
 And haue the honor here to kisse her hands :
 For which shee'll stay this houre yet. Hasten you
 Your *Prince*, away. P v G. And Sir, you will take care
 Th' excuse be perfect ? M E R. You confesse your feares,
 Too much. P v G. The shame is more. <M E R.> I'll quit
 you of either.

*The
 Duell is
 doubtfull.*

ACT IIIJ. SCENE I.

T A I L E - B V S H. M E R E - C R A F T. M A N L Y.

A Pox vpo' referring to *Commissioners*,
 I'had rather heare that it were past the seales :
 Your *Courtiers* moue so Snaile-like i' your *Busnesse*.
 W<o>uld I had not begun wi' you. M E R. We must moue,
 5 *Madame*, in order, by degrees : not iump.
 T A Y. Why, there was S^r. *Iohn Monie-man* could iump
 A *Busnesse* quickly M E R True, hee had great friends,
 But, because some, sweete *Madame*, can leape ditches,
 Wee must not all shunne to goe ouer bridges.
 10 The harder parts, I make account, are done :
He flatters Now, 'tis referr'd. You are infinitely bound
her. Vnto the *Ladies*, they ha' so cri'd it vp !
 T A Y. Doe they like it then ? M E R. They ha' sent the
Spanish-Lady,
 To gratulate with you—— T A Y. I must send 'hem thanks
 15 And some remembrances M E R. That you must, and visit
 'hem.

III. vi 60 feares,] feares F, 1641, F3 61 more. MER I'll W.
 more, I'll F, 1641, F3 iv i] Act vi Scene 1 1641 ACT IV. |
 SCENE I. | A room in lady Tailbush's House | Enter lady Tailbush and
 Meercraft. G 10 account F

Where's *Ambler*? T A Y. Lost, to day, we cannot heare of him.

M E R. Not, *Madam*? T A Y. No in good faith. They say he lay not

At home, to night. And here has fall'n a *Busnesse*

Betweene your Cousin, and Master *Manly*, has

Vnquieted vs all M E R. So I heare, *Madame*.

20

Pray you, how was it? T A Y. Troth, it but appears

Ill o' your Kinsmans part. You may haue heard,

That *Manly* is a sutor to me, I doubt not :

M E R. I guess'd it, *Madame*. T A Y. And it seemes, he trusted

Your Cousin to let fall some faire reports

25

Of him vnto mee. M E R Which he did! T A Y. So farre

From it, as hee came in, and tooke him rayling

Against him. M E R How! And what said *Manly* to him?

T A Y. Inough, I doe assure you : and with that scorne

Of him, and the iniury, as I doe wonder

30

How *Euerill* bore it! But that guilt vndoes

Many mens valors. M E R Here comes *Manly* M A N.

Madame,

I'll take my leaue—— T A Y. You sha'not goe, i' faith.

Manly offers to be gone.

I'll ha' you stay, and see this *Spanish* miracle,

Of our *English Ladie*. M A N. Let me pray your *Ladiship*, 35

Lay your commands on me, some other time

T A Y. Now, I protest : and I will haue all piec'd,

And friends againe. M A N. It will be but ill solder'd!

T A Y. You are too much affected with it. M A N. I cannot,

Madame, but thinke on't for th' inujustice. T A Y. Sir,

40

His kinsman here is sorry. M E R. Not I, *Madam*,

I am no kin to him, wee but call Cousins,

Mere-craft demes him

And if wee were, Sir, I haue no relation

Vnto his crimes. M A N. You are not vrged with 'hem.

iv. 1. 17 Not, F3 Not F 21 you,] you F 31 vndoes] vndoes's F
32 valors. 1641 valors F After 'valors'] Enter *Manly* G 39
cannot,] cannot F 43 wee] he G Sir, om 1641.

- 45 I can accuse, Sir, none but mine owne iudgement,
 For though it were his crime, so to betray mee :
 I'am sure, 'twas more mine owne, at all to trust him.
 But he, therein, did vse but his old manners,
 And sauour strongly what hee was before.
- 50 T A Y. Come, he will change ! M A N. Faith, I must
 neuer think it.
 Nor were it reason in mee to expect
 That for my sake, hee should put off a nature
 Hee suck'd in with his milke. It may be, *Madam*,
 Deceiuing trust, is all he has to trust to :
- 55 If so, I shall be loath, that any hope
 Of mine, should bate him of his meanes. T A Y. Yo' are
 sharp, Sir.
 This act may make him honest ! M A N. If he were
 To be made honest, by an act of *Parliament*,
 I should not alter, i' my faith of him T A Y. *Eyther-side !*
She spies Welcome, deare *Eyther-side !* how hast thou done, good
the Lady wench ?
Eyther- Thou hast beene a stranger ! I ha' not seene thee, this
side. weeke.

ACT IIIJ. SCENE II.

EITHERSIDE. {*To them.*}

E Ver your seruant, *Madame*. T A Y. Where hast'hou
 beene ?

I did so long to see thee. E I T. Visiting, and so tyr'd !
 I protest, *Madame*, 'tis a monstrous trouble !

- T A Y. And so it is. I sweare I must, to morrow,
 5 Beginne my visits (would they were ouer) at *Court*.
 It tortures me, to thinke on 'hem. E I T. I doe heare
 You ha' cause, *Madam*, your sute goes on. T A Y. Who told
 thee ?

iv 1 53 be,] be F 57 MAN] MAN F 59 After 'him' Enter Lady
Eyther-side G iv 11] G continues the scene. SCEN. III F *To them.*
To them F i 'hou] thou F3 4 must,] must F

E Y T. One, that can tell: M^r. *Eyther-side*. T A Y. O,
thy husband I
Yes, faith, there's life in't, now: It is referr'd.
If wee once see it vnder the seales, wench, then, 10
Haue with 'hem for the great *Carroch*, sixe horses,
And the two *Coach-men*, with my *Ambler*, bare,
And my three women: wee will lue, i' faith,
The examples o' the towne, and gouerne it.
I'll lead the fashion still. E I T. You doe that, now, 15
Sweet *Madame*. T A Y. O, but then, I'll euery day
Bring vp some new deuce. Thou and I, *Either-side*,
Will first be in it, I will giue it thee;
And they shall follow vs. Thou shalt, I sweare,
Weare euery moneth a new gowne, out of it. 20
E I T H. Thanke you, good *Madame*. T A Y. Pray thee
call mee *Taile-bush*,
As I thee, *Either-side*; I not loue this *Madame*.
E Y T. Then I protest to you, *Taile-bush*, I am glad
Your *Busnesse* so succeeds. T A Y. Thanke thee, good
Eyther-side
E Y T. But Master *Either-side* tells me, that he likes 25
Your other *Busnesse* better. T A Y. Which? E I T. O'
the Tooth-picks.
T A Y. I neuer heard on't. E I T. Aske M^r. *Mere-craft*.
M E R. *Madame*? H'is one, in a word, I'll trust his malice,
With any mans credit, I would haue abus'd I
M A N. Sir, if you thinke you doe please mee, in this,
You are deceu'd! M E R. No, but because my *Lady*
Nam'd him my kinsman; I would satisfie you,
What I thinke of him and pray you, vpon it
To iudge mee I M A N. So I doe: that ill mens friendship,
Is as vnfaithfull, as themselues T A Y. Doe you heare? 35
Ha' you a *Busnesse* about Tooth-picks? M E R. Yes,
Madame.

Mere-
craft hath
whisper'd
with
<him> the
whie.

iv n 9 Yes,] Yes F there's] their's 1641 21 you,] you F
Taile-bush,] Taile-bush F 22 this] this, F 26 O'] O, 1641
27 on't] of it G 27 Mere-craft] Hyphen faint or missing in F
29 St dir him F3 31 Lady] Lady, F

Did I ne'r tell 't you? I meant to haue offer'd it
Your *Lady-ship*, on the perfecting the pattent.

*The
Project
for
Tooth-
picks.*

TAY. How is't! MER. For seruing the whole state
with Tooth-picks;

(Somewhat an intricate *Businesse* to discourse) but——

I shew, how much the Subiect is abus'd,
First, in that one commodity? then what diseases,
And putrefactions in the gummies are bred,
By those are made'of adultrate, and false wood?

45 My plot, for reformation of these, followes.
To haue all Tooth-picks, brought vnto an *office*,
There seal'd; and such as counterfait 'hem, mulcted.
And last, for venting 'hem to haue a booke
Printed, to teach their vse, which euery childe

50 Shall haue throughout the kingdome, that can read,
And learne to picke his teeth by. Which beginning
Earely to practice, with some other rules,
Of neuer sleeping with the mouth open, chawing
Some graines of *masticke*, will prescrue the breath

*Traines
his man
whispers
him*

Pure, and so free from taynt—ha, what is't? sai'st thou?

TAY. Good faith, it sounds a very pretty *Bus'nesse*!

EIT. So M^r. *Either-side* saies, *Madame*. MER. The
Lady is come

TAY. Is she? Good, waite vpon her in. My *Ambler*
Was neuer so ill absent. *Either-side*,

*She looke
in her
glasse.*

How doe I looke to day? Am I not drest,
Spruntly? EIT. Yes, verily, *Madame*. TAY. Poxo' *Madame*,
Will you not leaue that? EIT. Yes, good *Taile-bush*.

TAY. So?

Sounds not that better? What vile *Fucus* is this,
Thou hast got on? EIT. 'Tis *Pearle*. TAY. *Pearle*?
Oyster-shells:

65 As I breath, *Either-side*, I know't. Here comes
(They say) a wonder, sirrah, has beene in *Spaine*!

iv u 40 an] in 1641 55 After 'taynt—' Enter Traines G ha,] ha' F
58 After 'in 'Exit Meercraft G 61 EIT] FIT F. 1641, F3 St dir.
glasse] glasse F

Will teach vs all ! shee's sent to mee, from *Court*,
 To gratulate with mee ! Pr'y thee, let's obserue her,
 What faults she has, that wee may laugh at 'hem,
 When she is gone. E I T. That we will heartily, *Tail-bush.* Wittipol
 T A Y. O, mee ! the very *Infanta* of the *Giants* ! *enters.*

ACT IIIJ. SCENE IIJ.

MERE-CRAFT. WITTIPOL. {to them.

M ER. Here is a noble *Lady, Madame*, come, Wittipol
 From your great friends, at *Court*, to see your *Ladi-* *is drest*
ship : *like a*
Spanish
Lady

And haue the honour of your acquaintance. T A Y. Sir,
 She do's vs honour. W I T. Pray you, say to her *Ladiship,* *Excuses*
 It is the manner of *Spaine*, to imbrace onely, *him selfe*
 Neuer to kisse. She will excuse the custome ! *for not*
kissing

T A Y. Your vse of it is law. Please you, sweete *Madame*,
 To take a seate. W I T. Yes, *Madame*. I haue had
 The fauour, through a world of faire report,
 To know your vertues, *Madame* ; and in that 10
 Name, haue desir'd the happinesse of presenting
 My seruice to your *Ladiship* ! T A Y. Your loue, *Madame*,
 I must not owne it else. W I T. Both are due, *Madame*,
 To your great vndertakings. T A Y. Great ? In troth, *Madame*,
 They are my friends, that thinke 'hem any thing : 15
 If I can doe my sexe (by 'hem) any seruice,
 I'haue my ends, *Madame*. W I T. And they are noble ones,
 That make a multitude bcholden, *Madame* :
 The common-wealthe of *Ladies*, must acknowledge from you.

E I T. Except some enuious, *Madame*. W I T. Yo' are
 right in that, *Madame*, 20
 Of which race, I encountred some but lately,

iv ii 67 *Court*, F3. *Court*, F, 1641 70 gone 1641 gone, F
 After 70 Re-enter Meercraft, introducing Wittipol dressed as a Spanish
 Lady G iv iii] SCENE 131 F G continues the scene 3 the
 honour] thehonour F Sir,] Sir F, 1641, F3 7 sweete 1641
 sweete, F 8 I haue] I'haue F 9 report,] report F 21 lately,]
 lately. F

Who (<i>)t seemes) haue studyed reasons to discredit
Your *businessse*. T A Y. How, sweet *Madame*? W I T. Nay,
the parties

Wi' not be worth your pause—— Most ruinous things,
Madame,

25 That haue put off all hope of being recouer'd
To a degree of handsomenesse. T A Y. But their reasons,
Madame?

I would faine heare. W I T. Some, *Madame*, I remember.
They say, that painting quite destroyes the face——

E I T. O, that's an old one, *Madame*. W I T. There are
new ones, too.

30 Corrupts the breath; hath left so little sweetnesse
In kissing, as 'tis now vs'd, but for fashion:
And shortly will be taken for a punishment.
Decayes the fore-teeth, that should guard the tongue;
And suffers that runne riot euer-lasting!

35 And (which is worse) some *Ladies* when they meete
Cannot be merry, and laugh, but they doe spit
In one anothers faces! M A N. I should know
This voyce, and face too. W I T. Then they say, 'tis
dangerous

Manly
begins to
know him

To all the false, yet well dispos'd *Mad-dames*,

40 That are industrious, and desire to earne
Their liuing with their sweate! For any distemper
Of heat, and motion, may displace the colours;
And if the paint once runne about their faces,
Twenty to one, they will appeare so ill-fauour'd,

45 Their seruants run away, too, and leaue the pleasure
Imperfect, and the reckoning als<o>' vnpay'd.

E I T. Pox, these are *Poets* reasons. T A Y. Some old
Lady

That keeps a *Poet*, has deuise'd these scandales.

E I T. Faith we must haue the *Poets* banish'd, *Madame*,

50 As Master *Eiher-side* saies. M E R. Master *Fitz-dottrel*?

And his wife : where ? *Madame*, the Duke of Drown'd-land,
That will be shortly. WIT. Is this my Lord ? MER. The
same.

ACT IIIJ. SCENE IV.

FITZ-DOTTREL. *Mistresse FITZ-DOT-
TREL. P V G. {to them.*

YOur seruant, *Madame* ! WIT. How now ? Friend ? *Wittipol
offended, whispers with*
That I haue found your haunt here ? MAN. No, but *Manly.*
wondring

At your strange-fashion'd venture, hither. WIT. It is
To shew you what they are, you so pursue.

MAN. I thinke 'twill proue a med'cine against marriage ; 5
To know their manners. WIT. Stay, and profit then.

MER. The *Lady, Madame*, whose *Prince* has brought her, *Hee pre-
sents*
here, *Mistresse*

To be instructed. WIT. Please you sit with vs, *Lady.* *Fitz-
dottrel.*

MER. That's *Lady-President*. FIT. A goodly woman !
I cannot see the ring, though. MER. Sir, she has it. 10

TAY. But, *Madame*, these are very feeble reasons !

WIT. So I vrg'd, *Madame*, that the new complexion,
Now to come forth, in name o' your *Ladiship's fucus*,
Had no *ingredient*—— TAY But I durst eate, I assure
you.

WIT. So do they, in *Spaine*. TAY. Sweet *Madam*, be
so liberall, 15

To giue vs some o' your *Spanish Fucuses* !

WIT. They are infinit, *Madame*. TAY. So I heare.

<WIT.> They haue

Water of *Gourdes*, of *Radish*, the white *Beanes*,

iv. iii 51 wife - where ? *Madame*] wife ! Wst. Where ? | Enter Mr
and Mrs Fitzdottrel, followed by Fug | Meer [to Wit] Madam G
iv iv G continues the scene 1 Wit] Wit [Takes Manly aside] G
3 strange-fashion'd] strange fashion'd F 12 vrg'd,] vrg'd F 14
Had] Has W 15 Madam,] Madam F 17 heare Wit They]
hear Wit. They G heare, they F

- Flowers of Glasse, of Thistles, Rose-marine,
 20 Raw Honey, Mustard-seed, and Bread dough-bak'd,
 The crums o' bread, Goats-milke, and whites of Egges,
 Campheere, and Lilly-roots, the fat of Swannes,
 Marrow of Veale, white Pidgeons, and pine-kernells,
 The seedes of Nettles, perseline, and hares gall,
 25 Limons, thin-skind—— E I T. How her Ladiship has
 studied

Al excellent things! W I T. But ordinary, Madame.
 No, the true rarities, are th' *Aluagada*,
 And *Argentata* of Queene *Isabella*!

T A Y. I, what are their ingredients, gentle Madame?

- 30 W I T. Your *Allum Scagliola*, or *Pol di pedra*;
 And *Zuccarino*; *Turpentine* of *Abexzo*,
 Wash'd in nine waters: *Soda di leuante*,
 Or your *Ferne* ashes; *Beniamin di gotta*;
Grasso di serpe; *Porcelletto marino*;
 35 Oyles of *Lentisco*; *Zucche Mugia*, make
 The admirable *Vernish* for the face,
 Giues the right luster; but two drops rub'd on
 With a piece of scarlet, makes a *Lady* of sixty
 Looke at sixteen. But, aboue all, the water
 40 Of the white *Hen*, of the *Lady Estifanias*!

T A Y. O, I, that same, good Madame, I haue heard of:
 How is it done? W I T. Madame, you take your *Hen*,
 Plume it, and skin it, cleanse it o' the inwards:
 Then chop it, bones and all: adde to foure ounces

- 45 Of *Carraucins*, *Pipitas*, *Sope* of *Cyprus*,
 Make the decoction, streine it. Then distill it,
 And keepe it in your galley-pot well ghdder'd:
 Three drops preserues from wrinkles, warts, spots, moles,
 Blemish, or Sun-burnings, and keeps the skin

iv iv 19 -marine.] -marine. F 24 seedes] seed 1641 perseline]
 perse'line F gall.] gall F 25 thin-skind] thine skind 1641 How]
 How, F, 1641, F3 30 Pol di pedra] pol di pedra G Pol-di-pedra
 F Pol di-pedra 1641 31 Abexzo, corr. F Abexzo F originally
 32-3 leuante. Beniamin di om 1641 34 Grasso] Grosia 1641
 Zucche] Zucchi 1641 45 Carraucins corr. F Carrnuacins F
 originally, 1641 47 well corr. F well, F originally

In decimo sexto, euer bright, and smooth, 50
As any looking-glasse ; and indeed, is call'd
The Virgins milke for the face, *Oglio reale* ;
A Ceruse, neyther cold or heat, will hurt ;
And mixt with oyle of *myrrhe*, and the red *Gilli-flower*
Call'd *Cataputia* ; and flowers of *Rouistico* ; 55
Makes the best *mula*, or dye of the whole world.

T A Y. Dear *Madame*, will you let vs be familiar?

WIT. Your *Ladships* seruant. MER. How do you like her? FIT. Admirable!

But, yet, I cannot see the ring. P v G. Sir. M E R. I must
 Deliuer it, or marre all. This foole's so zealous. *Hee is
 zealous
 about his
 ring, and
 Mere-
 craft*
 Madame—Sir, weare this ring, and pray you take know-
 ledge,

'Twas sent you by his wife. And giue her thanks.

Doe not you dwindle, Sir, beare vp. P v g. I thanke you,
Sir.

T A Y. But for the manner of *Spaine*! Sweet *Madame*,
let vs

Be bold, now we are in : Are all the *Ladies*, 65
There, i' the fashion? W I T. None but *Grandee's, Madame*,
O' the clasp'd traine, which may be worne at length, too,
Or thus, vpon my arme. T A Y. And doe they weare
Cioppino's all? W I T. If they be drest in *punto, Madame*.

ÉIT. Guilt as those are? *madame*? WIT. Of Goldsmiths work, *madame*;

And set with diamants : and their *Spanish* pumps
Of perfum'd leather. T A I. I should thinke it hard
To go in 'hem, *madame*. W I T. At the first, it is, *madame*.

T A I. Do you neuer fall in 'hem? W I T. Neuer. E I.
I sweare, I should

Six times an houre. T A I. But you haue men at hand, still, 75
To helpe you, if you fall? W I T. Onely one, *madame,*

iv. iv 58 her 7] her F, 1641, F3 60 *Aside* add G 61 After
'*Madame*' [*whispers* W1] G 62 thanks] thanks, F 63 After 'vp'
Aside to Pug G you, Sir] you, Sir, F 64 Sweet] Sweet, F, 1641
65 the om 1641 70 Eir] Lady T G 71 diamonds] Diamonds
F3 75 Tai 1716. Wrt F, 1641, F3 76 Wrt 1716 Eir F, 1641, F3

The *Guarda-duennas*, such a little old man,
As this. E I T. Alas ! hee can doe nothing ! this !

W I T. I'll tell you, *madame*, I saw i' the *Court of Spaine*
once,

80 A *Lady* fall i' the Kings sight, along.
And there shee lay, flat spread, as an *Vmbrella*,
Her hoope here crack'd ; no man durst reach a hand
To helpe her, till the *Guarda-duennas* came,
Who is the person onel(y)' allow'd to touch

85 A *Lady* there and he but by this finger.
E I T. Ha' they no seruants, *madame*, there ? nor friends ?

W I T. An *Escudero*, or so, *madame*, that wayts
Vpon 'hem in another Coach, at distance,
And when they walke, or daunce, holds by a hand-kercher,
90 Neuer presumes to touch 'hem. E I T. This's sciruy !
And a forc'd grauity ! I doe not like it.

I like our owne much better. T A Y. 'Tis more *French*,
And *Courtly* ours. E I T. And tasts more liberty.

We may haue our doozen of visiters, at once,

95 Make loue t(o)'vs. T A Y. And before our husbands. E I T.
Husband ?

As I am honest, *Tayle-bush*, I doe thinke
If no body should loue mee, but my poore husband,
I should e'(e)n hang my selfe. T A Y. Fortune forbid,
wench :

So faire a necke should haue so foule a neck-lace.

100 E I T. 'Tis true, as I am handsome ! W I T. I receiu'd,
Lady,

A token from you, which I would not bee
Rude to refuse, being your first remembrance

(F I T. O, I am satisfied now ! M E R. Do you see it, Sir ?)

W I T. But since you come to know me, neerer, *Lady*,
I'll begge the honour, you will weare it for mee,

Wittipol
gives it
Mistresse
Fitz-
dottrel.

iv iv 77 *Guarda-duennas* W. *Guardo-duennas* F, 1641 78 After
'this' *Points to Trains* G 83 *Guarda-duennas* 1716 *Guarda-*
duennas F *Guarda-duenna's* F3 87 so,] so F 95 husbands]
husbands ? F 96 *Tayle-bush*,] *Tayle-bush* F 99 -lace] -lace, F
103 After 'now !' *Aside to Meer*. G Sir ?] Sir. F 104 come] come, F

It must be so. M^r. F I T. Sure I haue heard this tongue. Mere-

M E R. What do you meane, S^r? W I T. Would you ha' me mercenary? *mur-*
mures.

We'll recompence it anon, in somewhat else.

F I T. I doe not loue to be gull'd, though in a toy. *He is*
satisfied,
now he
sees it

Wife, doe you heare? yo' are come into the Schole, wife,

Where you may learne, I do perceiue it, any thing!

How to be fine, or faire, or great, or proud,

Or what you will, indeed, wife; heere 'tis taught.

And I am glad on't, that you may not say,

Another day, when honours come vpon you,

115

You wanted meanes. I ha' done my parts: beene,

To day, at fifty pound charge, first, for a ring,

To get you entred. Then left my new *Play*,

To wait vpon you, here, to see't confirm'd.

He vp-
braids
her, with
his Bill of
costs

That I may say, both to mine owne eyes, and eares,

Senses, you are my witsnesse, she'hath inioy'd

All helps that could be had, for loue, or money——

M^r. F I T. To make a foole of her. F I T. Wife, that's
your malice,

The wickednesse o' you(r) nature to interpret

Your husbands kind(n)esse thus But I'll not leaue 125

Still to doe good, for your depraue'd affections:

Intend it. Bend this stubborne will, be great.

T A Y. Good *Madame*, whom do they vse in messages?

W I (T). They commonly vse their slaues, *Madame*.

T A I. And do's your *Ladiship*

Thinke that so good, *Madame*? W I T. No, indeed,
Madame; I, 130

Therein preferre the fashion of *England* farre,

Of your young delicate Page, or discreet Vsher.

F I T. And I goe with your *Ladiship*, in opinion,

iv iv 106 Sure] Surely 164r *Aside* add G 107 After 'S^r'
Aside to Wit G *murmures*] *murmures*, F 108 else 164r else,
F *Exeunt Meer and Trains* add G 110 After 'heare?' *Takes*
Mrs Fitz aside G into] in 164r 118 left] let 164r 120 own
om G 121 she' F3 sha' F 124 your 164r 125 kindnesse
164r leaue F3 leaue, F 129 *Ladiship* F3, *Ladiship* F, 164r
130 No 164r, no F 132 Vsher 164r, Vsher, F

Directly for your Gentleman-vs her,

135 There's not a finer *Officer* goes on ground.

WIT. If hee be made and broken to his place, once.

FIT. Nay, so I presuppose him. WIT. And they are fitter
Managers too, Sir, but I would haue 'hem call'd

Our *Escudero's*. FIT. Good. WIT. Say, I should send

140 To your *Ladiship*, who (I presume) has gather'd

All the deare secrets, to know how to make

Pastillos of the *Dutchesse* of *Braganza*,

Coquettas, *Almoiauaana's*, *Mantecada's*,

Alcoreas, *Mustaccioli*; or say it were

145 The *Peladore* of *Isabella*, or *balls*

Against the itch, or *aqua nanfa*, or *oyle*

Of *Iessamine* for gloues, of the *Marquesse Muja*;

Or for the head, and hayre: why, these are *offices*

FIT. Fit for a gentleman, not a slaue. <WIT.> They
onely

150 Might aske for your *piueti*, *Spanish-cole*,

To burne, and sweeten a roome; but the *Arcana*

Of *Ladies* Cabinets—— FIT. Should be else-where trusted.

He enters
himselfe
with the
Ladies Yo' are much about the truth. Sweet honoured *Ladies*,

Let mee fall in wi' you. I ha' my female wit,

As well as my male. And I doe know what sutes

A *Lady* of spirit, or a woman of fashion!

WIT. And you would haue your wife such. FIT. Yes,
Madame, aerie,

Light; not to plaine dishonesty, I meane:

But, somewhat o' this side. WIT. I take you, Sir.

160 H'has reason, *Ladies*. I'll not giue this rush

For any *Lady*, that cannot be honest

Within a thred. TAY. Yes, *Madame*, and yet venter

As far for th'other, in her Fame—— WIT. As can be;

Coach it to *Pimlico*; daunce the *Saraband*;

165 Heare, and talke bawdy; laugh as loud, as a larum;

IV IV 147 *Muja*] *Muja* F 148 *offices*] *offices* 1641 149
FIT F, 1641, F3, G *Eith* 1716, W WIT. G 153 *St d'r* *Ladies*
1641, *Ladie's* F I ha'] I'ha' F 160 reason,] reason F 162 venter]
venture F3

Squeake, spring, do any thing. E I T. In young company,
Madame.

T A Y. Or afore gallants. If they be braue, or Lords,
A woman is ingag'd. F I T. I say so, Ladies,
It is ciuility to deny vs nothing.

P v G. You talke of a Vniuersity! why, Hell is
A Grammar-schoole to this! E I T. But then,
Shee must not lose a looke on stufes, or cloth, Madame. *The
Diuell
admires
him.*

T A Y. Nor no course fellow. W I T. She must be guided,
Madame,
By the clothes he weares, and company he is in;
Whom to salute, how farre—— F I T. I ha' told her this. 175
And how that bawdry too, vpo' the point,
Is (in it selfe) as ciuill a discourse——

W I T. As any other affayre of flesh, what euer.
F I T. But shee will ne'r be capable, shee is not
So much as comming, Madame; I know not how, 180
She loses all her opportunities
With hoping to be forc'd. I'haue entertain'd
A gentleman, a younger brother, here, *He shews
his Pug*
Whom I would faine breed vp, her Escudero,
Against some expectations that I haue, 185
And she'll not countenance him. W I T. What's his name?

F I T. Diuel, o' Darbi-shire. E I T. Blesse vs from him!
T A Y. Diuell?

Call him De-uile, sweet Madame. M^r. F I. What you
please, Ladies.

T A Y. De-uile's a prettier name! E I T. And sounds, me
thinks,
As it came in with the Conquerour—— M A N. Ouer smocks! 190
What things they are! That nature should be at leasure
Euer to make 'hem! my woing is at an end.

W I T. What can he do? E I T. Let's heare him. T A Y. *Manly
goes out
with in-
dignation.*
Can he manage?

IV 14 171 After 'this!' *Aside* G St dir. admires him 1641,
admire him F 173 Madame.] Madame F 180 how.] how F
184 Escudero] Escudero 1641 185 expectations] expectation's F
189 De-uile's] De-uile's F 191 are] are? F

- FIT. Please you to try him, *Ladies*. Stand forth, *Diuell*.
 195 P v G. Was all this but the preface to my torment?
 FIT. Come, let their *Ladiships* see your honours.
 E I T. O,
 Hee makes a wicked leg. T A Y. As euer I saw!
 W I T. Fit for a *Diuell*. T A Y. Good *Madame*, call him
De-uile.
 They be- W I T. *De-uile*, what property is there most required
 gin thew I' your conceit, now, in the *Escudero*?
 Cate- F I T. Why doe you not speake? P v G. A setled discreet
 chisme. pase, *Madame*.
 W I T. I thinke, a barren head, Sir, Mountaine-like,
 To be expos'd to the cruelty of weathers—
 F I T. I, for his Valley is beneath the waste, *Madame*,
 205 And to be fruitfull there, it is sufficient.
 Dulnesse vpon you! Could not you hit this?
 He strikes P v G. Good Sir— W I T. He then had had no barren
 him. head.
 You daw him too much, in troth, Sir. F I T. I must walke
 With the *French* sticke, like an old vierger, for you.
 The P v G. O, *Chiefe*, call mee to *Hell* againe, and free mee.
 Diuell F I T. Do you murmur now? P v G. Not I, S^r. W I T.
 prayes. What do you take,
 M^r. *Deuile*, the height of your employment,
 In the true perfect *Escudero*? F I T. When?
 What doe you answer? P v G. To be able, *Madame*,
 215 First to enquire, then report the working,
 Of any *Ladies* physicke, in sweete phrase.
 W I T. Yes, that's an act of elegance, and importance.
 But what about? F I T. O, that I had a goad for him.
 P v G. To find out a good *Corne-cutter*. T A Y. Out on
 him!
 220 E I T. Most barbarous! F I T. Why did you doe this,
 now?

rv iv. 195 *Aside* add G 201 pase] pause 164r 209 vierger,
 164r, vierger F you 164r, you, F 210 *Aside* add G 211
 take,] take F 216 phrase] phrase, F

Of purpose to discredit me? you damn'd *Diuell*.

P v G. Sure, if I be not yet, I shall be. All
My daies in *Hell*, were holy-daies to this!

T A Y. 'Tis labour lost, *Madame*? E I T. H'is a dull
fellow

Of no capacity! T A I. Of no discourse! 225

O, if my *Ambler* had beene here! E I T. I, *Madame*;
You talke of a man, where is there such another?

W I T. M^r. *Deule*, put case, one of my *Ladies*, heere,
Had a fine brach: and would imploy you forth
To treate 'bout a conuenient match for her. 230

What would you obserue? P v G. The color, and the size,
Madame.

W I T. And nothing else? F I T. The Moon, you calfe,
the Moone!

W I T. I, and the Signe. T A I. Yes, and receipts for prone-
nesse.

W I T. Then when the *Puppies* came, what would you
doe?

P v G. Get their natiuities cast! W I T. This's wel.
What more? 235

P v G. Consult the *Almanack-man* which would be least?
Which cleanelest? W I T. And which silentest? This's
wel, *madame*!

[W I T.] And while she were with puppy? P v G. Walke
her out,

And ayre her euery morning! W I T. Very good!
And be industrious to kill her fleas? 240

P v G. Yes! W I T. He will make a pretty proficient.

P v G. Who,
Comming from *Hell*, could looke for such Catechising?
The *Diuell* is an *Ass*. I doe acknowledge it.

F I T. The top of woman! All her sexe in abstract!
I loue her, to each syllable, falls from her.

Fitz-
dottrel
admsres
Wittipol.

iv iv 223 *Aside* add G 238 WIT F, 1641, om F3 (*A speech*
headed 'Fit' may be lost) 243 *Aside* add G 244 St dir admsres]
admsres 1641 245 *Aside*, and looking at Wittipol. add G

T A I. Good *madame*, giue me leaue to goe aside with him !
And try him a little ! W I T. Do, and I'll with-draw,
Madame,

With this faire *Lady*: read to her, the while.

*The Diuell
praises
again*

T A I. Come, S^r. P v G. Deare *Chiefe*, relieue me, or I
perish.

250 W I T. *Lady*, we'll follow. You are not iealous, Sir ?

F I T. O, *madame* ! you shall see. Stay wife, behold,

I giue her vp heere, absolutely, to you,

*He giues
his wife to
him,
taking
him to be
a Lady.*

She is your owne. Do with her what you will !

Melt, cast, and forme her as you shall thinke good !

Set any stamp on ! I'll receiue her from you

As a new thing, by your owne standard ! W I T. Well, Sir !

ACT IIIJ. SCENE V.

MERE-CRAFT. FITZ-DOTTREL. PIT-FAL.

EVER-ILL. PLVTARCHVS.

B Vt what ha' you done i' your *Dependance*, since ?

F I T. O, it goes on, I met your Cousin, the *Master*——

M E R. You did not acquaint him, S^r ? F I T. Faith, but
I did, S^r.

And vpon better thought, not without reason !

5 He being chiefe *Officer*, might ha' tane it ill, else,

As a *Contempt* against his Place, and that

In time Sir, ha' drawne on another *Dependance*.

No, I did finde him in good termes, and ready

To doe me any seruice. M E R. So he said, to you ?

10 But S^r, you do not know him. F I T. Why, I presum'd,

Because this *bus'nesse* of my wiues, requir'd mee,

I could not ha' done better : And hee told

Me, that he would goe presently to your *Councell*,

iv iv 246 *madame*] *madame* F 249 *Aside* add G 250
iealous,] iealous F 256 *Exit* add G After 256 *Exeunt* *Whittpol*
with Mrs *Fitz* and *Tailbush* and *Eitherside* with *Pug* G iv v]
Act iv. Scene iii 164r SCENE II | Another Room in the same | Enter
Meercraft and *Fitzdottrel* G 9 seruice] seruice F 10 presum'd,]
presum'd F

A Knight, here, i' the Lane—— M E R. Yes, *Iustice Eitherside*.

F I T. And get the *Feoffment* drawne, with a letter of
Attorney,
 For *liuerie* and *seisen* ! M E R. That I knowe's the course.
 But Sir, you meane not to make him *Feoffee* ?

F I T. Nay, that I'll pause on ! M E R. How now, little
Pit-fall ?

F I T. Your Cousin Master *Euer-ill*, would come in——
 But he would know if Master *Manly* were heere.

M E R. No, tell him, if he were, I ha' made his peace !
 Hee's one, Sir, has no State, and a man knowes not,
 How such a trust may tempt him. F I T. I conceiue you.

E V E. S^r. this same deed is done here. M E R. Pretty
Plutarchus !

Art thou come with it ? and has Sir *Paul* view'd it ?

P L V. His hand is to the draught. M E R. Will you step
 in, S^r.

And read it ? F I T. Yes. E V E. I pray you a word wi' you.
 Sir *Paul Eitherside* will'd mee gi' you caution,
 Whom you did make *Feoffee* : for 'tis the trust
 O' your whole State : and though my Cousin heere

Be a worthy Gentleman, yet his valour has
 At the tall board bin question'd ; and we hold
 Any man so impeach'd, of doubtfull honesty !

I will not iustifie this ; but giue it you
 To make your profit of it if you vtter it,
 I can forswear it ! F I T. I beleeeue you, and thanke you,
 Sir.

iv v 15 Fit] Fit. F 17 meane not] meanenot F 18 After
 'on' Enter Pitfall G now,] now F Pit-fall? 1641 Pit-fall F
 21 Exit Pitfall add G After 23 Enter Everill and Plutarchus G
 24 Plutarchus] Plutarchus ? F 25, 28 Paul] Poul F3 28 gi']
 giue 1641 36 Execunt add G

ACT IIIJ. SCENE VI.

WITTIPOL. Mistresse FITZ-DOTTREL.

MANLY. MERE-CRAFT.

BE not afraid, sweet *Lady* : yo' are trusted
 To loue, not violence here ; I am no rauisher,
 But one, whom you, by your faire trust againe,
 May of a seruant make a most true friend.

- 5 M^{rs}. F^r. And such a one I need, but not this way :
 Sir, I confesse me to you, the meere manner
 Of your attempting mee, this morning tooke mee,
 And I did hold m(y)'inuentiō, and my manners,
 Were both engag'd, to gūe it a requitall ;
 10 But not vnto your ends : my hope was then,
 (Though interrupted, ere it could be vtter'd)
 That whom I found the Master of such language,
 That braine and spirit, for such an enterprise,
 Could not, but if those succours were demanded
 15 To a right vse, employ them vertuously !
 And make that profit of his noble parts,
 Which they would yeeld. S^r, you haue now the ground,
 To exercise them in . I am a woman,
 That cannot speake more wretchednesse of my selfe,
 20 Then you can read , match'd to a masse of folly ;
 That euery day makes haste to his owne ruine ;
 The wealthy portion, that I brought him, spent ;
 And (through my friends neglect) no ioynture made me.
 My fortunes standing in this precipice,
 25 'Tis *Counsell* that I want, and honest aides :
 And in this name, I need you, for a friend !
 Neuer in any other ; for his ill,
 Must not make me, S^r, worse. M A N. O friend ! forsake not
 The braue occasion, vertue offers you,
 To keepe you innocent . I haue fear'd for both ;

Manly,
 conceal'd
 this while,
 shews
 himselfe.

IV VI | SCENE III | *Another Room in the same* | Enter Wittipol, and
 M^{rs} Fitzdottrel. G After 4 Manly enters behind. G 18
 woman, 1641 : woman ; F

And watch'd you, to preuent the ill I fear'd.
But, since the weaker side hath so assur'd mee,
Let not the stronger fall by his owne vice,
Or be the lesse a friend, 'cause vertue needs him.

WIT. Vertue shall neuer aske my succours twice ; 35
Most friend, most man ; your *Counsell*s are commands :

Lady, I can loue *goodnes* in you, more
Then I did *Beauty* ; and doe here intitle
Your vertue, to the power, vpon a life

You shall engage in any fruitfull seruice, 40
Euen to forfeit. MER. *Madame* : Do you heare, Sir,
We haue another leg strain'd, for this *Dottrel*.

He ha's a quarrell to carry, and ha's caus'd
A deed of *Feoffment*, of his whole estate,
To be drawne yonder ; h'has't within . And you,
Onely, he meanes to make *Feoffee*. H'is falne

So desperatly enamour'd on you, and talkes
Most like a mad-man . you did neuer heare
A *Phrentick*, so in loue with his owne fauour !

Now, you doe know, 'tis of no validity 50

In your name, as you stand ; Therefore aduise him
To put in me. (h'is come here :) You shall share Sir.

40
Mere-
craft
takes
Wittipol
aside, and
moves a
project for
himselfe

ACT IV. SCENE VIJ.

WITTIPOL. *Mistresse FITZ-DOTTREL*.

MANLY. MERE-CRAFT. FITZ-DOT-
TRELL. EVERILL. PLVTARCHVS.

FIT. *Madame*, I haue a suit to you ; and afore-hand,
I doe bespeake you ; you must not deny me,
I will be graunted. WIT. Sir, I must know it, though.

FIT. No *Lady* ; you must not know it: yet, you must too.

iv. vi 34 'cause] cause F 40 fruitfull] faithfull 1641 41
After 'forfeit' Enter Meercraft G St dir takes] takes 1641 moves]
meues 1641 42 leg strain'd F3 leg-strain'd F 43 He ha's]
He'ha's F 44 estate.] estate F 45 h'has't] h'ha'st F . ha'st 1641
52 After 'me' Enter Fitzdottrel, Everill, and Plutarchus G iv vii.
G continues the scene

- 5 For the trust of it, and the fame indeed,
Which else were lost me. I would vse your name,
But in a *Feoffment* : make my whole estate
Ouer vnto you : a trifle, a thing of nothing,
Some eighteene hundred. W I T. Alas ! I vnderstand not
10 Those things Sir. I am a woman, and most loath,
To embarque my selfe—— F I T. You will not slight me,
Madame ?
W I T. Nor you'll not quarrell me ? F I T. No, sweet
Madame, I haue
Already a *dependance* ; for which cause
I doe this : let me put you in, deare *Madame*,
15 I may be fairely kill'd. W I T. You haue your friends, Sir,
Hee hopes
to be the
man. About you here, for choice. E V E. She tells you right, Sir.
F I T. Death, if she doe, what do I care for that ?
Say, I would haue her tell me wrong. W I T. Why, Sir,
If for the trust, you'll let me haue the honor
20 To name you one. F I T. Nay, you do me the honor,
Madame :
Who is't ? W I T. This Gentleman. F I T. O, no, sweet
She
designes
Manly. *Madame*,
H'is friend to him, with whom I ha' the *dependance*.
W I T. Who might he bee ? F I T. One *Wittipol* : do you
know him ?
W I T. Alas, Sir, he, a toy : This Gentleman
25 A friend to him ? no more then I am, Sir !
F I T. But will your *Ladyship* vndertake that, *Madame* ?
W I T. Yes, and what else, for him, you will engage me.
F I T. What is his name ? W I T. His name is *Eustace*
Manly.
F I T. Whence do's he write himselfe ? W I T. Of *Middle-*
sex,
30 *Esquire*. F I T. Say nothing, *Madame*. *Clerke*, come
hether,

iv vi 20 the om 1641 21 Gentleman. 1641, F3: Gentleman F
23 Who] O, 1641 25 am,] am F 29 Of] of F 30 hether,]
hether F, hither F3 To *Plutarchus* add G

Write *Eustace Manly*, Squire o' *Middle-sex*.

M E R. What ha' you done, Sir? W I T. Nam'd a gentleman,

That I'll be answerable for, to you, Sir.

Had I nam'd you, it might ha' beene suspected :

This way, 'tis safe. F I T. Come Gentlemen, your hands, 35

For witness. M A N. What is this? E V E. You ha' made Euenl
Election applaundes
it.

Of a most worthy *Gentleman*! M A N. Would one

Of worth had spoke it : whence it comes, it is

Rather a shame <vn>to me, then a praise.

E V E. Sir, I will giue you any Satisfaction. 40

M A N. Be silent then : "falshood commends not truth.

P L V. You do deluer this, Sir, as your deed.

To th'vse of Mr. *Manly*? F I T. Yes : and Sir——

When did you see yong *Wittipol*? I am ready,

For processe now; Sir, this is *Publication*. 45

He shall heare from me, he would needes be courting

My wife, Sir. M A N. Yes. So witnesseth his Cloake there.

F I T. Nay good Sir,—*Madame*, you did vndertake—— Fitz-
dottrel is
sus-
picious of
Manly
still

W I T. What? F I T. That he was not *Wittipols* friend.

W I T. I heare

S^r. no confession of it. F I T. O she know's not ;

Now I remember, *Madame*! This young *Wittipol*,

Would ha' debauch'd my wife, and made me *Cuckold*,

Th<o>rough a casement; he did fly her home

To mine owne window. but I thinke I sou<s>'t him,
And rauish'd her away, out of his pownces. 55

I ha' sworne to ha' him by the eares. I feare

The toy, w^r' not do me right. W I T. No? that were pitty!

What right doe you aske, Sir? Here he is will do't you! Wittipol
discouers
himselfe.

F I T. Ha? *Wittipol*? W I T. I, Sir, no more *Lady* now,
Nor *Spaniard*! M A N. No indeed, 'tis *Wittipol*. 60

iv. vii 32 After 'Sir?' *Aside to Wit G* 37-8 Would one |
Of worth had] Would one of worth | Had F 38 whence] but now
whence W, G (*following F in l 37*) 39 vnto W 43 To Manly
add G 52 and] and F 53 Thorough] Thorow F 54 sous't]
sous'd G, fou't F 3, fought r7r6 58 you] you? F 59 I,] I F

F I T. Am I the thing I fear'd? W I T. A *Cuckold*? No Sir,

But you were late in possibility,

I'll tell you so much. M A N. But your wife's too vertuous!

W I T. Wee'll see her, Sir, at home, and leaue you here,

65 To be made *Duke o' Shore-ditch* with a proiect.

F I T. Theeues, rauishers. W I T. Crie but another note, Sir,

*He would
haue his
deed
again* I'll marre the tune, o' your pipe! F I T. Gi' me my deed, then.

W I T. Neither: that shall be kept for your wiues good, Who will know, better how to vse it. F I T. Ha!

70 To feast you with my land? W I T. Sir, be you quiet, Or I shall gag you, ere I goe; consult

Your Master of dependances, how to make this

*Witipol
baffles
him, and
goes out* A second busnesse, you haue time Sir. F I T. Oh!

What will the ghost of my wise Grandfather,

My learned *Father*, with my worshipfull *Mother*,

Thinke of me now, that left me in this world

In state to be their *Heire*? that am become

A *Cuckold*, and an *Ass*, and my wiues Ward;

Likely to loose my land; ha' my throat cut:

80 All, by her practice! M E R. Sir, we are all abus'd!

F I T. And be so still! Who hinders you, I pray you, Let me alone, I would enioy my selfe,

And be the *Duke o' Drown'd-Land*, you ha' made me.

M E R. Sir, we must play an *after-game* o' this.

85 F I T. But I am not in case to be a *Gam-ster*:

I tell you once againe—— M E R. You must be rul'd

And take some counsell. F I T. Sir, I do hate counsell,

As I do hate my wife, my wicked wife!

M E R. But we may thinke how to recouer all:

90 If you will act. F I T. I will not think; nor act;

Nor yet recouer; do not talke to me!

iv vii 64 her,] her F 69 Ha! F3 Ha' F, 164r 71 goe,] goe, F 72 dependances,] dependances, F St dir baffles 1641; baffles F Baffles him, and exit with Manly. G out. 1641, out F 84 this F3 this F 91 mel] me? F

I'll runne out o' my witts, rather then heare ;
I will be what I am, *Fabian Fitz-Dottrel*,
Though all the world say nay to't. M E R. Let's follow him.

ACT V. SCENE I.

AMBLER. PITFALL. MERE-CRAFT.

B Vt ha's my Lady mist me? P I T. Beyond telling !
Here ha's been that infinity of strangers !
And then she would ha' had you, to ha' sampled you
With one within, that they are now a teaching ;
And do's pretend to your ranck. A M B. Good fellow *Pit-* 5
fall,

Tel M^r. *Mere-craft*, I intreat a word with him.

*Pitfall
goes out.*

This most vnlucky accident will goe neare

To be the losse o' my place ; I am in doubt !

M E R. With me? what say you M^r *Ambler*? A M B. Sir,
I would beseech your worship stand betweene 10
Me, and my *Ladies* displeasure, for my absence.

M E R. O, is that all? I warrant you. A M B. I would
tell you, Sir,

But how it happened M E R. Briefe, good Master *Ambler*,

Put your selfe to your rack : for I haue tasque

Of more importance A M B. Sir, you'll laugh at me !

But (so is *Truth*) a very friend of mine,

Finding by conference with me, that I liu'd

Too chast for my complexion (and indeed

Too honest for my place, Sir) did aduise me

If I did loue my selfe (as that I do,

*Mere-
craft
seemes
full of
busnesse.*

I must confesse) M E R. Spare your *Parenthesis*. 20

A M B. To gi' my body a little euacuation——

iv vii 94 After 'to't' Exit G Exeunt add G v 1] Act v
SCENE I | A Room in Tailbush's House. | Enter Ambler and Pitfall G
4 With corr F, With, F originally, 1641 After 8 Enter Meercraft G
9 With corr F With F originally 12 that] this 1641 you, Sir,
you Sir F 14 tasque] a tasque 1641 15 Sir.] Sir F 16
a very] avery F

M E R. Well, and you went to a whore? A M B. No, S^r.
I durst not

(For feare it might arriue at some body's eare,
It should not) trust my selfe to a common house ;
But got the Gentlewoman to goe with me,
And carry her bedding to a *Conduit-head*,
Hard by the place toward *Tyborne*, which they call
My L. Majors *Banqueting-house*. Now Sir, this morning
30 Was *Execution* ; and I ne're dream't on't,
Till I heard the noise o' the people, and the horses ;
And neither I, nor the poore Gentlewoman
Durst stirre, till all was done and past : so that

He flags I' the *Interim*, we fell a sleepe againe.

35 M E R. Nay, if you fall from your gallop, I am gone S^r.

A M B. But, when I wak'd, to put on my cloathes, a sute,
I made new for the action, it was gone,
And all my money, with my purse, my seales,
My hard-wax, and my table-bookes, my studies,
40 And a fine new deuise, I had to carry
My pen, and inke, my ciuet, and my tooth-picks,
All vnder one. But, that which greiu'd me, was
The Gentlewoman's shoes (with a paire of roses,
And garters, I had guen her for the businesse)

45 So as that made vs stay, till it was darke,
For I was faine to lend her mine, and walke
In a rug, by her, barefoote, to Saint *Giles's*.

M E R. A kind of Irish penance ! Is this all, Sir ?

A M B. To satisfie my *Lady*. M E R. I will promise you,
S^r.

50 A M B. I ha' told the true *Disaster*. M E R. I cannot stay
wⁱ' you

Sir, to condole ; but gratulate your returne.

A M B. An honest gentleman, but he's neuer at leisure
To be himselfe : He ha's such tides of businesse.

v 1 29 this F3 This F, 164r 30 ne're] ner'e F 34 St. dir.
flags] flags F. stags 164r 35 fall F3 fall, F 38 my seales]
and seales 164r 47 Giles's] Giles'es F 51 Exit. add G

ACT V. SCENE II.

P v G. AMBLER.

O, Call me home againe, deare *Chiefe*, and put me
 To yoaking foxes, milking of Hee-goates,
 Pounding of water in a mortar, lauing
 The sea dry with a nut-shell, gathering all
 The leaues are falne this *Autumne*, drawing farts 5
 Out of dead bodies, making ropes of sand,
 Catching the windes together in a net,
 Mustring of ants, and numbring atomes ; all
 That hell, and you thought exquisite torments, rather
 Then stay me here, a thought more : I would sooner 10
 Keepe fleas within a circle, and be accomptant
 A thousand yeere, which of 'hem and how far
 Out-leap'd the other, then endure a minute
 Such as I haue within. There is no hell
 To a *Lady* of fashion. All your tortures there 15
 Are pastimes to it. 'T would be a refreshing
 For me, to be i' the fire againe, from hence.
 A M B. This is my suite, and those the shoes and roses !
 P v G. Th' haue such impertinent vexations,
 A generall Councell o' *duels* could not hit— 20
 Ha ! This is hee, I tooke a sleepe with his *Wench*,
 And borrow'd his cloathes What might I doe to balke him ?
 A M B. Do you heare, S^r ? P v G. Answer him, but not to
 th'purpose.
 A M B. What is your name, I pray you Sir ? P v G. Is't *He*
 so late Sir ? *answers*
 A M B. I aske not o' the time, but of your name, Sir, *quite from*
 P v G. I thanke you, Sir. Yes, it dos hold Sir, certaine. *the pur-*
pose

v u] SCENE II | Another Room in the Same | Enter Pug G 13 Out-
 leap'd] Out leap'd F 17 St dir him 1641 him F 18 *Aside*
 add G 21 a sleepe] asleep F3 *Stage direction omitted in 1641* 22
Aside add G 23 Answer] Answ F him,] him F, om. 1641
 purpose 1641; purpose F *Aside* add G 24 you Sir ? F3 you
 Sir. F, 1641 26 Yes,] Yes F

- A M B. Hold, Sir? What holds? I must both hold, and
talke to you
About these clothes. P v G. A very pretty lace!
But the *Taylor* cossend me. A M B. No, I am cossend
30 By you! robb'd! P v G. Why, when you please Sir, I am
For three peny *Gleeke*, your man. A M B. Fox o' your
gleeke,
And three pence. Giue me an answer. P v G. Sir,
My master is the best at it. A M B. Your master!
Who is your Master? P v G. Let it be friday night.
35 A M B. What should be then? P v G. Your best song's
Thom. o' Bet'lem.
A M B. I thinke, you are he. Do's he mocke me trow,
from purpose?
Or do not I speake to him, what I meane?
Good Sir, your name P v G. Only a couple o' *Cocks* Sir,
If we can get a *Widgin*, 'tis in season.
A M B. He hopes to make on o' these *Scripticks* o' me
For Scepticks (I thinke I name 'hem right) and do's not fly me.
I wonder at that! 'tis a strange confidence!
I'll prooue another way, to draw his answer.

ACT V. SCENE III.

MERE-CRAFT. FITZ-DOTTREL.

EVERILL. P v G.

- IT is the easiest thing Sir, to be done.
As plaine, as fizzling: roule but wi' your eyes,
And foame at th' mouth. A little castle-soape
Will do't, to rub your lips: And then a nutshell,
5 With toe, and touch-wood in it to spit fire.

v u 30 robb'd l] robb'd F 31 man 1641, man F 34
Master? F3: Master F, 1641 35 song's] songs F Thom] Tom
1641 Bet'lem F3 Bet'lem F, 1641 38 Sir, F3 Sir F, 1641 o' F3
a' F, 1641 40 on] one 1641, F3 43 Exeunt severally add G
v iii] SCENE III | A Room in Fitzdottrel's House | Enter Meercraft,
Fitzdottrel, and Everill G 2 roule] Roll F3 5 toe] Tow F3
fire] fire, F 1641

Did you ne're read, Sir, little *Darrels* tricks,
With the boy o' *Burton*, and the 7. in *Lancashire*,
Sommers at *Nottingham*? All these do teach it.

And wee'll giue out, Sir, that your wife ha's bewitched you : *They*
E V E. And practised with those two, as *Sorcerers*. *repaire*
their old

M E R. And ga' you potions, by which meanes you were *plot*
Not *Compos mentis*, when you made your *feoffment*.

There's no recouery o' your state, but this :

This, Sir, will sting. E V E. And moue in a Court of equity.

M E R. For, it is more then manifest, that this was 15
A plot o' your wiues, to get your land. F I T. I thinke it.

E V E. Sir, it appeares. M E R. Nay, and my cossen has
knowne

These gallants in these shapes. E V E. T(o)'haue don
strange things, Sir,

One as the *Lady*, the other as the *Squire*.

M E R. How a mans honesty may be fool'd ! I thought
him 20

A very *Lady*. F I T. So did I : renounce me else.

M E R. But this way, Sir, you'll be reueng'd at height.

E V E. Vpon 'hem all. M E R. Yes faith, and since your
Wife

Has runne the way of woman thus, e'en giue her——

F I T. Lost by this hand, to me ; dead to all ioyes 25

Of her deare *Dottrell*, I shall neuer pittie her :

That could <not> pittie her selfe. M E R. Princely resolu'd
Sir,

And like your selfe still, in *Potentiâ*.

v. in 6 ne're] ne're F, 1641 9 you.] you F3 st dir plot 1641
plot F 13 state] estate 1641 17 Sir.] Sir F 20 How F3
How, F, 1641 27 could not W : could, F, 1641 · could F3

ACT V. SCENE IV.

MERE-CRAFT, &C. *to them.* GVILT-HEAD.
SLEDGE. PLVTARCHVS. SERIEANTS.

Fitz-
dottrel
askes for
his
money.

G *Vilt-head*, what newes? FIT. O Sir, my hundred
peices:

Let me ha' them yet. GVI. Yes Sir, officers

Arrest him. FIT. Me? SER. I arrest you. SLE.
Keepe the peace,

I charge you gentlemen. FIT. Arrest me? Why?

5 GVI. For better security, Sir. My sonne *Plutarchus*
Assures me, y'are not worth a groat. PLV. Pardon me,
Father,

I said his worship had no foote of Land left:

And that I'll iustifie, for I writ the deed.

FIT. Ha' you these tricks i' the cittie? GVI. Yes, and
more.

Meaning
Mere-
craft.

Arrest this gallant too, here, at my suite.

SLE. I, and at mine. He owes me for his lodging
Two yeere and a quarter. MER. Why M. *Guilt-head*,
Land-Lord,

Thou art not mad, though th(ou)'art *Constable*,

Puft vp with th' pride of the place? Do you heare, Sirs?

15 Haue I deseru'd this from you two? for all

My paines at *Court*, to get you each a patent

The
Project
of forks.

GVI. For what? MER. Vpo' my proiect o' the *forkes*.

SLE. *Forkes*? what be they? MER. The laudable vse
of forks,

Brought into custome here, as they are in *Italy*,

20 To th' sparing o' *Napkins* That, that should haue made
Your bellowes goe at the forge, as his at the fornace.

I ha' procur'd it, ha' the Signet for it,

v 14] Enter *Guilt-head*, *Plutarchus*, *Sledge*, and *Sergeants* G, continuing
the scene 1 *Guilt-head*,] *Guilt-head* F newes?] newes? F 3 SER]
1 *Serj* G 6 *Father*] *Father* F 10 *St dir* Mere-craft F3 Mere-craft
F 13 *Constable*,] *Constable* F 14 *Sirs*] *Sirs*. F, 1641, F3 16
patent 1641 patent F 17 *forkes* 1641 *forkes*, F 18 *St dir*.
forks 1641: *forks* F 21 *fornace*] *furnace* 1641

Dealt with the *Linnen-drapers*, on my priuate,
 By cause, I fear'd, they were the likeliest euer
 To stirre against, to crosse it : for 'twill be 25
 A mighty sauer of *Linnen* through the kingdome
 (As that is one o' my grounds, and to spare washing)
 Now, on you two, had I layd all the profits.
Guilt-head to haue the making of all those
 Of gold and siluer, for the better personages ; 30
 And you, of those of *Steele* for the common sort.
 And both by *Patient*. I had brought you your seales in.
 But now you haue preuented me, and I thanke you. Sledge is
 S L E. Sir, I will bayle you, at mine owne ap-perill. brought
 M E R. Nay choose. P L V. Do you so too, good Father. about
 G V I. I like the fashion o' the proiect, well, And
 The forkes ! It may be a lucky one ! and is not *Guilt-head*
 Intricate, as one would say, but fit for comes
 Plaine heads, as ours, to deale in. Do you heare,
Officers, we discharge you. M E R. Why this shewes 40
 A little good nature in you, I confesse,
 But do not tempt your friends thus. Little *Guilt-head*,
 Aduise your sire, great *Guilt-head*, from these courses :
 And, here, to trouble a great man in reuersion,
 For a matter o' fifty on a false *Alarme*, 45
 Away, it shewes not well. Let him get the pieces
 And bring 'hem. Yo'll heare more else. P L V. *Father*.

ACT V. SCENE V.

AMBLER. <P V G.> {To them.

O Master *Sledge*, are you here ? I ha' been to seeke you.
 You are the *Constable*, they say. Here's one
 That I do charge with *Felony*, for the suite

v 1v. 23-4 priuate, By cause] private Bie, 'cause F3, 1716 27 to]
 so 1641 32 Patient F3 Patient, F, 1641 36 fashion] fashin
 1641 37-8 is not | Intricate] is | Not intricate G 39 heare,]
 heare F 40 After 'you' Exeunt Serjeants G 43 *Guilt-head*,]
Guilt-head F Exeunt Gilt and Plut add G v. v] Enter
Ambler, dragging in Pug. G, continuing the scene

He weares, Sir. M E R. Who? M. *Fitz-Dottrels* man?

- 5 Ware what you do, M. *Ambler*. A M B. Sir, these clothes,
I'll sweare, are mine : and the shooes the gentlewomans
I told you of : and ha' him afore a *Iustice*,
I will. P v G. My master, Sir, will passe his word for me.

Fitz-
dottrel
disclaimes
him.

A M B. O, can you speake to purpose now? F I T. Not I,
If you be such a one Sir, I will leaue you
To your *God-fathers* in Law. Let twelue men worke.

P v G. Do you heare Sir, pray, in priuate. F I T. Well,
what say you?

Briefe, for I haue no time to loose. P v G. Truth is, Sir,
I am the very *Diuell*, and had leaue

- 15 To take this body, I am in, to serue you :
Which was a *Cutpurses*, and hang'd this Morning.
And it is likewise true, I stole this suite
To cloth me with. But Sir, let me not goe
To prison for it. I haue hitherto
20 Lost time, done nothing ; showne, indeed, no part
O' my *Diuels* nature. Now, I will so helpe
Your malice, 'gainst these parties : so aduance
The businesse, that you haue in hand of *witchcraft*,
And your *possession*, as my selfe were in you.
25 Teach you such tricks, to make your belly swell,
And your eyes turne, to foame, to stare, to gnash
Your teeth together, and to beate your selfe,
Laugh loud, and faine six voices—— F I T. Out you
Rogue !

You most infernall counterfeit wretch ! Auaunt !

- 30 Do you thinke to gull me with your *Æsops Fables* ?

Here take him to you, I ha' no part in him. P v G. Sir.

And
sends him
away.

F I T. Away, I do disclaime, I will not heare you.

M E R. What said he to you, Sir? F I T. Like a lying
raskall

Told me he was the *Diuel*. M E R. How ! a good iest !

v v 5 clothes,] clothes F 6 gentlewomans] gentlewomans F
11 *God-fathers*] the hyphen faint or lost in F 12 After 'priuate.'
Takes him aside G Well] well F 18 Sir,] Sir F 32 *Exit*
Sledge with Pug. add G

F I T. And that he would teach me, such fine *diuels* tricks 35
For our new resolution. E V E. O, pox on him,
'Twas excellent wisely done, Sir, not to trust him.

M E R. Why, if he were the *Diuel*, we sha' not need him, Mere-
If you'll be rul'd. Goe throw your selfe on a bed, Sir, craft
And faine you ill. Wee'll not be seene wi' you, gives the
Till after, that you haue a fit: and all instructions to
Confirm'd within. Keepe you with the two *Ladies*, him and
And perswade them. I'll to *Iustice Either-side*, the rest.

And possesse him with all. *Traines* shall seeke out *Ingine*,
And they two fill the towne with't, euery cable 45
Is to be veer'd. We must employ out all

Our *emissaries* now; Sir, I will send you
Bladders and *Bellows*. Sir, be confident,

'Tis no hard thing t(o)'out doe the *Deuill* in:
A Boy o' thirteene yeere old made him an *Asse* 50

But t'other day. F I T. Well, I'll beginne to practice;
And scape the imputation of being *Cuckold*,

By mine owne act. M E R. Yo' are right. E V E. Come,
you ha' put

Your selfe to a simple coyle here, and your freinds,
By dealing with new *Agents*, in new plots. 55

M E R. No more o' that, sweet cousin. E V E. What had
you

To doe with this same *Wittipol*, for a *Lady*?

M E R. Question not that: 'tis done. E V E. You had
some straine

'Boue E-la? M E R. I had indeed. E V E. And, now, you
crack for't.

M E R. Do not vpbraid me. E V E. Come, you must be
told on't; 60

You are so couetous, still, to embrace

More then you can, that you loose all. M E R. 'Tis right.

What would you more, then Guilty? Now, your succours.

v v. 36 O.] O' F, 1641, F3 42 Ladies,] Ladies F [to Everill
add G 45 two] to 1641 46 Is] It is 1641 51 t'other]
t'toher F, 1641. t't other F3 53 Yo' 1641 yo' F After 'right.'
Exit Fitz. G

ACT V. SCENE VI.

SHAKLES. P V G. INIQUITY. DIVEL.

Pug 15
brought to
New-
gate.

Here you are lodg'd, Sir, you must send your garnish,
If you'll be priuat. P v g. There it is, Sir, leaue me.
To *New-gate*, brought? How is the name of *Devill*
Discredited in me! What a lost fiend

5 Shall I be, on returne? My *Cheife* will roare
In triumph, now, that I haue beene on earth,
A day, and done no noted thing, but brought
That body back here, was hang'd out this morning.
Well! would it once were midnight, that I knew

10 My vtmost. I thinke Time be drunke, and sleepes;
He is so still, and moues not! I doe glory
Now i' my torment. Neither can I expect it,

Enter In-
iquity the
Vice.

I haue it with my fact. I N I. *Child* of hell, be thou merry:
Put a looke on, as round, boy, and red as a cherry.

15 Cast care at thy posternes; and firke i' thy fetters,
They are ornaments, *Baby*, haue graced thy betters:
Looke vpon me, and hearken. Our *Cheife* doth salute thee,
And least the cold yron should chance to confute thee,
H'hath sent thee *grant-paroll* by me, to stay longer

20 A moneth here on earth, against cold, *Child*, or hunger.

P v g. How? longer here a moneth? I N G. Yes, boy,
till the *Session*,

That so thou mayest haue a triumphall egression.

P v g. In a cart, to be hang'd. I N G. No, *Child*, in a
Carre,

The charriot of Triumph, which most of them are.

25 And in the meane time, to be greazy, and bouzy,
And nasty, and filthy, and ragged, and louzy,
With damn me, renounce me, and all the fine phrases;

v vi] SCENE IV. | *A Cell in Newgate.* | Enter *Shackles*, with *Pug* in
chains G P v g] P v g F After 2 Exit *Shackles*. G 13 St dir.
in F at l 9 18 the] our F 3 cold yron] coldyron F chance to]
chanceto F 19 thee] thee, F me,] me F 20 cold, F 3: cold
F, 16 41 hunger. F 3 hunger F, 16 41 26 ragged,] ragged F 27
damn] dam'n F

That bring, vnto *Tiborne*, the plentifull gazes.

P v g. He is a *Diuell* ! and may be our *Cheife* !

The great Superiour *Diuell* ! for his malice :

30

Arch-diuel ! I acknowledge him. He knew

What I would suffer, when he tie'd me vp thus

In a rogues body : and he has (I thanke him)

His tyrannous pleasure on me, to confine me

To the vnlucky carkasse of a *Cutpurse*,

35

Wherein I could do nothing. D i v. Impudent fiend,

Stop thy lewd mouth. Doest thou not shame and tremble

To lay thine owne dull damn'd defects vpon

An innocent case, there ? Why thou heauy slaue !

The spirit, that did possesse that flesh before,

Put more true life, in a finger, and a thumbe,

Then thou in the whole Masse. Yet thou rebell'st

And murmur'st ? What one profer hast thou made,

Wicked inough, this day, that might be call'd

Worthy thine owne, much lesse the name that sent thee ?

45

First, thou did'st helpe thy selfe into a beating

Promptly, and with't endangered'st too thy tongue :

A *Diuell*, and could not keepe a body intire

One day ! That, for our credit. And to vindicate it,

Hinderd'st (for ought thou know'st) a deed of darknesse :

50

Which was an act of that egregious folly,

As no one, to'ard the *Diuel*, could ha' thought on.

This for your acting ! but for suffering ! why,

Thou hast beene cheated on, with a false beard,

And a turn'd cloake. Faith, would your predecessour,

55

The *Cutpurse*, thinke you, ha' been so ? Out vpon thee,

The hurt th'hast don, to let men know their strength,

And that the(y)'are able to out-doe a *diuel*

Put in a body, will for euer be

A scarre vpon our Name ! whom hast thou dealt with,

60

Woman or man, this day, but haue out-gone thee

v vi. 40 The spirit] Thespirit F before,] before F 53 why,]
why F 55 predecessour,] predecessour F 58 the'are] they
are 164r: the'are F, F3

*The great
Deuill
enters,
and
upbraids
him with
all his
dayes
worke*

Some way, and most haue prou'd the better fiendes ?
 Yet, you would be imploy'd ? Yes, hell shall make you
Prouinciall o' the Cheaters ! or Bawd-ledger,

- 65 For this side o' the towne ! No doubt you'll render
 A rare accompt of things. Bane o' your itch,
 And scratching for employment. I'll ha' brimstone
 To allay it sure, and fire to sindge your nayles off.
 But that I would not such a damn'd dishonor
 70 Sticke on our state, as that the *diuell* were hang'd ;
 And could not saue a body, that he tooke
 From *Tyborne*, but it must come thither againe :

*Iniquity
 takes him
 on his
 back*

You should e'en ride. But, vp away with him—
 I N I. Mount, dearling of darkenesse, my shoulders are
 broad :

- 75 He that caries the fiend, is sure of his loade.
 The *Diuell* was wont to carry away the euill ;
 But, now, the Euill out-carries the *Diuell*.

ACT V. SCENE VIJ.

SHACKLES. KEEPERS.

*A great
 noise is
 heard in
 New-
 gate, and
 the
 Keepers
 come out
 affrighted*

O mee ! KEE. I. What's this ? 2. A piece of *Iustice*
Hall

Is broken downe. 3. Fough ! what a steeme of brimstone
 Is here ? 4. The prisoner's dead, came in but now !

S H A. Ha ? where ? 4. Look here. KEE. S'hd, I
 sh(o)uld know his countenance !

- 5 It is *Gill-Cut-purse*, was hang'd out, this morning !

S H A. 'Tis he ! 2. The *Diuell*, sure, has a hand in this !

3. What shall wee doe ? S H A. Carry the newes of it
 Vnto the *Sherifes*. I. And to the *Iustices*.

v. vi 64 *Cheaters* corr F *heaters* F originally, 1641 66
 accompt] account 1641 68 allay] al lay F off] off, F 69
 But] But, F 73 st dir takes him] the s and h variously deranged in F
 77 Exeunt add G v vii A loud explosion, smoke, etc. | Enter
Shackles and the Underkeepers, affrighted G, continuing the scene 2
 a steeme of corr F, 1641 esteem e of F originally 4 should 1641

4. This⟨'s⟩ strange! 3. And sauours of the *Diuell*,
strongly!
2. I ha' the *sulphure* of *Hell-coale* i' my nose. 10
1. Fough. SHA. Carry him in. 1. Away. 2. How
ranke it is!

ACT V. SCENE VIII.

Sir POVLE. MERE-CRAFT. EVER-ILL.
(EITHER-SIDE. TAILBVSH. AMBLER)
TRAINES. PITFALL. FITZ-DOTTREL.

{*To them*}

WITTIPOL. MANLY. Mistresse FITZ-DOT-
TREL. INGINE.

To them} GVILT-HEAD. SLEDGE.

to them} SHACKLES.

THIS was the notablest Conspiracy,
That ere I heard of. MER. Sir, they had giu'n him
potions,

That did enamour him on the counterfeit *Lady*—

EVE. Iust to the time o' deluery o' the deed—

MER. And then the witchcraft 'gan t⟨o⟩'appeare, for
streight

He fell into his fit. EVE. Of rage at first, Sir, 5

Which since, has so increased. TAY. Good S^r. Poule, see
him,

And punish the impostors. POV. Therefore I come,
Madame

ET. Let M^r. *Eitherside* alone, *Madame*. POV. Do you
heare?

*The
Iustice
comes out
wondring,
and the
rest in-
forming
him.*

v vii 9 This 's] Cf iii vi 37, iv iv 90, 235, 237 10 I ha']
I'ha' F 11 *Exeunt with the body* add G v viii] SCENE v [A
Room in Fitzdottrel's House | Fitzdottrel discovered in bed, Lady Eutherside, Tailbush, Ambler, Trains, and Pitfall, standing by him | Enter Sir Paul Eutherside, Meercraft, and Everill G 1 St dir and] at F3
2 they 1641 They F 5 'gan t⟨o⟩'appeare] 'gan't' appeare F
9 *Eitherside*] *Eitherside* F

- 10 Call in the Constable, I will haue him by :
 H'i's the Kings *Officer* ! and some Cittizens,
 Of credit ! I'll discharge my conscience clearly.
 M E R. Yes, Sir, and send for his wife. E v E. And the
 two *Sorcerers*,
 By any meanes ! T A Y. I thought one a true *Lady*,
 15 I should be sworne. So did you, *Eyther-side* ?
 E I T. Yes, by that light, would I might ne'r stir else,
Tailbush.
 T A Y. And the other a ciuill Gentleman. E v E. But,
Madame,
 You know what I told your *Ladyship*. T A Y. I now see it :
 I was prouiding of a banquet for 'hem,
 20 After I had done instructing o' the fellow
De-uile, the Gentlemans man. M E R. Who's found a
 thiefe, *Madam*,
 And to haue rob'd your Vsher, Master *Ambler*,
 This morning. T A Y. How ? M E R. I'll tell you more,
 anon.
 F I T. Gi'me some *garlicke, garlicke, garlicke, garlicke*.
 M E R. Harke the poore Gentleman, how he is tormented !
 F I T. *My wife is a whore, I'll kisse her no more : and why ?*
Ma'st not thou be a Cuckold, as well as I ?
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.
 P o v. That is the *Diuell* speakes, and laughs in him.
 M E R. Do you thinke so, S^r ? P o v. I discharge my
 conscience.
 F I T. *And is not the Diuell good company ? Yes, wis.*
 E v E. How he changes, Sir, his voyce ! F I T. *And a*
Cuckold is,
Where ere hee put <out> his head, with a Wanion,
If his hornes be forth, the Diuells companion !
 35 Looke, looke, looke, else. M E R. How he foames ! E v E.
 And swells !

*He
 begins
 his fit.*

*The
 Iustice
 inter-
 pret(s)
 all.*

v viii 14 After 'meanes!' Exit *Ambler*. G 19 'hem,] 'hem. F. 'hem
 1641 21 *Madam*,] *Madam* F 24 Gi' 1641. Gi F 29 St.
 dir interprets F3 all 1641 all F 30 S^r ?] S^r F 1641: Sir ?
 F3 32 15.] 15 F 33 out Editor a *Wanion* 1641 a a *Wanion* F

TAY. O, me! what's that there, rises in his belly!
 EIT. A strange thing! hold it downe. TRA. PIT.
 We cannot, *Madam*.
 POV. 'Tis too apparent this! FIT. *Wittipol, Wittipol.* Wittipol,
 WIT. How now, what play ha' we here? MAN. What *and*
 fine, new matters? *Manly,*
 WIT. The *Cockscomb*, and the *Couerlet*. MER. O strang *and*
 impudence! *Mistr.*
 That these should come to face their sinne! EVE. And *Fitz-*
 out-face *dottrel*
enter.
Iustice, they are the parties, Sir. POV. Say nothing.
 MER. Did you marke, Sir, vpon their comming in,
 How he call'd *Wittipol*? EVE. And neuer saw 'hem.
 POV. I warrant you did I, let 'hem play a while. 45
 FIT. *Buz, buz, buz, buz.* TAY. 'Lasse poore Gentleman!
 How he is tortur'd! MR. FI. Fie, Master *Fitz-dottrel*!
 What doe you meane to counterfait thus? FIT. O, *oh,*
Shee comes with a needle, and thrusts it in, *His wife*
shee pulls out that, and shee puts in a pinne, *goes to*
And now, and now, I doe not know how, nor where, *him.*
But shee pricks mee heere, and shee pricks me there: oh, oh:
 POV. Woman, forbear. WIT. What, S? POV. A
 practice foule
 For one so faire. WIT. Hath this, then, credit with you?
 MAN. Do you beleeeue in't? POV. Gentlemen, I'll dis-
 charge 55
 My conscience. 'Tis a cleare conspiracy!
 A darke, and diuellish practice! I detest it!
 WIT. The *Iustice* sure will proue the merrier man!
 MAN. This is most strange, Sir! POV. Come not to
 confront
 Authority with impudence: I tell you, 60

v. viii. 37 downe] downe F, 1641 38 St dir *Manly*, 1641:
Manly F 39 here?] here F, 1641 41 EVE] EVE F 44
Wittipol? F3 *Wittipol* F, 1641 46 'Lasse] *Lasse* F FIT] FIT F
53 Woman,] Woman F 54 faire] faire. F, 1641 58 the
merrier man *corr* F to be the merrier F *originally*, 1641 59 Sir!
corr F. Sir F *originally*, 1641 60 impudence *corr* F insolence
F *originally*, 1641

I doe detest it. Here comes the Kings *Constable*,
And with him a right worshipfull *Commoner* ;
My good friend, Master *Guilt-head* ! I am glad
I can before such witnesses, professe

65 My conscience, and my detestation of it.

Hor(r)ible ! most vn(n)aturall ! abominable !

*They
whisper
him,*

E V E. You doe not tumble enough. M E R. Wallow, gnash.

*and giue
him soape
to act
with.*

T A Y. O, how he is vexed ! P o v. 'Tis too manifest.

E V E. Giue him more soape to foame with, now lie still.

M E R. And act a little. T A Y. What do's he now, Sr ?

P o v. Shew

The taking of *Tabacco*, with which the *Diuell*

Is so delighted. F i t. *Hum* ! P o v. And calls for *Hum*.

You takers of strong *Waters*, and *Tabacco*,

Marke this. F i t. *Yellow, yellow, yellow, yellow, &c.*

75 P o v. That's *Starch* ! the *Diuel's* Idoll of that colour.

He ratifies it, with clapping of his hands.

The proofes are pregnant. G v i. How the *Diuel* can act !

P o v. He is the Master of *Players* ! Master *Guilt-head*,

And *Poets*, too ! you heard him talke in rime !

80 I had forgot to obserue it to you, ere while !

*Sir Poule
interprets
Figgum
to be a
Iuglers
game.*

T A Y. See, he spits fire. P o v. O no, he plaies at *Figgum*,
The *Diuell* is the Author of wicked *Figgum*—

M A N. Why speake you not vnto him ? W i t. If I had
All innocence of man to be indanger'd,

85 And he could saue, or ruine it : I'd not breath

A syllable in request, to such a foole,

He makes himselfe. F i t. *O they whisper, whisper, whisper.*

Wee shall haue more, of Diuel's a score,

v viii 61 After 'it' Re-enter Ambler, with Sledge, and Guilt-head. G
66 abominable] Abominable F 67 gnash] gnash F 'St dir whisper]
w hi per some copies of F him,] him F 69 After 'with,' [To Meer] G
St dir and giue him soape corr F And giue soape F originally And
giue sope 1641 70 Sr ?] sr F 73 strong om 1641 Tabacco]
Tobacco 1641 74 Yellow yellow corr F Yellow . . . yellow F
originally, 1641 76 with corr F om. F originally, 1641 81
St dir to be corr F om F originally, 1641 86-7 foole, He makes
himselfe corr F fellow, I'd rather fall F originally, 1641 87 O
they whisper whisper corr F ô they whisper . . . whisper. F
originally, 1641

To come to dinner, in mee the sinner.

E v t. Alas, poore Gentleman ! P o v. Put 'hem asunder. 90
Keepe 'hem one from the other. M A N. Are you phrenticke,
Sir,

Or what graue dotage moues you, to take part
With so much villany ? wee are not afraid
Either of law, or triall ; let vs be

Examin'd what our ends were, what the meanes, 95
To worke by ; and possibility of those meanes.
Doe not conclude against vs, ere you heare vs.

P o v. I will not heare you, yet I will conclude
Out of the circumstances. M A N. Will you so, Sir ?

P o v. Yes, they are palpable : M A N. Not as your folly 100

P o v. I will discharge my conscience, and doe all
To the Meridian of Iustice. G v i. You doe well, Sir.

F i t. Provide mee to eat, three or foure dishes o' good meat,
I'll feast them, and their traines, a Iustice head and braines
Shall be the first. P o v. The Diuell loues not Iustice, 105
There you may see. F i t. A spare-rib o' my wife,
And a whores purt'nance ! a Guilt-head whole.

P o v. Be not you troubled, Sir, the Diuell speakes it.

F i t. Yes, wis, Knight, shite, Poule, ioule, owle, foule,
troule, boule.

P o v. Crambe, another of the Diuell's games ! 110

M E R. Speake, Sir, some Greeke, if you can. Is not the
Iustice

A solemne gamester ? E v e. Peace. F i t. Οἱμοι κακο-
δαίμων,

Καὶ τρισκακοδαίμων, καὶ τετράκις, καὶ πεντάκις,

Καὶ δωδεκάκις, καὶ μυριάκις. P o v. Hee curses

In Greeke, I thinke. E v e. Your Spanish, that I taught you. 11

v. viii 95 meanes, F originally, miscorrected to 'meanes?' Probably
'meanes?' was intended to be the correction in line 95 100
folly] folly F 101 Pov] Pov F 102 Iustice] Iustice F
Sir corr F Sir F originally, 1641 104 I'll] I'll F 105 first]
fir st F 109 ioule] Ioule F 110 Crambe] Cramb F3 Crambo W
111 After 'can' Aside to Fitz G 112 Οἱμοι] Οι μοι F, 1641, F3
κακοδαίμων] κακοδαμων F3 113 τρισκακοδαίμων] τρισκακοδαίμων F3
114 δωδεκάκις] δωδεκάκις F: δωδεκάκις 1641 115 Aside to Fitz add G

F I T. *Quebrémos el ojo de burlas*, E V E. How? your rest——

Let's breake his necke in iest, the *Diuell* saies.

F I T. *Di grátia, Signòr mio se haiete dendri satamène parte.*

M E R. What, would the *Diuell* borrow money? F I T.

Ouy,

120 *Ouy Monsieur, un pauvre Diable! Diabletin!*

P o v. It is the *diuell*, by his seuerall languages.

Enter the
Keeper of
New-
gate. S H A. Where's S^r. *Poule* *E*<i>ther-side**? P o v. Here,
what's the matter?

S H A. O! such an accident falne out at *Newgate*, Sir:

A great piece of the prison is rent downe!

125 The *Diuell* has beene there, Sir, in the body

Of the young *Cut-purse*, was hang'd out this morning,

But, in new clothes, Sir, euery one of vs know him.

These things were found in his pocket. A M B. Those are mine, S^r.

S H A. I thinke he was committed on your charge, Sir,

130 For a new felony. A M B. Yes. S H A. Hee's gone, Sir, now,

And left vs the dead body. But withall, Sir,

Such an infernall stincke, and steame behinde,

You cannot see S^r. *Pulchars Steeple*, yet.

They smell't as farre as *Ware*, as the wind lies,

By this time, sure. F I T. Is this vpon your credit, friend?

S H A. Sir, you may see, and satisfie your selfe.

Fitz-
dottrel
leaves
counter-
fasting. F I T. Nay, then, 'tis time to leaue off counterfeiting.

Sir, I am not bewitch'd, nor haue a *Diuell*:

No more then you. I doe defie him, I,

140 And did abuse you. These two Gentlemen

Put me vpon it. (I haue faith against him)

They taught me all my tricks. I will tell truth,

And shame the *Feind*. See, here, Sir, are my bellows,

v viii 117 saies] saies, F 119 F I T *Ouy* F 3 takes over to l 120
120 *Diabletin*] *Diablet* in F *diabletin* G After 121] Enter *Shackles*,
with the things found on the body of the *Cut-purse* G 122 *Ether-side*
1641. *Ether-side* F 125 body] body— F 129 Sir.] Sir F,
1641, F 3 130 felony] felony F, 1641 131 withall] with all
1641 135 F I T] *Fitz* [starts up] G 138 Sir.] Sir F

And my false belly, and my *Mouse*, and all
 That should ha' come forth! M A N. Sir, are not you
 asham'd 145
 Now of your solemne, serious vanity?
 P o v. I will make honorable amends to truth.
 F i t. And so will I. But these are *Cooseners*, still;
 And ha' my land, as plotters, with my wife:
 Who, though she be not a witch, is worse, a whore. 150
 M A N. Sir, you belie her. She is chaste, and vertuous,
 And we are honest. I doe know no glory
 A man should hope, by venting his owne follyes,
 But you'll still be an *Asse*, in spite of prouidence.
 Please you goe in, Sir, and heare truths, then iudge 'hem: 155
 And make amends for your late rashnesse; when,
 You shall but heare the paines and care was taken,
 To saue this foole from ruine (his *Grace of Drown'd-land*)
 F i t. My land is drown'd indeed—— P o v. Peace.
 M A N. And how much
 His modest, and too worthy wife hath suffer'd 160
 By mis-construction, from him, you will blush,
 First, for your owne beliefe, more for his actions!
 His land is his: and neuer, by my friend,
 Or by my selfe, meant to another vse,
 But for her succours, who hath equall right. 165
 If any other had worse counsell in't,
 (I know I speake to those can apprehend mee)
 Let 'hem repent 'hem, and be not detected.
 It is not manly to take ioy, or pride
 In humane errorrs (wee doe all ill things, 170
 They doe 'hem worst that loue 'hem, and dwell there,
 Till the plague comes) The few that haue the seeds
 Of goodnesse left, will sooner make their way
 To a true life, by shame, then punishment.

The End.

The Epilogue.

T*Hus, the Proiecter, here, is ouer-throwne.*
But I haue now a Proiect of mine owne,
If it may passe : that no man would inuite
 5 *The Poet from vs, to sup forth to night,*
If the play please. If it displeasant be,
We doe presume, that no man will : nor wee.

THE STAPLE OF NEWS

THE TEXT

The comedy of *The Staple of News* was printed in folio by John Beale for Robert Allot in 1631. It differs in one important point from its companion plays, *Bartholomew Fair* and *The Devil is an Ass*. It was entered on the Stationers' Register. John Waterson registered it on 14 April 1626, soon after its performance by the King's Men. For the first time since 1616, when the Folio appeared, Jonson had decided to publish a play. But no more is heard of it till 1631, when Waterson transferred his rights to Robert Allot on 7 September. It was included in the 1640 Folio. Meanwhile Allot's widow Mary had parted with all her husband's copyrights to John Legatt and Andrew Croke on 1 July 1637.¹

The original entries in the Register are as follows:

14 Aprill 1626.

John Waterson	Entred for his Copie vnder the handes of Master Doctor Worrall and Master Islip Warden A booke Called <i>The Staple of News</i> being A Comedie. vj^d
	Arber, <i>Transcript</i> , iv. 156.

7^o September <1631>.

Master Allott	Assigned ouer vnto him by a note vnder the hand of Master John Waterson a booke called <i>The stapell of News</i> written by Master Ben Johnson vj^d
---------------	--

This note was subscribed by Master Islip
and master Smithwicke Wardens. Ibid. 260.

The collation of the play is as follows :—Aa 1 recto, the title-page ; Aa 1 verso, the persons of the play ; Aa 2, the induction ; Aa 3 recto, the prologue for the public performance ; Aa 3 verso, the prologue for the Court performance ; Aa 4, Bb–Cc* (with the signature Cc changed to C on the third leaf), D–H⁴, I⁶, the text of the play, with the Epilogue on I 6 verso. Pages 1–76, with pages 19, 22, and

¹ See p 3, above

63 misnumbered. The signature 'Aa' must have been adopted because *The Devil is an Ass* ended on Y4, and it was thought better to begin on a new alphabet; but to revert to a single-letter signature in the middle of Cc without adjusting the early two and a half sheets is an extraordinary aberration on the part of the printer. Further, the 'Aa' is even printed in small letters at the foot of the title-page—a very unusual proceeding—as if to guide the binder to place it after *The Devil is an Ass*, which he failed to do.

John Beale's printing of the play is no advance on his previous efforts; he left in the text such stupid and obvious blunders as 'miny' for 'mine' (I. i. 19), 'cemmit' for 'commit' in the first Intermean, l. 25, 'it' for 'in' (II. ii. 66), 'angyry' (ib. v. 26, side-note), 'Aand' (ib. 80), 'oe' for 'of' (III. ii. 155, side-note), 'my in mouth' (3rd Intermean, 18), and 'ti' for 'it' (IV. iv. 17); he misnumbers Act I, scene ii, and Act v, scene v, and misassigns a number of speeches.¹ The punctuation is as lax as usual, but such a passage as the following faithfully reproduces Jonson's normal system:

'Tis the house of *fame*, Sir,
Where both the curious, and the negligent;
The scrupulous, and carelesse; wilde, and stay'd;
The idle, and laborious; all doe meet,
To tast the *Cornu copiae* of her rumors,
Which she, the mother of sport, pleaseth to scatter
Among the vulgar: Baites, Sir, for the people!
(III. ii. 116–22.)

The metrical apostrophe is confused with elision, as usual. In I. i. 33 'T'aboue two thousand a yeere' should be 'To'aboue'; and so probably Jonson pointed
To see me'at best aduantage, and augment (I. i. 7).
And there be'examin'd, and then registred (I. ii. 34).
The Taylor makes the man: I speake by'experience (ib. III. i).
Hee may be'in time, hee is his *Agent*, now (II. iv. 40).
Here the Folio omits the stop.

¹ II. IV. 132, V. 26, 103, IV II 117, 122, 123, IV 23.

There are changes due to derangement of type, of which only one is important—the side-note at Act III, scene ii, line 124, which should run ‘1. *Cust.* | *A she Ana-* | baptist.’ Originally it was ‘An-baptist’, but the type was disturbed and the ‘*st*’ of ‘*Cust.*’ dropped, displacing the ‘An-’ below.¹

In two passages we have been driven to adopt a conjecture. In the coarse reference to Gondomar (III. ii. 207–14) the final lines are—

Since when, he lues condemn'd to his share, at *Bruxels*.
And there sits filing certaine politique hinges,
To hang the *States* on, h'has heau'd off the hookes.

What does ‘condemn'd to his share’ mean? The Yale editor, Dr. de Winter, conjectures ‘chair’, which we have accepted. Gondomar, who suffered from fistula, had a special chair to enable him to sit with comfort.² The other passage is in the lyrical description of Pecunia’s charms (IV. ii. 64–6):

A haire,
Large as the *Mornings*, and her breath as sweete,
As meddowes after raine, and but new mowne!

Jonson must have written ‘An aire’, just as in the *Underwoods* (II. v. 13–15) he mentioned among the charms of Charis:

So hath *Homer* prais'd her haire;
So, Anacreon drawne the Ayre
Of her face . . .³

Two slighter changes in the text are the use of ‘your bodies’ for ‘our bodies’ in IV. iii. 40, proposed by the poet Coleridge, and ‘*Hawke*’ for ‘*Hawkes*’ in V. v. 57.

Did Jonson read the proofs? There is no parallel in this play to the spasmodic but very definite correction of a few formes such as we find in *Bartholomew Fair* and *The Devil is an Ass*. The variants in *The Staple of News* are very few

¹ She is described as ‘a she *Anabaptist*’ in l. 152.

² Arthur Wilson, *The Life and Reign of James the First*, 1653, p. 146.

³ The misprint in the first edition of Tennyson’s *Princess*, ‘And followed by a hundred hairy does’, may be cited as a parallel.

indeed, and none of them alter the text ; they affect only punctuation, spelling, and type. Thus on F 4 recto 'moyetie' is italicized to '*moyety*' (III. iv. 27), and a comma is inserted after 'paths' (ib. 32) ; on F 4 verso 'tyssues' is corrected to 'tissues' (ib. 49) ; on H 3 verso '*iealous*?' is changed to '*iealous*!' in the fourth Intermean (l. 18) ; and on I 4 verso 'baile, or mainprise' is italicized, '*baile, or mainprise*' (v. v. 5). This is scanty evidence of proof-reading by Jonson, but would Beale or his compositor have troubled to make such changes?

The play was edited in 1905 for the Yale Studies in English, No. XXVIII, by Dr. de Winter from the copy in the Library of Yale University, collated with Professor J. M. Berdan's copy. It purports to be an exact reprint of the original text, but there are over sixty deviations from it.

THE STAPLE
OF
NEWES.

A COMEDIE
ACTED IN THE
YEARE, 1629.

BY HIS MAIESTIES
SERVANTS.

The Author BEN: IONSON.

HOR. in ART. POET.

*Aus prodesse volunt, aut delectare poeta:
Aut simul & iocunda, & idonea dicere vita*



LONDON,
Printed by I. B. for ROBERT ALLOT, and are
to be sold at the signe of the Beare, in Pauls
Church-yard. 1631.

A a

The title-page of the Folio, 1631.

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

- PENI-BOY. *the Sonne, the heire and Suiter.*
 PENI-BOY. *the Father. the Canter.*
 PENI-BOY. *the Vncle. The Vsurer.*
 CYMBAL. *Master of the Staple, and prime leerer.*
 5 FITTON. *Emissary Court, and leerer.*
 ALMANACH. *Doctor in Physick, and leerer.*
 SHVN-FIELD. *Sea-captaine, and leerer.*
 MADRIGAL. *Poetaster, and leerer.*
 PICKLOCK. *Man o' law, and Emissary Westminster*
 10 PYED-MANTLE. *Pursuiant at armes, and Heraldet.*
 REGISTER. *Of the Staple, or Office.*
 NATHANEEL. *First Clerke of the Office.*
 THO: BARB (E) R. *Second Clerke of the Office.*
 PECVNIA. *Infanta of the Mynes.*
 15 MORTGAGE. *Her Nurse.*
 STATVTE. *First Woman.*
 BAND. *Second Woman.*
 WAXE. *Chambermaid.*
 BROKER. *Secretary, and Gentleman usher to her Grace*
 20 LICK-FINGER. *A Master Cooke, and parcell Poet.*
 FASHIONER. *The Taylor of the times.*
 LINENER. *HABERDASHER.*
 SHOOMAKER. *SPVRRIER.*
 CUSTOMERS. *{Male and Female.*
 25 PORTER. DOGGES. II. *<GROOMES. FIDDLERS.*
 NICHOLAS, *the Boy.>*
 <CHORVS.
 Gossip MIRTH. *Gossip TATTLE.*
 Gossip EXPECTATION. *Gossip CENSURE.>*

30 *The SCENE. London.*

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY] 3 PENI-BOY] Penny boy, Richer G 6
 ALMANACH] ALMANACH F 7 and leerer] a Jeerer F3 13 THO BARBER]
 Thomas, Barber G 18 WAXE] WAX, (Rose,) G 23 SHOOMAKER]
 Leatherleg, shoemaker G 25 DOGGES II] Block and Lollard, two dogs G
 GROOMES] Buz, Ambler, grooms [query, emissaries], fiddlers, singing-boy, atten-
 dants, &c G The Grooms are 'Pawne, and his fellow' (I vi. 53) 26
 CHORUS . . CENSURE, added by G

THE INDUCTION.

The PROLOGVE enters.

After him, Gossip MIRTH. Gos. TATLE. Gos. EX-
PECTATION. and Gossip CENSURE.

4. Gentlewomen LADY-like attyred.

PROLOGVE.

For your owne sake, not ours——

MIRTH. *Come Gossip, be not asham'd. The Play is the Staple of Newes, and you are the Mistresse, and Lady of Tatle, let's ha' your opinion of it : Do you heare Gentleman ? what are you ? Gentleman-usher to the Play ? pray you helpe us to some stooles here.*

PROLOGVE. *Where ? o' the Stage, Ladies ?*

MIRTH. *Yes, o' the Stage, wee are persons of quality, I assure you, and women of fashion ; and come to see, and to be seene : My Gossip Tatle here, and Gossip Expectation, and my Gossip Censure, and I am Mirth, the daughter of Christmas, and spirit of Shrouetide. They say, It's merry when Gossips meet, I hope your Play will be a merry one !*

PROLOGVE. *Or you will make it such, Ladies. Bring a forme here, but what will the Noblemen thinke, or the graue Wits here, to see you seated on the bench thus ?*

MIRTH. *Why, what should they thinke ? but that they had Mothers, as we had, and those Mothers had Gossips (if their children were christned) as we are, and such as had a longing to see Playes, and sit vpon them, as wee doe, and arraigne both them, and their Poets.*

THE INDUCTION. The PROLOGVE enters] *The Stage* | *Enter Prologue*
G After . . attyred after I in G I sake, ours] sakes, . . .
his G (cf Prologue, l 1) 15 here.] here [a bench is brought
in] G

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MIRTH. *Yes, o' the Stage; wee are persons of quality, I assure you, and women of fashion; and come to see, and to be seene: My Gossip Tatle here, and Gossip Expectation, and my Gossip Censure, and I am Mirth, the daughter of Christmas, and spirit of Shrouetide. They say, It's merry when Gossips meet, I hope your Play will be a merry one!*

PROLOGVE. *Or you will make it such, Ladies. Bring a forme here, but what will the Noblemen thinke, or the graue Wits here, to see you seated on the bench thus?*

MIRTH. *Why, what should they thinke? but that they had Mothers, as we had, and those Mothers had Gossips (if their children were christned) as we are, and such as had a longing to see Playes, and sit upon them, as wee doe, and arraigne both them, and their Poets.*

THE INDUCTION. The PROLOGVE enters] The Stage [Enter Prologue.
G After . . attyred after I r in G I sake, . . ours] sakes, . .
his G (cf. Prologue, l r) 15 here,] here [a bench is brought
in] G

PROLOGVE. *O! Is that your purpose? Why, Mr. Mirth, and Madame Tatle, enjoy your delights freely.*

TATLE. *Looke your Newes be new, and fresh, Mr. Prologue, and untainted, I shall find them else, if they be stale, or flye-blowne, quickly!*

PROLOGVE. *Wee aske no fauour from you, onely wee would entreate of Madame Expectation——*

EXPECTATION. *What, Mr. Prologue?*

PROLOGVE. *That your Ladi-ship would expect no more then you understand.*

EXPECTATION. *Sir, I can expect enough!*

PROLOGVE. *I feare, too much, Lady, and teach others to do the like!*

EXPECTATION. *I can doe that too, if I haue cause.*

PROLOGVE. *Cry you mercy, you neuer did wrong, but with iust cause. What's this Lady?*

MIRTH. *Curiosity, my Lady Censure.*

PROLOGVE. *O Curiosity! you come to see, who weares the new sute to day? whose clothes are best penn'd, what euer the part be? which Actor has the best legge and foote? what King playes without cuffes? and his Queene without gloues? who rides post in stockings? and daunces in bootes?*

CENSURE. *Yes, and which amorous Prince makes loue in drinke, or doe's ouer-act prodigiously in beaten satten, and, hauing got the tricke on't, will be monstrous still, in despight of Counsell!*

The Tirmen enter to mend the lights. BOOK-HOLDER. *Mend your lights, Gentlemen. Master Prologue, beginne.*

TATLE. *Ay me!*

EXPECTATION. *Who's that?*

PROLOGVE. *Nay, start not Ladies, these carry no fire-workes to fright you, but a Torch i' their hands, to giue light to the businesse. The truth is, there are a set of gamesters within, in trauell of a thing call'd a Play, and would faine be deliuer'd*

33 feare.] fear, F3 feare F 34 like I] like? F 37 this] this, F
48 BOOK-HOLDER] Book-holder [within] G 51 EXPECTATION]
EXPECTATION, F 53 Torch i'] Torch' F

of it : and they haue intreated me to be their Man-Midwife, the Prologue ; for they are like to haue a hard labour on 't.

TATLE. Then the Poet has abus'd himselfe, like an Asse, as hee is.

MIRTH. No, his Actors will abuse him enough, or I am 60 deceiu'd. Yonder he is within (I was i' the Tiring-house a while to see the Actors drest) rowling himselfe vp and downe like a tun, i' the midst of 'hem, and spurges, neuer did vessel of wort, or wine worke so ! His sweating put me in minde of a good Shrouing dish (and I beleeue would be taken vp for a 65 seruice of state somewhere, an't were knowne) a stew'd Poet ! He doth sit like an vnbrac'd Drum with one of his heads beaten out : For, that you must note, a Poet hath two heads, as a Drum has, one for making, the other repeating, and his repeating head is all to pieces : they may gather it vp i' the tiring- 70 house ; for hee hath torne the booke in a Poeticall fury, and put himselfe to silence in dead Sacke, which, were there no other vexation, were sufficient to make him the most miserable Embleme of patience.

CENSURE. The Prologue, peace.

75

56 and] aud F 63 'hem]'em F3 (et passim) spurges] purges W
69 has,] has, F3 repeating,] repeating, F3

THE
PROLOGVE
FOR
THE STAGE.

- FOr your owne sakes, not his, he bad me say,
 Would you were come to heare, not see a Play.
 Though we his *Actors* must prouide for those,
 Who are our guests, here, in the way of showes,
 5 The maker hath not so ; he'd haue you wise,
 Much rather by your eares, then by your eyes :
 And prayes you'll not preiudge his Play for ill,
 Because you marke it not, and sit not still ;
 But haue a longing to salute, or talke
 10 With such a female, and from her to walke
 With your discourse, to what is done, and where,
 How, and by whom, in all the towne ; but here.
 Alas ! what is it to his Scene, to know
 How many Coaches in *Hide-parke* did show
 15 Last spring, what farc to day at *Medleyes* was,
 If *Dunstan*, or the *Phœnix* best wine has ?
 They are things—But yet, the Stage might stand as wel,
 If it did neither heare these things, nor tell.
 Great noble wits, be good vnto your selues,
 20 And make a difference 'twixt Poetique elues,
 And Poets : All that dable in the inke,
 And defile quills, are not those few, can thinke,
 Conceiue, expresse, and steere the soules of men,
 As with a rudder, round thus, with their pen.
 25 He must be one that can instruct your youth,
 And keepe your *Acme* in the state of truth,
 Must enterprize this worke ; marke but his wayes,
 What flight he makes, how new ; And then he sayes,
 If that not like you, that he sends to night,
 30 'Tis you haue left to iudge, not hee to write.

THE
PROLOGVE
FOR
THE COVRT.

*A Worke not smelling of the Lampe, to night,
But fitted for your Maiesties disport,
And writ to the Meridian of your Court,
Wee bring ; and hope it may produce delight :
The rather, being offered, as a Rite, 5
To Schollers, that can iudge, and faire report
The sense they heare, aboue the vulgar sort
Of Nut-crackers, that onely come for sight.
Wherein, although our Title, Sir, be Newes,
Wee yet aduenture, here, to tell you none ; 10
But shew you common follies, and so knowne,
That though they are not truths, th'innocent Muse
Hath made so like, as Phant'sie could them state,
Or Poetry, without scandall, imitate.*

PROLOGVE for the Court] 5 offered,] offered F3
9 Newes,] Newes F. News, F3

Rite,] Rite F

THE STAPLE OF NEWS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

PENI-BOY IV. LETHER-LEGGE.

His Shoe-maker has pull'd on a new payre of bootes ; and hee walks in his Gowne, wastcoate, and trouses, expecting his Taylor

GRamercie *Letherleg* : Get me the Spurrier,
And thou hast fitted me. **LET.** I'll do't presently.

P. IV. Look to me, wit, and look to my wit, Land,

That is, looke on me, and with all thine eyes,

Male, Female, yea, *Hermaphroditicke* eyes,

And those bring all your helpes, and perspicills,

To see me at best aduantage, and augment

My forme as I come forth, for I doe feele

I will be one, worth looking after, shortly.

**He drawes forth his watch, and sets it on the Table.*

Now, by and by, that's shortly. ***<I>**t strikes ! One, two,

Three, foure, fiue, six. Inough, inough, deare watch,

Thy pulse hath beate inough. Now sleepe, and rest ;

Would thou couldst make the time to doe so too :

I'll winde thee vp no more. The houre is come

**He throws off his gowne.*

So long expected ! There, there, *drop my wardship,

My pupill age, and vassalage together.

And Liberty, come throw thy selfe about me,

In a rich suite, cloake, hat, and band, for now

I'll sue out no mans Liurey, but mine owne,

I i] ACT I SCENE I *The Lodgings of Pennyboy, jun* | *Enter Pennyboy, jun. and Leatherleg with a new pair of boots* **G** **ACT. . . SCENE] ACT. . .**
SCENE. F *here, and throughout the play.* **PENI-BOY] PENI-BOY. F** **St.**
dir. His] *His F *trouses] Trousers F* **3** **2** **And] An' W** *Exit. add*
G **15** **St** *dir* **gowne] gowne F** **16** **pupill age] Pupillage F**
19 **mine F** **3.** **miny F**

I stand on my owne feete, so much a yeere, 20
 Right, round, and sound, the Lord of mine owne ground,
 And (to ryme to it) threescore thousand Pound !
 *Not come ? Not yet ? Taylor, thou art a vermine,
 Worse then the same thou prosecut'st, and prick'st
 In subtill seame——(Go too, I say no more)
 Thus to retard my longings : on the day
 I doe write man, to beat thee. One and twenty,
 Since the clock strooke, compleat ! and thou wilt feele it,
 Thou foolish *Animall* ! I could pittie him,
 (An' I were not heartily angry with him now) 30
 For this one peece of folly he beares about him,
 To dare to tempt the Furie of an heyre
 T(o)'aboue two thousand a yeere ; yet hope his custome !
 Well, M^r. *Fashioner*, there's some must breake——
 A head, for this your breaking. Are you come, Sir ? 35

*He goes
to the
doore, and
looks.

ACT I. SCENE II.

FASHIONER. PENIBOY. THOMAS

BARBER. HABERDASHER.

GOd giue your worship ioy. P. I v. What ? of your
 staying ?

And leauing me to stalke here in my trowes,
 Like a tame *Her'n-sew* for you ? F A s. I but waited
 Below, till the clocke strooke. P. I v. Why, if you had come
 Before a quarter, would it so haue hurt you, 5
 In reputation, to haue wayted here ?

F A s. No, but your worship might haue pleaded nonage,
 If you had got 'hem on, ere I could make
 Iust *Affidauit* of the time. P. I v. That iest
 Has gain'd thy pardon, thou had'st liu'd, condemn'd 10
 To thine owne hell else, neuer to haue wrought

1 1. 23 Taylor,] Taylor F 28 strooke] struck F3 it,] it F
 32 heyre] heyre, F 34 there's] theres F 35 After 'breaking'
 Enter Fashioner. G Sir ?] Sir, F 1 11 Act 1] Act. II F
 G continues the scene 10 liu'd,] liu'd F3

- Stitch more for me, or any *Peniboy*,
 I could haue hindred thee : but now thou art mine.
 For one and twenty yeeres, or for three liues,
 15 Chuse which thou wilt, I'll make thee a *Copy-holder*,
 He says And thy first *Bill* vnquestion'd. Helpe me on.
 his suite. F A S. Presently, Sir, I am bound vnto your worship.
 P. I v. Thou shalt be, when I haue seal'd thee a *Lease* of
 my *Customes*.
 F A S. Your wor^{sh}. *Barbar* is without. P. I v. Who? *Thom*?
 20 Come in *Thom* : set thy things vpon the Boord
 And spread thy clothes, lay all forth in *procinctu*,
 And tell's what newes? T H O. O Sir, a staple of newes !
 Or the *New Staple*, which you please. P. I v. What's that ?
 F A S. An *Office*, Sir, a braue young *Office* set vp.
 25 I had forgot to tell your worship. P. I v. For what ?
 T H O. To enter all the *Newes*, Sir, o' the time,
 F A S. And vent it as occasion serues ! A place
 Of huge commerce it will be ! P. I v. Pray thee peace,
 I cannot abide a talking Taylor : let *Thom*
 30 (He's a Barber) by his place relate it,
 What is't, an *Office*, *Thom* ? T H O. Newly erected
 Here in the house, almost on the same floore,
 Where all the newes of all sorts shall be brought,
 And there be examin'd, and then registred,
 35 And so be issu'd vnder the Seale of the *Office*,
 As *Staple Newes* ; no other newes be currant.
 P. I v. 'Fore me, thou speak'st of a braue busines, *Thom*.
 F A S. Nay, if you knew the brain that hatch'd it S^r——
 P. I v. I know thee wel enough : giue him a loaf, *Thom*——
 40 Quiet his mouth, that Ouen will be venting else.
 Proceed—— T H O. He tels you true S^r. M^r *Cymbal*
 Is Master of the *Office*, he proiected it,
 Hee lies here i'the house : and the great roomes
 He has taken for the *Office*, and set vp

1 11 13 mine] mine, F₃
 Enter Thomas, Barber G
 F₃ Cymbal, F

19 Iv] IN. F
 35 so be] so to be F₃

20 After 'Thom '
 41 Cymbal

His Deskes and *Classes*, Tables and his Shelues, 45

F A s. He's my customer, and a *Wit* Sir, too.

But, h'has braue wits vnder him—— T H o. Yes, foure
Emissaries,

P. I v. *Emissaries* ? stay, there's a fine new word, *Thom* !
'Pray God it signifie any thing, what are *Emissaries* ?

T H o. Men imploy'd outward, that are sent abroad 50
To fetch in the commodity. F A s. From all regions
Where the best newes are made. T H o. Or vented forth.

F A s. By way of exchange, or trade. P. I v. Nay, thou wilt speak—— *Hee giues
the Tay-
lor leaue
to talk.*

F A s. My share S^r. there's enough for both. P. I v. Goe
on then,

Speake all thou canst : me thinkes, the ordinaries 55

Should helpe them much. F A s. Sir, they haue ordinaries,

And extraordinaries, as many changes,

And variations, as there are points i' the compasse.

T H o. But the 4. Cardinall Quarters—— P. I v. I,
those *Thom*——

T H o. The *Court*, Sir, *Pauls*, *Exchange*, and *Westminster-
hall*. 60

P. I v. Who is the Chiefe ? which hath preceedencie ?

T H o. The gouernour o' the *Staple*, Master *Cymball*.

He is the Chiefe ; and after him the *Emissaries* :

First *Emissary Court*, one Master *Fitton*,

He's a leerer too. P. I v. What's that ? F A s. A *Wit*. 65

T H o. Or halfe a *Wit*, some of them are *Halfe-wits*,

Two to a *Wit*, there are a set of 'hem.

Then Master *Ambler*, *Emissary Paules*,

A fine-pac'd gentleman, as you shall see walke

The middle Ile : and then my *Froy Hans Buz*, 70

A *Dutch-man* ; he's *Emissary Ex(c)hange*.

F A s. I had thought M^r. *Burst* the Marchant had had it.

T H o. No,

He has a rupture, hee has sprung a leake.

Emissarie Westminster's vndispos'd of yet ;

75 Then the *Examiner*, *Register*, and two *Clerkes*,
They mannage all at home, and sort, and file,
And seale the newes, and issue them. P. I v. *Thom*, deare
Thom.

What may my meanes doe for thee ? aske, and haue it,
I'd faine be doing some good. It is my *birth-day*.

80 And I'd doe it betimes, I feele a grudging
Of bounty, and I would not long lye fallow.

I pray thee thinke, and speake, or wish for something.

T H O. I would I had but one o' the *Clerkes* places,
I' this *Newes Office*. P. I v. Thou shalt haue it, *Thom*,

85 If siluer, or gold will fetch it ; what's the rate ?

At what is't set i'the Mercat ? T H O. Fiftie pound, Sir.

P. I v. An't were a hundred, *Thom*, thou shalt not want it.
The Tay-
lor leapes,
and em-
braceth
him.
F A S. O Noble Master ! P. I v. How now *Æsops* Asse !
Because I play with *Thom*, must I needes runne

Into your rude embraces ? stand you still, Sir ;

Clownes fawnings, are a horses salutations.

How do'st thou like my suite, *Thom* ? T H O. M^r *Fashioner*

Has hit your measures, Sir, h'has moulded you,

And made you, as they say. F A S. No, no, not I,

95 I am an Asse, old *Æsops* Asse. P. I v. Nay, *Fashioner*,

I can doe thee a good turne too, be not musty,

Though thou hast moulded me, as little *Thom* sayes,

He drawes
out his
pockets.
(I thinke thou hast put me in mouldy pockets.) F A S. As
good,

Right *Spanish* perfume, the *Lady Estifama's*,

100 They cost twelue pound a payre. P. I v. Thy bill will say so.

I pray thee tell me, *Fashioner*, what Authors

Thou read'st to helpe thy inuention ? *Italian* prints ?

Or *Arras* hangings ? They are Taylors *Libraries*.

F A S. I scorne such helps. P. I v. O, though thou art a
silk-worme,

105 And deal'st in sattins and veluets, and rich plushes,

I u 74 *Westminster's* F 78 thee ?] thee, F
84 *Office*] *Office*, F 104 -worme,] -worme ! F

Thou canst not spin all formes out of thy selfe ;
 They are quite other things : I thinke this suite
 Has made me wittier, then I was. F A S. Belieue it Sir,
 That clothes doe much vpon the wit, as weather
 Do's on the braine ; and thence comes your prouerbe ; 110
The Taylor makes the man : I speake by experience
 Of my owne Customers. I haue had Gallants,
 Both Court and Countrey, would ha' fool'd you vp
 In a new suite, with the best wits in being,
 And kept their speed, as long as their clothes lasted 115
 Han'some, and neate ; but then as they grew out
 At the elbowes againe, or had a staine, or spot,
 They haue sunke most wretchedly. P. I v. What thou
 report'st,

Is but the common calamity, and seene daily ;
 And therefore you'haue another answering prouerbe : 120
A broken sleeue keepes the arme backe. F A S. 'Tis true, Sir.
 And thence wee say, that such a one playes at *peepe-arme*.

P. I v. Doe you so ? it is wittily sayd. I wonder, Gentle-
 men,

And men of meanes will not maintaine themselues
 Fresher in wit, I meane in clothes, to the highest. 125
 For hee that's out o' clothes, is out o' fashion,
 And out of fashion, is out of countenance,
 And out o' countenance, is out o' Wit.

Is not Rogue *Haberdasher* come ? H A B. Yes, here, Sir. *They are*
 I ha' beene without this halfe houre. P. I v. Giue me my hat *all about*
 Put on my Girdle. Rascall, sits my Ruffe well ? *him,*
busie.

L I N. In print. P. I v. Slaue. L I N. See your selfe.

P. I v. Is this same hat
 O' the blocke passant ? Doe not answer mee,
 I cannot stay for an answer. I doe feele
 The powers of *one and twenty*, like a Tide, 135

I u 110 thence] thence, sir, G cony 111 The] The F 114 wits]
 wits, F 121 backe] backe, F 122 peepe-arme] The hyphen faint
 or missing in F 129 St dir They. busie] They are all busie about
 him F3 Enter Haberdasher, Linener, and Hatter and Shoemaker. G 131
 Girdle] Girdle F3 135 and] and F Tide,] Tide F

Flow in vpon mee, and perceiue an Heyre,
 Can Coniure vp all spirits in all circles.
 Rogue, Rascall, Slaue, giue tradesmen their true names,
 And they appeare to 'hem presently. L I N. For profit.

140 P. I v. Come, cast my cloake about me, I'll goe see
 This *Office, Thom*, and be trimm'd afterwards.

I'll put thee in possession, my prime worke!

His Gods so : my Spurrier ! put 'hem on boy, quickly,
Spurrier I'had like to ha' lost my Spurres with too much speed.
comes in.

ACT I. SCENE IIJ.

PENI-BOY, Canter. *to them singing.*

Good morning to my Ioy, My iolly Peni-boy !
 The Lord, and the Prince of plenty !

I come to see what riches, Thou bearest in thy breeches,
 The first of thy one and twenty :

5 What, doe thy pockets gingle ? Or shall wee neede to mingle
 Our strength both of foote, and horses !

These fellows looke so eager, As if they would beleaguer
 An Heyre in the midst of his forces !

I hope they be no Serieants ! That hang vpon thy margents.

10 This Rogue has the Ioule of a laylor !

The P. I v. O Founder, no such matter, My Spurrier, and my
young Hatter,

Peny-boy My Linnen-man, and my Taylor.
answers

in time. Thou should'st haue beene brought in too, *Shoomaker*,
 If the time had beene longer, and *Thom Barber*.

15 How do'st thou like my company, old *Canter* ?

Doe I not muster a braue troupe ? all *Bill-men* ?

Present your Armes, before my *Founder* here,

This is my *Founder*, this same learned *Canter* !

He brought me the first newes of my fathers death,

I 11 137 circles. W circles, F 140 see] see, F 141 *Office.*
Office F 144 ha' F3 ha F 1 11] Enter Pennyboy Canter, in a
 patched and ragged cloke, singing G, continuing the scene 6 horses]
 of horses G

I thanke him, and euer since, I call him *Founder*,
 Worship him, boyes. I'll read onely the *summes*,
 And passe 'hem streight. S H O. Now Ale. R E S T. And
 strong Ale blesse him.

*He takes
 the bills,
 and puts
 them vp in
 his
 pockets*

P. I v. Gods so, some Ale, and Sugar for my *Founder* !
 Good Bills, sufficient Bills, these Bills may passe.

P. C A. I do not like those paper-squibs, good Master. 25
 They may vndoe your store, I meane, of Credit,
 And fire your *Arsenall*, if case you doe not
 In time make good those *outer workes*, your *pockets*,
 And take a *Garrison* in of some *two hundred*,
 To beat these *Pyoners* off, that carry a *Mine* 30
 Would blow you vp, at last. Secure your *Casamates*.
 Here Master *Picklocke*, Sir, your man o' Law,
 And learn'd Attorney, has sent you a Bag of *munition*.

P. I v. What is't? P. C A. Three hundred pieces. P. I v.
 I'll dispatch 'hem.

P. C A. Do, I would haue your strengths lin'd, and per-
 fum'd 35

With Gold, as well as Amber. P. I v. God a mercy,
 Come, *Ad soluendum*, boyes ! there, there, and there, &c. *He payes*
 I looke on nothing but *Totalis*. P. C A. See ! *all.*
 The difference 'twixt the couetous, and the prodigall !
 „The Couetous man neuer has money ! and 40
 „The Prodigall will haue none shortly ! P. I v. Ha,
 What saies my *Founder* ? I thanke you, I thanke you Sirs.

A L L. God blesse your worship, and your worships
Chanter.

P. C A. I say 'tis nobly done, to cherish Shop-keepers,
 And pay their Bills, without examining, thus. 45

P. I v. Alas ! they haue had a pittifull hard time on't,
 A long vacation, from their coozening.

1 11 21 boyes] boyes, F *summes*,] *summes*. F 28 *outer*
workes] *outerworkes* F 30 *Pyoners*] *Pioneers* F3 31 *Casa-*
mates] *Casamates*, F 34 P. Iv] P jun [*takes the bag*] G 41
 After 'shortly!' [*Aside* G 42 After 'Founder'] [*they make legs to*
 him] G After 43 *Exe Shoemaker, Linener, Haber and Hatter. G*
 43 *Chanter*] *Canter* G 45 *examining.*] *examining* F

- Poore Rascalls, I doe doe it out of charity.
 I would aduance their trade againe, and haue them
 50 Haste to be rich, sweare, and forswear wealthily.
 What doe you stay for, Sirrah? S P V. To my boxe Sir,
He giues the Spurrier, to his boxe P. I v. Your boxe, why, there's an *angel*. If my Spurres
 Be not right *Rippon*—— S P V. Giue me neuer a penny,
 If I strike not thorow your bounty with the Rowells.
 55 P. I v. Do'st thou want any money, *Founder*? P. C A.
 Who, S^r. I?
 Did I not tell you I was bred i'the *Mines*,
 Vnder Sir *Beuis Bullion*? P. I v. That is true,
 I quite forgot, you *Myne-men* want no money,
 Your streets are pau'd with 't: there, the molten siluer
 60 Runns out like creame, on cakes of gold. P. C A. And
 Rubies
 Doe grow like Strawberries. P. I v. 'Twere braue being
 there!
 Come *Thom*, we'll go to the *Office* now. P. C A. What
Office?
 P. I v. *Newes Office*, the *New Staple*; thou shalt goe too,
 'Tis here i'the house, on the same floore, *Thom*. sayes.
 65 Come, *Founder*, let vs trade in Ale, and nutmegges.

ACT I. SCENE III.

REGISTER. CLERKE. WOMAN.

What, are those Desks fit now? set forth the Table,
 The Carpet and the Chayre: where are the *Newes*
 That were examin'd last? ha' you fil'd them vp?

C L E. Not yet, I had no time. R E G. Are those newes
 registred,

1 11 50 wealthily] wealthy, F 51 After 'Sirrah?'] [To the
Spurrier G 52 *angel* If] *angel*, if F 53 *Rippon*——]
Rippon F penny.] penny F 54 *Exit* add G 55 money.]
money F I?] I, F 57 *Bullion*?] *Bullion* F 64 sayes] sayes, F.
sayes F? 65 *Exeunt* add G I 14] SCENE II | *Another part of the*
same An outer Room of the Office | Enter Register and Nathaniel G
4 C L E] Nath G (so 11 6, 7, 14, 18) I had] I had F

That *Emissary Buz* sent in last night? 5

Of *Spinola*, and his *Egges*? C L E. Yes Sir, and fil'd.

R E G. What are you now vpon? C L E. That our new
Emissary

Westminster, gaue vs, of the *Golden Heyre*.

R E G. Dispatch, that's newes indeed, and of importance.
What would you haue, good woman? W o. I would haue Sir, *A*
A groatsworth of any *Newes*, I care not what, *country-*
To carry downe this *Saturday*, to our *Vicar*. *woman*
waits
there.

R E G. O! You are a Butterwoman, aske *Nathaniel*
The *Clerke*, there. C L E. Sir, I tell her, she must stay
Till *Emissary Exchange*, or *Pauls* send in, 15
And then I'll fit her. R E G. Doe good woman, haue
patience,

It is not now, as when the *Captaine* liu'd.

C L E. You'll blast the reputation of the *Office*,
Now i' the Bud, if you dispatch these *Groats*,
So soone: let them attend in name of policie. 20

ACT I. SCENE V.

PENIBOY <Iv>. CYMBAL. FITTON. THO: *To them.*

BARBER. CANTER.

I N troth they are dainty roomes; what place is this?
C Y M. This is the outer roome, where my *Clerkes* sit,
And keepe their sides, the *Register* i' the midst,
The *Examiner*, he sits priuate there, within,
And here I haue my seuerall *Rowles*, and *Fyles* 5
Of *Newes* by the *Alphabet*, and all put vp
Vnder their heads. P. I v. But those, too, subdiuided?

C Y M. Into *Authenticall*, and *Apocryphall*.

F I T. Or *Newes* of doubtfull credit, as *Barbers newes*.

C Y M. And *Taylors Newes*, *Porters*, and *Watermens newes*. 10

I I v. 10 you haue,] you haue F I v Enter Cymbal and Fitton, intro-
ducing Pennyboy, jun G, continuing the scene 10 newes] newes, F

- F I T. Whereto, beside the *Coranti*, and *Gazetti*.
 C Y M. I haue the *Newes* of the season. F I T. As *vac-*
ation newes,
Terme-newes, and *Christmas-newes*. C I M. And *newes* o'
 the *faction*.
 F I T. As the *Reformed newes*, *Protestant newes*,
 15 C Y M. And *Pontificall newes*, of all which seuerall,
 The *Day-bookes*, *Characters*, *Precedents* are kept.
 Together with the names of special friends—
 F I T. And men of *Correspondence* i' the *Countrey*—
 C Y M. Yes, of all ranks, and all Religions.—
 20 F I T. *Factors*, and *Agents*— C Y M. *Liegers*, that lie
 out
 Through all the Shires o'the kingdome. P I V. This is fine !
 And beares a braue relation ! but what sayes
Mercurius Britannicus to this ?
 C Y M. O Sir, he gaines by't halfe in halfe. F I T. Nay
 more,
 25 I'll stand to't. For, where he was wont to get
 In, hungry *Captaines*, obscure *Statesmen*. C Y M. Fellowes
 To drinke with him in a darke roome in a Tauerne,
 And eat a Sawsage. F I T. We ha' seen't. C Y M. As faine,
 To keepe so many *politique pennes*
 30 Going, to feed the presse F I T. And dish out newes,
 Were't true, or false. C Y M. Now all that charge is sau'd.
 The publike *Chronicler*. F I T. How, doe you call him
 there ?
 C Y M. And *gentle Reader*. F I T. He that has the maiden-
 head
 Of all the *bookes* C Y M. Yes, *dedicated to him*,
 35 F I T. Or rather *prostituted*. P I V. You are right, Sir.
 C Y M. No more shall be abus'd, nor countrey-*Parsons*
 O' the *Inquisition*, nor busie *Iustices*,
 Trouble the *peace*, and both torment themselues,

I v 24 more,] more F 28 seen't] seen't, F seen it G, *prefixing*
 'As fain' to l 30 29 *politique*] Query, *politician* 31 sau'd]
 sau'd F. sav'd W 32 How,] How F3

And their poore ign'rant Neighbours with enquiries
After the many, and most innocent *Monsters*, 40
That neuer came i'th' Counties they were charg'd with.

P. I v. Why, me thinkes Sir, if the honest common people
Will be abus'd, why should not they ha' their pleasure,
In the belieuing Lyes, are made for them ;
As you i'th' *Office*, making them your selues ? 45

F I T. O Sir ! it is the printing we oppose.

C Y M. We not forbid that any *Newes*, be made,
But that 't be printed ; for when *Newes* is printed, .
It leaues Sir to be *Newes*. While 'tis but written——

F I T. Though it be ne're so false, it runnes *Newes* still. 50

P. I v. See diuers mens opinions ! vnto some,
The very printing of them, makes them *Newes* ;
That ha' not the heart to beleue any thing,
But what they see in print. F I T. I, that's an Error
Ha's abus'd many ; but we shall reforme it, 55
As many things beside (we haue a hope)
Are crept among the *popular abuses*.

C Y M. Nor shall the *Stationer* cheat vpon the Time,
By buttering ouer againe—— F I T. Once, in Seuen Yeares,
As the age doates—— C Y M. And growes forgetfull o' them, 60
His *antiquated Pamphlets*, with new dates.
But all shall come from the *Mint*. F I T. Fresh and new
stamp'd,

C Y M. With the *Office-Seale, Staple Commoditie*.

F I T. And if a man will assure his *Newes*, he may .
Two-pence a Sheet he shall be warranted, 65
And haue a *policie* for't. P. I v. Sir, I admire
The method o' your place ; all things within't
Are so digested, fitted, and compos'd,
As it shewes *Wit* had married *Order*. F I T. Sir.

C Y M The best wee could to inuite the Times. F I T. It
ha's 70

Cost sweat, and freeing. C Y M. And some broken sleepes,

I v 49 While] while F
71 sleepes,] sleepes F

59 Once] once F

60 C Y M] C Y M F

Before it came to this. P. I v. I easily thinke it.

F I T. But now it ha's the shape—— C Y M. And is come forth.

P. I v. A most polite neat thing ! with all the limbs,
 75 As sense can tast ! C Y M. It is Sir, though I say it,
 As well-begotten a busines, and as fairely
 Helpt to the World. P. I v. You must be a Mid-wife Sir !
 Or els the sonne of a Mid-wife ! (pray you pardon me)
 Hauē helpt it forth so happily ! what *Newes* ha' you ?
 80 *Newes* o' this morning ? I would faine heare some
 Fresh, from the forge (as new as day, as they say.)

C Y M And such we hauē Sir. R E G. Shew him the last
Rowle,

Of *Emissary West-minster's*, The *Heire*.

P. I v. Come nearer, *Thom* : C L A. There is a braue yong
Heire

Peny Is come of age this morning, M^r. *Peny-boy*. P. I v. That's I !
 <boy> C L A. His Father dy'd on this day seuenth-night. P. I v.
reioyceth, True !
'thai he is
in.

C L A. At sixe o'the Clocke i'the morning, iust a weeke
Tels Ere he was *One and Twenty*. P. I v. I am here, *Thom* !
Thom. Proceed, I pray thee. C L A. An old *Canting Begger*
of it.

90 Brought him first *Newes*, whom he has entertain'd,
Call in the To follow him, since. P. I v. Why, you shall see him !
Canter *Founder*,

Come in ; no *Follower*, but *Companion*,

Hee giues I pray thee put him in, Friend. There's an *Angell*——
the Clerke. Thou do'st not know, hee's a wise old Fellow,

95 Though he seeme patch'd thus, and made vp o' peeces.
Founder, we are in, here, in, i'the *Newes-Office* !

In this dayes *Rowle*, already ! I doe muse

How you came by vs Sirs ! C Y M One Master *Pick-*
locke,

A Lawyer, that hath purchas'd here a place,

i v After 83 Enter Barber G 85-6 Aside add G 86
 seuenth-] seven- F3 91 St dir Call] Calls F3 92 After 'in,'
 Enter Pennyboy Canter G 93 After 'Friend' [to Nath] G 95
 Exit Nath add G 98 Sirs] Sir's F Pick-locke,] Pick-locke F

This morning, of an *Emissary* vnder me. 100

F I T. *Emissarie* Westminster. C Y M. Gaue it into th'
Office,

F I T. For his *Essay*, his peece. P. I v. My man o' Law !
Hee's my Attorney, and Sollicitour too !

A fine *pragmaticke* ! what's his place worth ?

C Y M. A *Nemo-scit*, Sir. F I T. 'Tis as *Newes* come in, 105

C Y M. And as they are issued. I haue the iust *moyetie*
For my part : then the other *moyetie*

Is parted into seuen. The foure *Emissaries* ;

Whereof my Cozen *Fittion* here's for *Court*,
Ambler for *Pauls*, and *Buz* for the *Exchange*, 110

Picklocke, for *Westminster*, with the *Examiner*,

And *Register*, they haue full parts : and then one part

Is vnder-parted to a couple of *Clarkes* ;

And there's the iust diuision of the profits !

P. I v. Ha' you those *Clarks* Sir ? C Y M. There is one
Desk empty, 115

But it has many Suitors. P. I v. Sir, may I

Present one more, and carry it, if his parts

Or Gifts, (which you will, call 'hem) C Y M. Be sufficient Sir

P. I v. What are your present *Clarkes* habilities ?
How is he qualified ? C Y M. A decay'd *Stationer* 120

He was, but knowes *Newes* well, can sort and ranke 'hem.

F I T. And for a need can make 'hem. C Y M. True
Paules bred,

I'the *Church-yard*. P. I v. And this at the West-dore,

O'th' other side, hee's my Barber *Thom*,

A pretty Scholler, and a *Master of Arts*, 125

Was made, or went out *Master of Arts* in a throng,

At the *Vniuersitie* ; as before, one *Christmas*,

He got into a *Masque* at *Court*, by his wit,

And the good meanes of his *Cythern*, holding vp thus

For one o'the *Musique*. Hee's a nimble Fellow ! 130

I v 105 come F3 come, F 11,] in F3 106-7 moyette . .
moyette] meoytie . meoytie F 115 Sir ?] Sir F 117 more,]
more F 124 O'th'] O'th F 130 Musique] Musique, F

And alike skil'd in euery *liberall Science*,
 As hauing certaine snaps of all, a neat,
 Quick-vaine, in forging *Newes* too. I doe loue him,
 And promis'd him a good turne, and I would doe it.

135 What's your price? the value? C Y M. *Fifty pounds*, S^r.

P. I v. Get in *Thom*, take possession, I install thee;

Hee buyes Here, tell your money; giue thee ioy, good *Thom*;

Thom a And let me heare from thee euery minute of *Newes*,

Clerkes While the *New Staple* stands, or the *Office* lasts,

place. 140 Which I doe wish, may ne're be lesse for thy sake.

C L A. The *Emissaries*, Sir, would speake with you,

And Master *Fillon*, they haue brought in *Newes*,

Three *Bale* together. C Y M. S^r, you are welcome, here.

F I T. So is your creature. C Y M. Businesse calls vs off,

Sir,

They take
leauē of
Peny-boy,
and
Canter.

That may concerne the *Office*. P. I v. Keepe me faire, Sir,
 Still i' your *Staple*, I am here your friend,

On the same floore. F I T. We shall be your seruants.

P. I v. How dost thou like it, *Founder*? P. C A. All is
 well,

But that your man o' law, me thinks, appeares not

150 In his due time. O! Here comes Masters worship.

ACT I. SCENE VI.

PICKLOCK PENI-BOY I V.

P. CANTER.

HOW do's the *Heyre*, bright Master *Peniboy*?

Is hee awake yet in his *One and Twenty*?

Why, this is better farre, then to weare *Cypresse*,

Dull smutting gloues, or melancholy blacks,

5 And haue a payre of twelue-peny broad ribbands

Laid out like Labells P. I v. I should ha' made shift

I v 132 all,] all, F3 135 What's] Whats F After 140 Re-enter
 Nathaniel G After 147 Exeunt all but P jun and P Cant G
 149 law, me thinks,] law me thinks F I vi] Enter Picklock. G,
 continuing the scene PENI-BOY] PENI-BOY F

To haue laught as heartily in my mourners hood,
As in this Suite, if it had pleas'd my father
To haue beene buried, with the Trumpeters :

P I c. *The Herald's of Armes*, you meane. P I v. I meane, 10
All noyse, that is superfluous ! P I c. All that idle pompe,
And vanity of a Tombe-stone, your wise father
Did, by his will, preuent. Your worship had——

P I v. A louing and obedient father of him,
I know it<, I> : a right, kinde-natur'd man, 15

To dye so opportunely. P I c. And to settle
All things so well, compounded for your wardship,
The weeke afore, and left your state entyre
Without any charge vpon't. P I v. I must needes say,
I lost an *Officer* of him, a good *Bayliffe*, 20

And I shall want him ; but all peace be with him,
I will not wish him aloue, againe ; not I,
For all my Fortune ; giue your worship ioy
O' your new place, your *Emissary-ship*,
I'the *Newes Office*. P I c. Know you, why I bought
it S^r? 25

P I v. Not I. P I c. To worke for you, and carry a
myne
Against the Master of it, Master *Cymball* ;
Who hath a plot vpon a Gentlewoman,
Was once design'd for you, Sir. P I v. Me ? P I c. Your
father,

Old Master *Peni-boy*, of happy memory, 30
And wisdom too, as any i' the *County*,
Carefull to finde out a fit match for you,
In his owne life time (but hee was preuented)

Left it in writing in a *Schedule* here,
To be annexed to his *Will* ; that you, 35
His onely Sonne, vpon his charge, and blessing,
Should take due notice of a Gentlewoman,
Soiourning with your vncle, *Richer Peni-boy*.

1. vi 15 I G cony 16 so opportunely] soopportunely F 17
wardship, F originally ward ship, or wardsh ip or ward shi p F later

- P. I v. A *Cornish* Gentlewoman, I doe know her,
 40 *Mistresse Pecunia doe-all* P I c. A great *Lady*,
 Indeede, shee is, and not of mortall race,
Infanta of the *Mines*; her Graces Grandfather,
 Was *Duke*, and Cousin to the *King* of *Ophyr*,
 The *Subterranean*, let that passe. Her name is,
 45 Or rather, her three names are (for such shee is)
Aurelia Clara Pecunia, a great *Princesse*,
 Of mighty power, though shee liue in priuate
 With a contracted family! Her *Secretary*—
 P. C A. Who is her Gentleman-vsher too. P I c. One
Broker,
 50 And then two Gentlewomen; *Mistresse Statute*,
 And *Mistresse Band*, with *Waxe* the Chambermaide,
 And Mother *Mortgage*, the old Nurse, two Groomes,
Pawne, and his fellow; you haue not many to bribe, Sir.
 The worke is feizable, and th'approches easie,
 55 By your owne kindred. Now, Sir, *Cymball* thinks,
 The Master here, and gouernor o'the *Staple*,
 By his fine arts, and pompe of his great place
 To draw her! He concludes, shee is a woman!
 And that so soone as sh(e)'heares of the *New Office*,
 60 Shee'll come to visit it, as they all haue longings
 After new sights, and motions! But your bounty,
 Person, and braucry must atchieue her. P. C A. Shee is
 The talke o'the time! th'aduenture o'the age!
 P I c You cannot put your selfe vpon an action
 65 Of more importance. P. C A. All the world are suiters to
 her.
 P I c. All sorts of men, and all professions!
 P. C A. You shall haue stall-fed *Doctors*, cram'd *Diuines*
 Make loue to her, and with those studied
 And perfum'd flatteries, as no rome can stinke
 70 More elegant, then where they are. P I c. Well chanted,
 Old *Canter*, thou singst true. P. C A And (by your leaue)

I v i 40 *Mistresse*] *Mistresse*, F *Mistris* F3 41 *Indeede*,] *Indeede*
 F 46 a] A F 70, 71 *chanter*, . *Canter*,] *chanter* .. *Canter* F

Good *Masters worship*, some of your veluet coate
Make corpulent curt'sies to her, till they cracke for't.

P I c. There's *Doctor Almanack* wooes her, one of the
Ieerers,

A fine Physitian. P. C A. Your Sea-captaine, *Shun-field*, 75
Giues out hee'll goe vpon the *Cannon* for her.

P I c. Though his lowd mouthing get him little credit.

P. C A. Young Master *Pyed-manile*, the fine *Herald*,
Professes to deriue her through all ages,
From all the *Kings*, and *Queenes*, that euer were. 80

P I c. And Master *Madrigall*, the crowned *Poet*
Of these our times, doth offer at her praises
As faire as any, when it shall please *Apollo*,
That wit and rime may meete both in one subiect.

P. C A. And you to beare her from all these, it will be—— 85

P I c. A work of fame. P. C A. Of honor. P I c. Cele-
bration.

P. C A. Worthy your name. P I c. The *Peni-boyes* to
liue in't.

P. C A. It is an action you were built for, Sir,

P I c. And none but you can doe it. P. I v. I'll vnder-
take it,

P. C A. And carry it. P. I v. Feare me not, for since
I came 90

Of mature age, I haue had a certaine itch
In my right eye, this corner, here, doe you see ?
To doe some worke, and worthy of a *Chronicle*.

The first Intermeane after the first *Act*.

M I R T H. *How now Gossip ! how doe's the Play please
you ?*

C E N S V R E. *Very scuruiely, me thinks, and sufficiently
naught.*

E X P E C T A T I O N. *As a body would wish : here's nothing s*

I v 75 Sea-captaine] Sea Captaine some copies of F 77 credit]
credit, F 78 *Herald*,] *Herrald* F 79 deriue] deriuer F deriue
F3 87 in't] in't, F 93 *Exeunt* add G

but a young Prodigall, come of age, who makes much of the Barber, buyes him a place in a new Office, i'the ayre, I know not where, and his man o' Law to follow him, with the Begger to boote, and they two helpe him to a wife.

- 10 MIRTH. I, shee is a proper preece ! that such creatures can broke for.

TATLE. I cannot abide that nasty fellow, the Begger ; if hee had beene a Court-Begger in good clothes, a Begger in veluet, as they say, I could haue endur'd him.

- 15 MIRTH. Or a begging scholler in blacke, or one of these beggerly Poets, gossip, that would hang vpon a young heyre like a horseleech

EXPEC. Or a thred-bare Doctor of Physicke, a poore Quackesaluer

- 20 CENSURE. Or a Sea-captaine, halfe steru'd.

MIRTH. I, these were tolerable Beggers, Beggers of fashion ! you shall see some such anon !

- TATLE I would faine see the Foole, gossip, the Foole is the finest man i' the company, they say, and has all the wit :
25 Hee is the very Iustice o' Peace o'the Play, and can commit whom hee will, and what hee will, errour, absurdity, as the toy takes him, and no man say, blacke is his eye, but laugh at him.

- MIRTH. But they ha' no Foole i' this Play, I am afraid,
30 gossip.

TATLE. It's a wise Play, then.

EXPECTATION. They are all fooles, the rather, in that.

CENSURE. Like enough.

- TATLE. My husband, (Timothy Tatle, God rest his poore
35 soule) was wont to say, there was no Play without a Foole, and a Diuell in't ; he was for the Diuell still, God blesse him. The Diuell for his money, would hee say, I would faine see the Diuell. And why would you so faine see the Diuell ? would I say. Because hee has hornes, wife, and may be a
40 cuckold, as well as a Diuell, hee would answer : You are e'en

THE FIRST INTERMEAN 12 Begger.] Begger, F Beggar, F3
13 clothes.] clothes. F. Clothes, F3 25 commit] commit F

such another, husband, quoth I. Was the Diuell euer married ? where doe you read, the Diuell was euer so honorable to commit Matrimony ? The Play will tell vs that, sayes hee, wee'll goe see't to morrow, the Diuell is an Asse. Hee is an errant learn'd man, that made it, and can write, they say, and I am fouly 45 deceiu'd, but hee can read too.

MIRTH. *I remember it gossip, I went with you, by the same token, M^r. Trouble Truth diswaded vs, and told vs, hee was a prophane Poet, and all his Playes had Diuels in them. That he kept schole vpo' the Stage, could coniure there, aboue 50 the Schole of Westminster, and Doctor Lamb too : not a Play he made, but had a Diuell in it. And that he would learne vs all to make our husbands Cuckolds at Playes : by another token, that a young married wife i'the company, said, shee could finde in her heart to steale thither, and see a little o'the vanity through 55 her masque, and come practice at home.*

TATTLE. *O, it was, Mistresse——*

MIRTH. *Nay, Gossip, I name no body. It may be 'twas my selfe.*

EXPECTATION. *But was the Diuell a proper man, 60 Gossip ?*

MIRTH. *As fine a gentleman, of his inches, as euer I saw trusted to the Stage, or any where else : and lou'd the common wealth, as well as e're a Patriot of 'hem all : hee would carry away the Vice on his backe, quicke to Hell, in euery Play where 65 he came, and reforme abuses.*

EXPECTATION. *There was the Diuell of Edmonton, no such man, I warrant you.*

CENSURE. *The Coniurer coosen'd him with a candles end, hee was an Asse. 70*

MIRTH. *But there was one Smug, a Smith, would haue made a horse laugh, and broke his halter, as they say.*

TATTLE. *O, but the poore man had got a shrewd mischance, one day.*

EXPECTATION. *How, Gossip ? 75*

INTERMEAN] 43 Matrimony ?] Matrimony; F vs] vs, F 64 e're F3. ere F

TATLE. *He had drest a Rogue Iade i'the morning, that had the Staggers, and had got such a spice of 'hem himselfe, by noone, as they would not away all the Play time, doe what hee could, for his heart*

80 MIRTH. *'Twas his part, Gossip, he was to be drunke, by his part.*

TATLE. *Say you so ? I vnderstood not so much.*

EXPECTA. *Would wee had such an other part, and such a man in this play, I feare 'twill be an excellent dull thing.*

CENSURE. *Expect, intend it.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

PENI-BOY SEN. PECVNIA. MORTGAGE.

STATUTE. BAND. BROKER.

YOur Grace is sad, me thinks, and melancholy !
 You doe not looke vpon me with that face,
 As you were wont, my Goddesse, bright *Pecunia* :
 Although your Grace be falne of, *two i'the hundred*,
 5 In vulgar estimation ; yet am I,
 You <r> *Graces* seruant still and teach this body,
 To bend, and these my aged knees to buckle,
 In adoration, and iust worship of you.
 Indeed, I doe confesse, I haue no shape
 10 To make a minion of, but I'm your *Martyr*,
 Your *Graces Martyr*. I can heare the Rogues,
 As I doe walke the streetes, whisper, and point,
 There goes old *Peni-boy*, the slaue of money,
 Rich *Peni-boy*, *Lady Pecunia's* drudge,
 15 A sordid Rascall, one that neuer made
 Good meale in his sleep, but sells the acates are sent him,
 Fish, Fowle, and venison, and preserues himselfe,

INTERMEAN] 76 *Rogue*] *Roguy* F3 79 *hee*] *hec* F 82 so ? F3 so F
 11 1] *A Room in Pennyboy senior's House Enter Pennyboy Sen Pecunia,*
Mortgage, Estate, Band, and Broker G PENI-BOY SEN] PENI-BOY Sen F
 1 sad,] sad F 4 *falne of,*] *falne, of F* 6 *Your F3* 16 *Good*
 . . . sells] Good meale but in his sleep, sells Robert Nares conj.

Like an old hoary Rat, with mouldy pye-crust.
This I doe heare, reioycing, I can suffer
This, and much more, for your good *Graces* sake. 20

P E C. Why do you so, my Guardian? I not bid you,
Cannot my *Grace* be gotten, and held too,
Without your selfe-tormentings, and your watches,
Your macerating of your body thus
With cares, and scantings of your dyet, and rest? 25

P. S E. O, no, your seruices, my *Princely Lady*,
Cannot with too much zeale of *rites* be done,
They are so sacred. P E C. But my Reputation
May suffer, and the worship of my family,
When by so seruile meanes they both are sought. 30

P. S E. You are a noble, young, free, gracious *Lady*,
And would be euery bodies, in your bounty,
But you must not be so. They are a few
That know your merit, *Lady*, and can valew't.
Your selfe scarce vnderstands your proper powers. 35
They are *all-mighty*, and that wee, your seruants,
That haue the honour here to stand so neere you,
Know; and can vse too. All this *Nether-world*
Is yours, you command it, and doe sway it,
The honour of it, and the honesty, 40
The reputation, I, and the religion,
(I was about to say, and had not err'd)
Is Queene *Pecunia's*. For that stile is yours,
If mortals knew your *Grace*, or their owne good.

M O R. Please your *Grace* to retire. B A N. I feare your *Grace* 45
Hath ta'ne too much of the sharpe ayre. P E C. O no I
I could endure to take a great deale more
(And with my constitution) were it left
Vnto my choice, what thinke you of it, *Statute*?

S T A. A little now and then does well, and keepes 50
Your *Grace* in your complexion. B A N. And true temper.

M O R. But too much *Madame*, may encrease cold rheumes,

11 1 21 so,] 30 F 28 Reputation F3 Reputation F 36 wee,]
wee F 48 constitution) left W constitution, . . left) F

- Nourish catarrhes, greene sicknesses, and agues,
 And put you in consumption. P. S. E. Best to take
 55 Aduice of your graue women, Noble *Madame*,
 They know the state o' your body, and ha' studied
 Your *Graces* health. B. A. N. And honour. Here'll be visi-
 tants,
 Or Suitors by and by; and 'tis not fit
 They find you here. S. T. A. 'Twill make your *Grace* too
 cheape
 60 To giue them audience presently M. O. R. Leauē your
Secretary,
 To answer them. P. E. C. Waite you here, *Broker*. B. R. O. I
 shal *Madame*.
 And doe your *Graces* trusts with diligence.

ACT II. SCENE II.

P. Y. E. D. M. A. N. T. L. E. B. R. O. K. E. R.

P. E. N. I. - B. O. Y S. E. N.

- W. Hat luck's this? I am come an inch too late.
 Doe you heare Sir? Is your worship o' the family
 Vnto the *Lady Pecunia*? B. R. O. I serue her *Grace*, Sir,
Aurelia Clara Pecunia, the *Infanta*.
 5 P. Y. E. Has she all those *Titles*, and her *Grace* besides?
 I must correct that ignorance and ouer-sight,
 Before I doe present. Sir, I haue drawne
 A *Pedigree* for her *Grace*, though yet a Nouice
 In that so noble study. B. R. O. A *Herald* at *Armes*?
 10 P. Y. E. No, Sir, a *Pursuant*, my name is *Pyed-manile*.
 B. R. O. Good Master *Pyed-manile*. P. Y. E. I haue deduc'd
 her——
 B. R. O. From all the *Spanish Mines* in the *West-Indies*,
 I hope: for she comes that way by her mother,

11 1 61 *Exeunt all but Broker* add G 11 11] *Enter Piedmanile* G, con-
 tinuing the scene P. E. N. I. - B. O. Y] P. E. N. I. - B. O. Y F 1 late F3 late, F
 5 besides? F3 besides, F 10 No,] No F 11 her——]
 her —— F 12 *Indies* F3 *Indi'es* F

But, by her Grand-mother, she's *Dutches of Mines*.

P Y E. From mans creation I haue brought her. B R O.

No further ?

15

Before S^r, long before, you haue done nothing else,

Your *Mines* were before *Adam*, search your *Office*,

Rowle *fiue* and *twenty*, you will finde it so,

I see you are but a Nouice, Master *Pyed-mantle*,

If you had not told mee so. P Y E. Sir, an *apprentise* 20

In *armoiry*. I haue read the *Elements*,

And *Accidence*, and all the leading bookes,

And I haue, now, vpon me a great ambition,

How to be brought to her *Grace*, to kisse her hands.

B R O. Why, if you haue acquaintance with Mistresse

Statute,

25

Or Mistresse *Band*, my *Ladies Gentlewomen*,

They can induce you. One is a *Iudges* Daughter,

But somewhat stately ; th'other, Mistresse *Band*,

Her father's but a *Scriuener*, but shee can

Almost as much with my *Lady*, as the other, 30

Especially, if *Rose Waxe* the Chambermaid

Be willing. Doe you not know her, Sir, neither ?

P Y E. No in troth Sir. B R O. She's a good plyant wench,

And easie to be wrought, Sir, but the Nurse,

Old mother *Mortgage*, if you haue a *Tenement*, 35

Or such a morsell ? though shee haue no teeth,

Shee loues a sweet meat, any thing that melts

In her warme gummes, she could command it for you

On such a trifle, a toy. Sir, you may see,

How for your loue, and this so pure complexion, 40

(A perfect *Sanguine*) I ha' ventur'd thus,

The straining of a ward, opening a doore

Into the secrets of our family.

P Y E. I pray you let mee know, Sir, vnto whom

I am so much beholden ; but your name. 45

B R O. My name is *Broker*, I am *Secretary*,

II II. 19 -mantle, F3 -mantle F 28 th'other,] th'other F
34 Nurse,] Nurse F 43 family] family F

And *Vsher*, to her *Grace*. P Y E. Good Master *Broker* !

B R O. Good M^r. *Pyed-manile*. P Y E. Why? you could do me,

If you would, now, this fauour of your selfe.

50 B R O. Truly, I thinke I could : but if I would,
I hardly should, without, or Mistresse *Band*,
Or Mistresse *Statute*, please to appeare in it.
Or the good Nurse I told you of, Mistresse *Mortgage*.
We know our places here, wee mingle not

55 One in anothers sphere, but all moue orderly,
In our owne orbes ; yet wee are all *Concentricks*.

P Y E. Well, Sir, I'll waite a better season. B R O. Doe,
And study the right meanes, get Mistresse *Band*
To vrge on your behalfe, or little *Waxe*.

Broker
makes a
mouth at
him

P Y E. I haue a hope, Sir, that I may, by chance,
Light on her *Grace*, as she's taking the ayre.

He reeres
him
againe

B R O. That ayre of hope, has blasted many an ayrie
Of Castrills like your selfe : Good Master *Pyed-manile*.

Old Penny-
boy leaps.

P. S E. Well said, Master *Secretary*, I stood behinde
And heard thee all. I honor thy dispatches.

If they be rude, vntrained in our method
And haue not studied the rule, dismissee 'hem quickly
Where's *Lickfinger* my Cooke? that vnctuous rascall?
Hee'll neuer keepe his houre, that vessell of kitchinstuffe !

ACT II. SCENE IIJ.

BROKER. PENY-BOY SE.

LICK-FINGER.

H Eere hee is come, Sir. P. S E Pox vpon him kidney,
Alwaies too late ! L I C. To wish 'hem you, I confesse,
That ha' them already. P. S E. What? L I C. The pox !
P. S E. The piles,

1 u 61 ayre] ayre F 63 -mantle] -mantle, F Exit Piedmantle.
add G 64 st dir leaps] leaps F 65 heard] heard F 66 in F 3 it F
67 quickly] quickly, F 11 11] Enter Lickfinger G, continuing the
scene PENY-BOY] PENY-BOY F

The plague, and all diseases light on him,
Knowes not to keepe his word. I'd keepe my word sure ! 5
I hate that man that will not keepe his word,
When did I breake my word ? L I c. Or I, till now ?
And 'tis but halfe an houre. P. S E. Halfe a yeere :
To mee that stands vpon a minute of time.
I am a iust man, I loue still to be iust. 10

L I c. Why ? you thinke I can runne like light-foot *Ralph*,
Or keep a wheele-barrow, with a sayle, in towne here,
To whirle me to you : I haue lost two stone
Of suet i' the seruice posting hither,
You might haue followed me like a watering pot, 15
And seene the knots I made along the street ;
My face dropt like the skimmer in a fritter panne,
And my whole body, is yet (to say the truth)
A rosted pound of butter, with grated bread in't !

P. S E. Beleue you, he that list. You stay'd of purpose, *He sweepes his face*
To haue my venison stinke, and my fowle mortify'd,
That you might ha' 'hem—— L I c. A shilling or two
cheaper,

That's your ieaalousie. P. S E. Perhaps it is.
Will you goe in, and view, and value all ?
Yonder is venison sent mee ! fowle ! and fish ! 25
In such abundance ! I am sicke to see it !
I wonder what they meane ! I ha' told 'hem of it !
To burthen a weake stomacke ! and prouoke
A dying appetite ! thrust a sinne vpon me
I ne'r was guilty of ! nothing but gluttony ! 30
Grosse gluttony ! that will vndoe this Land !

L I c. And bating two i'the hundred. P. S E. I, that
same's

A crying sinne, a fearfull damn'd deuice,
Eats vp the poore, deuoures 'hem—— L I c. Sir, take heed
What you giue out. P. S E. Against your graue great *Solons* ? 35
Numæ Pompili, they that made that *Law* ?

To take away the poore's inheritance ?

It was their portion : I will stand to't.

And they haue rob'd 'hem of it, plainly rob'd 'hem,

40 I still am a iust man, I tell the truth.

When moneies went at Ten i'the hundred, I,

And such as I, the seruants of *Pecunia*,

Could spare the poore *two* out of *ten*, and did it,

How say you, *Broker* ? (L I C. Ask your *Eccho*) B R O.

You did it.

45 P. S E. I am for Iustice, when did I leaue Iustice ?

We knew 'twas theirs, they'had right and *Tiile* to't.

Now—— L I C. You can spare 'hem nothing. P. S E.

Very little,

L I C. As good as nothing. P S E They haue bound our
hands

With their wise solemne act, shortned our armes.

50 L I C. Beware those worshipfull eares, Sir, be not
shortned,

And you play Crop i'the fleete, if you vse this licence

P. S E. What licence, Knaue ? Informer ? L I C I am
Luckfinger,

Your Cooke. P. S E A saucy *Iacke* you are, that's once ;

What said I, *Broker* ? B R O. Nothing that I heard, Sir.

55 L I C. I know his gift, hee can be deafe when he list.

P. S E. Ha' you prouided me my bushell of egges,

I did bespeake ? I doe not care how stale,

Or stincking that they be ; let 'hem be rotten :

For ammunition here to pelt the boyes,

60 That brake my windowes ? L I C. Yes Sir, I ha' spar'd 'hem

Out of the custard politique for you, the Maiors.

P. S E. 'Tis well, goe in, take hence all that excesse,

Make what you can of it, your best : and when

I haue friends, that I inuite at home, prouide mee

65 Such, such, and such a dish, as I bespeake ;

One at a time, no superfluitie.

Or if you haue it not, returne mee money ;

11 11 56 egges,] egges ? F 61 Maiors] Mayor's F3

You know my waies. L I C. They are a little crooked.
 P. S E. How knaue? L I C. Because you do indent.
 P. S E. 'Tis true, Sir,
 I do indent you shall returne me money. 70
 L I C. Rather then meat, I know it : you are iust still.
 P. S E. I loue it still. And therefore if you spend
 The red-Deeres pyes i' your house, or sell 'hem forth, Sir,
 Cast so, that I may haue their coffins all,
 Return'd here, and pil'd vp : I would be thought 75
 To keepe some kind of house. L I C. By the mouldie signes?
 P. S E. And then remember meat for my two dogs :
 Fat flaps of mutton ; kidneyes ; rumps of veale ;
 Good plentious scraps , my maid shall eat the reliques.
 L I C. When you & your dogs haue din'd. A sweet
 reuersion. 80
 P. S E. Who's here ? my *Courtier* ? and my little *Doctor* ?
 My *Muster-Master* ? and what Plouer 's that
 They haue brought to pull ? B R O. I know not, some green
 Plouer.
 I'll find him out. P. S E. Doe, for I know the rest,
 They are the *leerers*, mocking, flouting *Iackes*. 85

ACT II. SCENE IV.

FITTON. PENI-BOY S E. ALMANACH
 SHVNFIELD MADRIGAL. LICK-
 FINGER. BROKER.

H OW now old *Money-Bawd* ? w'are come—— P. S E.
 To reere me,
 As you were wont, I know you. A L M. No, to giue thee
 Some good security, and see *Pecunia*.
 P. S E. What is't ? F I T Our selues. A L M. Wee'l be
 one bound for another.

I in 69 P. S E. 'Tis true, Sir, in l 70 in F3 84 After 'out' Enter
Fitton, Almanac, Shunfield, and Madrigal G 11 1v] *G continues the*
scene PENI-BOY] PENI-BOY F 4 Two lines in F, F3, divided at
 'selues'

5 F I T. This noble *Doctor* here. A L M. This worthy *Courtier*.

F I T. This *Man o' war*, he was our *Muster-Master*.

He holds
up his
nose

A L M. But a *Sea-Captaine* now, braue *Captaine Shun-*
field.

S H V N. You snuffe the ayre now, as the scent displeas'd
you ?

F I T. Thou needst not feare him man, his credit is sound,

10 A L M. And season'd too, since he tooke salt at Sea.

P. S E. I doe not loue pickl'd security,

Would I had one good *Fresh-man* in for all ;

For truth is, you three stinke. S H V. You are a Rogue.

P. S E. I thinke I am, but I will lend no money

15 On that security, *Captaine*. A L M. Here's a Gentleman,
A *Fresh-man* i' the world, one Master *Madrigall*.

Madrigall
steps
aside with
Broker

F I T. Of an vntainted credit ; what say you to him ?

S H V. Hee's gone, me thinkes, where is he ? *Madrigall* ?

P. S E. H' has an odde singing name, is he an Heyre ?

20 F I T. An Heyre to a faire fortune, A L M. And full
hopes :

A dainty *Scholler*, and a pretty *Poet* !

P. S E. Y'au'e said enough. I ha' no money, Gentlemen,
An' he goe to't in ryme once, not a penny.

He
snuffles
againe

S H V. Why, hee's of yeares, though he haue little beard.

P. S E. His beard has time to grow. I haue no money :

Let him still dable in *Poetry*. No *Pecunia*

Is to be seene. A L M. Come, thou lou'st to be costieue

Still i' thy curt'sie ; but I haue a pill,

A golden pill to purge away this melancholly.

30 S H V. 'Tis nothing but his keeping o' the house here,

With his two drowsie doggs. F I T. A drench of sacke

At a good tauerne, and a fine fresh pullet,

Would cure him. L I C. Nothing but a yong Haire in
white-broth,

11 iv 8 as] has 1716. W, G 11 pickl'd] pickl d most copies of F
17 Exit Madrigal with Broker add G 13 Rogue] Rogue, F 18
gone,] gone F 30 'Tis] Tis F 33 Haire] Heir F3

I know his diet better then the *Doctor*.

S H V. What *Lick-finger*? mine old host of *Ram-Alley*? 35

You ha' some mercat here. A L M. Some dosser of Fish

Or Fowle to fetch of. F I T. An odde bargaine of Venison,

To drue. P. S E. Will you goe in, knaue? L I C. I must
needs,

You see who driues me, gentlemen. A L M. Not the *druell*.

F I T. Hee may be in time, hee is his *Agent*, now.

Peny-boy
thrush
him in

P. S E. You are all cogging *Iacks*, a Couy o' wits,

The Ieerers, that still call together at meales :

Or rather an Airy, for you are birds of prey :

And flie at all, nothing's too bigge or high for you.

And are so truely fear'd, but not belou'd

45

One of another : as no one dares breake

Company from the rest, lest they should fall

Vpon him absent. A L M. O! the onely *Oracle*

That euer peept, or spake out of a dublet.

S H V. How the rogue stinks, worse then a Fishmonger(s)
sleeues !

50

F I T. Or Curriers hands ! S H V. And such a perboill'd
visage !

F I T. His face lookes like a Diers apron, iust !

A L M. A sodden head, and his whole braine a possit curd !

P. S E. I, now you ieere, ieere on , I haue no money.

A L M. I wonder what religion hee's of !

55

F I T. No certaine *species* sure. A kinde of mule !

That's halfe an *Ethnick*, halfe a *Christian* !

P. S E. I haue no monie, gentlemen. S H V. This stocke,
He has no sense of any vertue, honour,

Gentrie or *merit*. P. S E. You say very right,

60

My *meritorious Captaine*, (as I take it !)

Merit will keepe no house, nor pay no house rent.

Will Mistresse *Merit* goe to mercat, thinke you ?

Set on the pot, or feed the family ?

ii iv 37 fetch of] fetch off F3 40 FIT] FIT, F be om. W
St dir in F at l 44 47 fall] fall, F 50 Fishmongers F3
56 sure] sure, F 58 P SE] P Se F (so 60, 68, 71, 80, 91, 97,
104, 114) stocke,] stocke F

- 65 Will *Gentry* cleare with the Butcher ? or the Baker ?
Fetch in a Phessant, or a brace of Partridges,
From good-wife *Poulter*, for my *Ladies* supper ?
FIT. See ! this pure rogue ! P. S E. This rogue has
money tho',
My worshipfull braue *Courtier* has no money.
- 70 No, nor my valiant *Captaine*. SH V. Hang you rascall.
P. S E. Nor you, my learned *Doctor*. I lou'd you
Whil(e) you did hold your practice, and kill tripe-wiues,
And kept you to your vrinall ; but since your thombes
Haue greas'd the *Ephemerides*, casting figures,
75 And turning ouer for your Candle-rents,
And your twelue houses in the *Zodiacke* :
With your *Almutens*, *Alma cantaras*,
Troth, you shall cant alone for *Peny-boy*
SH V. I told you what we should find him, a meere Bawd.
- 80 FIT. A rogue, a cheater. P. S E. What you please,
gentlemen,
I am of that humble nature and condition,
Neuer to minde your worships, or take notice
Of what you throw away, thus. I keepe house here
Like a lame Cobler, neuer out of doores,
85 With my two dogs, my friends ; and (as you say)
Driue a quicke pretty trade, still. I get money :
And as for Titles, be they *Rogue*, or *Rascall*,
Or what your worships fancy, let 'hem passe
As transitory things ; they're mine to day,
90 And yours to morrow. A L M. Hang thee dog. SH V. Thou
curre
P. S E. You see how I doe blush, and am asham'd
Of these large attributes ? yet you haue no money.
A L M. Well wolfe, *Hyæna*, you old pockie rascall,
You will ha' the *Hernia* fall downe againe
95 Into your *Scrotum*, and I shall be sent for.
I will remember then, that ; and your *Fistula*

In ano, I cur'd you of. P. S E. Thanke your dog-leech craft.
They were 'holesome piles, afore you meddl'd with 'hem.

A L M. What an vngratefull wretch is this? S H V. Hee
minds

A curtesie no more, then *London-bridge*, 100

What Arch was mended last. F I T. Hee neuer thinks,

More then a logge, of any grace at Court,

A man may doe him : or that such a *Lord*

Reach't him his hand. P. S E. O yes ! if grace would strike

The brewers Tally, or my good *Lords* hand 105

Would quit the scores. But Sir, they will not doe it.

Here's a piece, my good *Lord* piece, doth all.

*He shewes
a piece.*

Goes to the Butchers, fetches in a mut<t>on,

Then to the Bakers, brings in bread, makes fires,

Gets wine, and does more reall Curtesies, 110

Then all my *Lords*, I know : My sweet *Lord* peece !

You are my *Lord*, the rest are cogging *Jacks*,

Vnder the *Rose*. S H V. Rogue, I could beat you now,

P. S E. True, *Captaine*, if you durst beat any other,

I should belieue you, but indeed you are hungry ; 115

You are not angry *Captaine*, if I know you

Aright ; good *Captaine*. No *Pecunia*

Is to be seene, though Mistresse *Band* would speake,

Or little Blushet-*Waxe* be ne'r so easie,

I'll stop mine eares with her, against the *Syrens*, 120

Court, and *Philosophy*. God be wi' you, Gentlemen,

Prouide you better names, *Pecunia* is for you.

F I T. What a damn'd *Harpy* it is ? where's *Madrigall* ?

Is he sneek'd hence ? S H V. Here he comes with *Broker*, *Madrigall*

Pecunia's Secretary. A L M. He may doe some good *returns.*

With him perhaps Where ha' you beene *Madrigall* ?

M A D. Aboue with my *Ladies* women, reading verses.

F I T. That was a fauour. Good morrow, Master *Secretary*.

11 iv 101 thinkes,] thinkes F 105 hand] hand, F Hand F3
108 Butchers,] Butchers F 114 True,] True F other, F3:
other F 117 No *Pecunia* F3 No, *Pecunia*, F 119 -*Waxe*]
-*Waxe*, F 121 wi'] wi most copies of F 122 names,] names
F. Names, F3 Exit add G 124 hence ?] hence F

- SH V. Good morrow, Master *Vsher*. ALM. Sir, by both
 130 Your worshipfull *Titles*, and your name *Mas Broker*,
 Good morrow. MA D. I did aske him if hee were
Amphibion Broker. SH V. Why? MA D. A creature of
 two natures,
 Because hee has two *Offices*. BRO. You may ieere,
 You ha' the wits, young Gentlemen. But your hope
 135 Of *Helicon*, will neuer carry it, heere,
 With our fat family; we ha' the dullest,
 Most unboar'd Eares for verse amongst our females.
 I grieu'd you read so long, Sir, old Nurse *Mortgage*,
 Shee snoar'd i'the Chaire, and *Statute* (if you mark'd her)
 140 Fell fast a sleepe, and Mistresse *Band*, shee nodded,
 But not with any consent to what you read.
 They must haue somewhat else to chinke, then rymes.
 If you could make an *Epitaph* on your Land,
 (Imagine it on departure) such a *Poem*
 145 Would wake 'hem, and bring *Waxe* to her true temper.
 MA D. I' faith Sir, and I will try. BRO. 'Tis but earth,
 Fit to make bricke and tyles of. SH V. Pocks vpon't,
 'Tis but for pots, or pipkins at the best.
 If it would keepe vs in good tabacco pipes,
 150 BRO. 'Twere worth keeping. FIT. Or in *porc'lane*
 dishes,
 There were some hope. ALM. But this is a hungry soile,
 And must be helpt. FIT. Who would hold any Land
 To haue the trouble to marle it? SH V. Not a gentleman.
 BRO. Let clownes and hyndes affect it, that loue
 ploughes,
 155 And carts, and harrowes, and are busie still,
 In vexing the dull element. ALM. Our sweete *Songster*
 Shall rarifie't into ayre. FIT. And you *Mas. Broker*,
 Shall haue a feeling. BRO. So it supple, Sir,
 The nerues. MA D. O! it shall be palpable,

11 iv. 130 *Broker*,] *Broker* F 132 MAD.] ALM F Mad W
 147 vpon't.] vpon't F 150 dishes.] dishes F 153 it?] it F
 157 *Broker*,] *Broker* F

Make thee runne thorow a hoope, or a thombe-ring, 160
The nose of a tabacco pipe, and draw
Thy ductile bones out, like a knitting needle,
To serue my subtill turnes. B R O. I shall obey, Sir,
And run a thred, like an houre-glasse. P. S E. Where is
Broker?

Are not these flies gone yet? pray' quit my house, 165
I'll smoake you out else. F I T. O! the Prodigall!
Will you be at so much charge with vs, and losse?

M A D. I haue heard you ha' offered Sir, to lock vp smoake,
And cauke your windores, spar up all your doores,
Thinking to keepe it a close prisoner w' you, 170
And wept, when it went out, Sir, at your chimney.

F I T. And yet his eyes were dryer then a pummise.

S H V. A wretched rascall, that will binde about
The nose of his bellows, lest the wind get out
When hee's abroad. A L M. Sweepes downe no cobwebs here, 175
But sells 'hem for cut-fingers. And the spiders,
As creatures rear'd of dust, and cost him nothing,
To fat old *Ladies* monkeyes. F I T. Hee has offer'd
To gather vp spilt water, and preserue
Each haire falls from him to stop balls withall. 180

S H V. A slaue, and an Idolater to *Pecunia*!

P. S E. You all haue happy memories, Gentlemen,
In rocking my poore cradle. I remember too,
When you had lands, and credit, worship, friends,
I, and could giue security: now, you haue none, 185
Or will haue none right shortly. This can time,
And the vicissitude of things. I haue
All these, and money too, and doe possesse 'hem,
And am right heartily glad of all our memories,
And both the changes. F I T. Let vs leaue the viper. 190

P. S E. Hee's glad he is rid of his torture, and so soone.
Broker, come hither, vp, and tell your *Lady*,

II iv 164 After 'houre-glasse' Re-enter Pennyboy sen G 169
windores] Windows F3 180 withall] with all F withal F3 188
these,] these F After 190 Exit all but P Sen. and Broker. G

- Shee must be readie presently, and *Statute*,
Band, Mortgage, Wax. My prodigall young kinsman
 195 Will streight be here to see her ; 'top of our house,
 The flourishing, and flanting *Peny-boy*.
 Wee were but three of vs in all the world,
 My brother *Francis*, whom they call'd *Franck Peny-boy*,
 Father to this : hee's dead. This *Peny-boy*,
 200 Is now the heire ! I, Richer *Peny-boy*,
 Not *Richard*, but old *Harry Peny-boy*,
 And (to make rime) close, wary *Peny-boy*,
 I shall haue all at last, my hopes doe tell me.
 Goe, see all ready ; and where my dogs haue falted,
 205 Remoue it with a broome, and sweeten all
 With a slice of iuniper, not too much, but sparing,
 We may be faultie our selues else, and turne prodigall,
 In entertaining of the *Prodigall*.
 Here hee is ! and with him—what ! a *Clapper Dudgeon* !
 210 That's a good signe ; to haue the begger follow him,
 So neere at his first entry into fortune.

ACT II. SCENE V.

PENY-BOY IV. PENI-BOY SEN. PIC(K)LOCK. CANTER.)

BROKER. PECVNIA. STATUTE.

BAND. WAX. MORTGAGE. *hid in the study.*

- H**OW now old Vncle ? I am come to see thee,
 And the braue *Lady*, here, the daughter of *Ophir*,
 They say thou keepst. P. S E. Sweet Nephew, if she were
 The daughter o' the *Sunne*, shee's at your seruice,
 5 And so am I, and the whole family,
 Worshipfull Nephew. P. I v. Sar'st thou so, deare Vncle ?
 Welcome my friends then : Here is, *Domine Picklocke* :
 My man o' *Law*, sollicitis all my causes,

II IV 202 *Peny-boy*,] *Peny-boy* F 208 *Exit Broker* add G II v.
Enter Pennyboy jun Pennyboy Canter, and Picklock G PENI-BOY IV
 PENI-BOY] PENI-BOY IV PENI-BOY F After 'CANTER' F3 spaces off
 the characters 'hid in the study' x thee,] thee F 8 o'] o' F causes,]
 causes F

Followes my businesse, makes, and compounds my quarrells,
Betweene my tenants and mee, sowes all my strifes, 10
And reapes them too, troubles the country for mee,
And vexes any neighbour, that I please.

P. S E. But with commission? P. I v. Vnder my hand
& seale.

P. S E. A worshipfull place! P. I c. I thanke his worship
for it.

P. S E. But what is this old Gentleman? P. C A. A
Rogue, 15

A very *Canter*, I Sir, one that *maunds*
Vpon the *Pad*, wee should be brothers though:
For you are neere as wretched as my selfe,
You dare not vse your money, and I haue none.

P. S E. Not vse my money, cogging *Iacke*, who vses it 20
At better rates? lets it for more i'the hundred,
Then I doe, Sirrah? P. I v. Be not angry vncle.

P. S E. What? to disgrace me, with my *Queene*? as if
I did not know her valew. P. C A. Sir, I meant
You durst not to enioy it. P. S E. Hold your peace, 25
You are a *Iacke*. P. I v. Vncle, he shall be a *Iohn*,
An' you goe to that, as good a man as you are. *Young*
And I can make him so, a better man, *Peny-boy*
Perhaps I will too. Come, let vs goe. P. S E. Nay, kins-
man, *is angry*

My worshipfull kinsman; and the top of our house; 30
Doe not your penitent vncle that affront,
For a rash word, to leaue his ioyfull threshold,
Before you see the *Lady* that you long for,
The *Venus* of the time, and state, *Pecunia*!
I doe perceue, your bounty loues the man, 35
For some concealed vertue, that he hides
Vnder those rags. P. C A. I owe my happinesse to him,
The waiting on his worship, since I brought him

11 v 14 P S E] P S E F 26 P I v] P S E F P jun F3 St
dir *angry*] *angry* F 27 An' 1716 And, F 28 And G An' F
29 After 'goe' [Going] G 33 for, F3 for F

The happy *Newes*, welcome to all young heires.

- 40 P. I v. Thou didst indeed, for which I thanke thee yet.
Your *Fortunate Princesse*, Vncle, is long a comming.

P. C A. She is not rigg'd, Sir, setting forth some *Lady*,
Will cost as much as furnishing a *Fleete*.

*The study
is open'd
where she
sit(s) in
state.
Shee
kisseth
him*

Here she is come at last, and like a *Galley*

Guilt i'the prow. P. I v. Is this *Pecunia*?

P. S E. Vouchsafe my toward kinsman, gracious *Madame*,

The fauour of your hand. P E c. Nay, of my lips, Sir,

To him. P. I v. She kisses like a mortall creature,

Almighty Madame, I haue long'd to see you.

- 50 P E c. And I haue my desire, Sir, to behold
That youth, and shape, which in my dreames and wakes,
I haue so oft contemplated, and felt

Warme in my veynes, and natue as my blood.

When I was told of your arriuall here,

- 55 I felt my heart beat, as it would leape out,

In speach; and all my face it was a flame,

But how it came to passe I doe not know.

P. I v. O! beauty loues to be more proud then nature,

That made you blush. I cannot satisfie

- 60 My curious eyes, by which alone I'am happy,

In my beholding you. P. C A. They passe the complement

*He kisseth
her.*

Prettily well. P I c. I, he does kisse her, I like him

P. I v. My passion was cleare contrary, and doubtfull,

I shooke for feare, and yet I danc'd for ioy,

- 65 I had such motions as the Sunne-beames make

Against a wall, or playing on a water,

Or trembling vapour of a boyling pot——

P. S E. That's not so good, it should ha' bin a *Crucible*,

With molten mettall, she had vnderstood it.

- 70 P. I v. I cannot talke, but I can loue you, *Madame*.

Are these your Gentlewomen? I loue them too.

And which is mistresse *Statute*? *Mistresse Band*?

ii v 40 yet] yet, F 43 Fleete] Fleete, F Fleet F3 44
she is] she's F 45 Guilt] Gilt F3 After 'prow' Enter *Pecunia* in
state, attended by *Broker, Statute, Band, Wax, and Mortgage* G 48 After
'creature,' *Aside* G

They all kisse close, the last stucke to my lips.

B R O. It was my *Ladies* Chamber-maid, soft-*Waxe*.

P. I v. Soft lips she has, I am sure on't. Mother *Mortgage*,

75

I'll owe a kisse, till she be yonger. *Statute*,

Sweet *Mistresse Band*, and honey, little *Waxe*,

We must be better acquainted. S T A. We are but seruants,

He doubles
the com-
plement to
them all.

Sir.

B A N D. But whom her *Grace* is so content to grace,

We shall obserue. W A X. And with all fit respect.

80

M O R. In our poore places. W A X. Being her *Graces*
shadows.

P. I v. A fine well-spoken family. What's thy name ?

B R O. *Broker*. P. I v. Me thinks my vncle should not
need thee,

Who is a crafty Knaue, enough, beleuee it.

Art thou her *Graces* Steward ? B R O. No, her Vsher, Sir. 85

P. I v. What, o'the Hall ? thou hast a sweeping face,
Thy beard is like a broome. B R O. No barren chin, Sir,
I am no *Eunuch*, though a Gentleman-Vsher.

P. I v. Thou shalt goe with vs. Vncle, I must haue
My *Princesse* forth to day. P. S E. Whither you please,
Sir,

90

You shall command her. P E C. I will doe all grace

To my new seruant. P. S E. Thanks vnto your bounty ;

He is my Nephew, and my Chiefe, the Point,

Tip, Top, and Tuft of all our family !

But, Sir, condition'd alwaies, you returne

Statute, and *Band* home, with my sweet, soft *Waxe*,

And my good Nurse, here, *Mortgage*. P. I v. O ! what else ?

Old Peny-
boy
thanks
her, but
makes his
condition.

P. S E. By *Broker*. P. I v. Do not feare. P. S E. She
shall go wi' you,

Whither you please, Sir, any where. P. C A. I see

A *Money-Bawd*, is lightly a *Flesh-Bawd*, too.

100

P I C. Are you aduis'd ? Now o' my faith, this *Canter*

n v 74 soft-*Waxe*] soft *Wax* F3 76 yonger] yonger, F: younger.
F3 80 And] Aand F 84 *Aside to Broker* add G

Would make a good graue *Burgesse* in some Barne.

P. I v. Come, thou shalt go with vs, vncle. P. S E. By no means, Sir.

P. I v. We'll haue both Sack, and Fidlers. P. S E. I'll not draw

105 That charge vpon your worship. P. C A. He speakes modestly,

And like an Vncle. P. S E. But *Mas Broker*, here,

He shall attend you, Nephew ; her *Graces* Vsher.

And what you fancy to bestow on him,

Be not too lauish, vse a temperate bounty,

110 I'll take it to my selfe. P. I v. I will be princely,

While I possesse my *Princesse*, my *Pecunia*.

P. S E. Where is't you eat ? P. I v. Hard by, at *Picklocks* lodging.

Old *Lickfinger's* the Cooke, here in *Ram-Alley*

P. S E. He has good cheare ; perhaps I'll come and see you.

115 P. C A N. O, fie ! an Alley, and a Cooks-shop, grosse,

The 'T will sauour, Sir, most rankly of 'hem both.

Canter Let your meat rather follow you, to a tauerne.

takes him P. I c. A tauern's as vnfit too, for a *Princesse*.

aside, and P. C A. No, I haue knowne a *Princesse*, and a great one,

perswades 120 Come forth of a tauerne P. I c. Not goe in, Sir, though.

him. P. C A. She must goe in, if she came forth : the blessed

Pokahontas (as the *Historian* calls her)

And great Kings daughter of *Virginia*,

Hath bin in womb of a tauerne ; and besides,

125 Your nasty Vncle will spoyle all your mirth,

And be as noysome. P. I c. That's true. P. C A. No 'faith,

Dine in *Apollo* with *Pecunia*,

At braue *Duke Wadloos*, haue your friends about you,

And make a day on't P. I v. Content i' faith :

130 Our meat shall be brought thither. *Simon* the King,

11 v 103 P. S E. G P C A F 104-5 I'll worship one line in F3

106 Vncle] Vncle, F 107 Vsher] Vsher, F 116 St dir him]

him, F 122 her] her F 123 daughter] daughters F *Virginia*,]

Virginia) F 124 a om W 129 i' faith] 'faith F

Will bid vs welcome. P I C. Patron, I haue a suite.

P. I v. What's that? P I c. That you will carry the
Infanta,

To see the *Staple'*, her *Grace* will be a grace,

To all the members of it. P. I v. I will doe it :

And haue her *Armes* set vp there, with her *Tilles*,
Aurelia Clara Pecunia, the *Infanta*. 135

And in *Apollo*. Come (*sweete Princesse*) goe.

P. S E. *Broker*, be careful of your charge. B R O. I war-
rant you.

The second Intermeane after the second *Act*.

C E N S V R E. *Why, this is duller and duller ! intolerable !*
scuruy ! neither Diuel nor Foole in this Play ! pray God,
some on vs be not a witch, Gossip, to forespeake the matter thus.

M I R T H. *I feare we are all such, and we were old enough :*
But we are not all old enough to make one witch. How like 5
you the Vice i'the Play ?

E X P E C T A T I O N. *Which is he ?*

M I R *Three or foure : old Couetousnesse, the sordid Peny-*
boy, the Money-bawd, who is a flesh-bawd too, they say.

T A T T L E. *But here is neuer a Fiend to carry him away.* 10
Besides, he has neuer a wooden dagger ! I'd not giue a rush
for a Vice, that has not a wooden dagger to snap at euery body
he meetes.

M I R T H. *That was the old way, Gossip, when Iniquity*
came in like Hokos Pokos, in a Iuglers ierkin, with false skirts, 15
like the Knaue of Clubs ! but now they are attir'd like men and
women o' the time, the Vices, male and female ! Prodigality
like a young heyre, and his Mistresse Money (whose fauours
he scatters like counters) prank't vp like a prime Lady, the
Infanta of the Mines. 20

C E N. *I, therein they abuse an honorable Princesse, it is*
thought.

I I V. 138 *Exeunt* add G THE SECOND INTERMEAN. 6 *Play ?*
Play. F 15 *skirts,]* *skirts.* F 17 *Prodigality]* *Podigality* F3

MIRTH. *By whom is it so thought? or where lies the abuse?*

- 25 CEN. *Plaine in the stiling her Infanta, and giuing her three names.*

MIRTH. *Take heed, it lie not in the vice of your interpretation: what haue Aurelia, Clara, Pecunia to do with any person? do they any more, but expresse the property of*
 30 *Money, which is the daughter of earth, and drawne out of the Mines? Is there nothing to be call'd Infanta, but what is subiect to exception? Why not the Infanta of the Beggars? or Infanta o'the Gipsies? as well as King of Beggars, and King of Gipsies?*

- 35 CEN. *Well, and there were no wiser then I, I would sow him in a sack, and send him by sea to his Princesse.*

MIRT. *Faith, and hee heard you Censure, he would goe neere to sticke the Asses eares to your high dressing, and perhaps to all ours for harkening to you.*

- 40 TATLE. *By'r Lady, but he should not to mine, I would harken, and harken, and censure, if I saw cause, for th'other Princesse sake Pokahontas, surnam'd the blessed, whom hee has abus'd indeed (and I doe censure him, and will censure him) to say she came foorth of a Tauerne, was said like a paltry*
 45 *Poet.*

MIRTH. *That's but one Gossips opinion, and my Gossip Tatle's too! but what saies Expectation, here, she sits sullen and silent*

- 50 EXP. *Troth, I expect their Office, their great Office! the Staple, what it will be! they haue talk't on't, but wee see't not open yet; would Butter would come in, and spread it-selfe a little to vs.*

MIRTH. *Or the butter-box, Buz, the Emissary.*

- TATLE. *When it is churn'd, and dish't, we shall heare*
 55 *of it.*

EXP. *If it be fresh and sweet butter; but say it be sower and wheyish.*

MIR. *Then it is worth nothing, meere pot-butter, fit to be*

SECOND INTERMEAN 40 Lady,] Lady F 49 Troth,] Troth F

spent in suppositories, or greasing coach-wheeles, stale stinking butter, and such I feare it is, by the being barrell'd up so long. 60

EXPECTATION. *Or ranke Irish butter.*

CEN. *Haue patience Gossips, say that contrary to our expectations it proue right, seasonable, salt butter.*

MIR. *Or to the time of yeer, in Lent, delicate Almond butter ! I haue a sweet tooth yet, and I will hope the best ; and sit downe as quiet, and calme as butter ; looke as smooth, and soft as butter ; be merry, and melt like butter ; laugh and be fat like butter : so butter answer my expectation, and be not mad butter ; If it be : It shall both Iuly and December see. I say no more, But——Dixi.* 70

TO THE READERS.

IN this following *Act*, the *Office* is open'd, and shew'n to the *Prodigall*, and his *Princesse Pecunia*, wherein the *allegory*, and purpose of the *Author* hath hitherto beene wholly mistaken, and so sinister an interpretation beene made, as if the soules of most of the *Spectators* had liu'd in the eyes and eares of these ridiculous Gossips that tattle betweene the *Acts*. But hee prayes you thus to mend it. To consider the *Newes* here vented, to be none of his *Newes*, or any reasonable mans ; but *Newes* made like the times *Newes*, (a weckly cheat to draw mony) and could not be fitter reprehended, then in raising this ridiculous *Office* of the *Staple*, wherin the age may see her owne folly, or hunger and thirst after publish'd pamphlets of *Newes*, set out euery Saturday, but made all at home, & no syllable of truth in them : then which there cannot be a greater disease in nature, or a fouler scorne put vpon the times. And so apprehending it, you shall doe the *Author*, and your owne iudgement a courtesie, and perceiue the tricke of alluring money to the *Office*, and there cooz'ning the people. If you haue the truth, rest quiet, and consider that 20

Ficta, voluptatis causa, sint proxima veris.

ACT III. SCENE I.

FITTON. CYMBAL, *to them* PICKLOCKE.

REGISTER. CLERKE. THO: BARBER.

- YOU hunt vpon a wrong scent still, and thinke
 The ayre of things will carry 'hem, but it must
 Be reason and proportion, not fine sounds,
 My cousin *Cymball*, must get you this *Lady*.
 5 You haue entertain'd a petty-fogger here,
Picklocke, with trust of an *Emissaries* place,
 And he is, all, for the young *Prodigall*,
 You see he has left vs. C Y M. Come, you doe not know him,
 That speake thus of him. He will haue a tricke,
 10 To open vs a gap, by a trap-doore,
 When they least dreame on't. Here he comes. What newes?
 P I C K. Where is my brother *Buz*? my brother *Ambler*?
 The *Register*, *Examiner*, and the *Clerkes*?
 Appaere, and let vs muster all in pompe,
 15 For here will be the rich *Infanta*, presently,
 To make her visit *Peny-boy* the heyre,
 My Patron, has got leaue for her to play
 With all her traine, of the old churle, her Guardian.
 Now is your time to make all court vnto her;
 20 That she may first but know, then loue the place,
 And shew it by her frequent visits here.
 And afterwards, get her to sojourne with you.
 She will be weary of the *Prodigall*, quickly.
 C Y M. Excellent newes! F I T. And counsell of an *Oracle*!
 25 C Y M. How say you cousin *Fitton*? F I T. Brother *Picklocke*,
 I shall adore thee, for this parcell of tidings,
 It will cry vp the credit of our *Office*,
 Eternally, and make our *Staple* immortall!
 P I C K. Looke your addresses, then, be faire and fit,
 30 And entertaine her, and her creatures, too,

III 1] ACT III SCENE I | *The Office of the Staple* | Enter *Fitton*, *Cymbal*,
Register, *Clerk*, and *Tho Barber* G After 11 Enter *Picklocke* G
 25 Brother] brother F

With all the *migniardise*, and quaint *Caresses*,
 You can put on 'hem. F I T. Thou seem'st, by thy language,
 No lesse a Courtier, then a *man o' Law*.
 I must embrace thee. P I C. Tut, I am *Vertumnus*,
 On euery change, or chance, vpon occasion, 35
 A true *Chamælion*, I can colour for't.
 I moue vpon my axell, like a turne-pike,
 Fit my face to the parties, and become,
 Streight, one of them. C Y M. Sirs, vp, into your Desks,
 And spread the rolls vpon the Table, so. 40
 Is the *Examiner* set? R E G. Yes, Sir. C Y M. *Ambler*, and *Buz*,
 Are both abroad, now. P I C. Wee'll sustaine their parts.
 No matter, let them ply the affayres without,
 Let vs alone within, I like that well.
 On with the cloake, and you with the *Staple* gowne,
 And keep your state, stoupe only to the *Infanta* ;
 We'll haue a flight at *Mortgage*, *Statute*, *Band*,
 And hard, but we'll bring *Wax* vnto the retriue :
 Each know his seuerall prouince, and discharge it.

Fitton
 puts on
 the office
 cloake,
 and Cym-
 bal the
 gowne.

F I T. I do admire this nimble engine, *Picklock*. C Y M. Cuz, Fitton is
 What did I say ? F I T. You haue rectified my errour ! brought about

ACT III. SCENE II.

PENI-BOY I V. P. CANTER. PECVNIA. STA- <To them.>
 TVTE. BAND. MORTGAGE. WAX. BROKER.
 C Y S T O M E R S.

BY your leaue, Gentlemen, what newes ? good, good still,
 I' your new *Office* ? *Princesse*, here's the *Staple* !
 This is the *Gouernor*, kisse him, noble *Princesse*,
 For my sake. *Thom*, how is it, honest *Thom* ?

III. 1 33 o' o' F 37 -pike,] -pike F 38 become,] become F
 39 After 'them' Enter Nathaniel, Tho Barber, and Register G 41-2
 C Y M . now one line in F3 49 They take their seats add G 50-1
 Cuz . say 'one line in F3 III 11 Enter Pennyboy, jun P Canter
 Pecunia, Statute, Band, Mortgage, Wax, and Broker G, continuing the
 scene PENI-BOY] PENI-BOY. F 1 still,] still ? F 4 it,] it F

*Hee tells
Pecunia of
Thom.*

How does thy place, and thou? my Creature, *Princesse*,
This is my Creature, giue him your hand to kisse,
He was my Barber, now he writes *Clericus*!
I bought this place for him, and gaue it him.

P. C A. He should haue spoke of that, Sir, and not you :
10 Two doe not doe one Office well. P. I v. 'Tis true,
But I am loth to lose my curtesies.

P. C A. So are all they, that doe them, to vaine ends,
And yet you do lose, when you pay you(r) selues.

P. I v. No more o' your sentences, *Canter*, they are stale,
15 We come for *newes*, remember where you are.

I pray thee let my *Princesse* heare some *newes*,
Good Master *Cymbal*. C Y M. What *newes* would she heare?
Or of what kind, Sir? P. I v. Any, any kind.

*Newes
from Rome.*

So it be *newes*, the newest that thou hast,
Some *newes* of *State*, for a *Princesse*. C Y M. Read from
Rome, there.

T H O. They write, the *King* of *Spaine* is chosen *Pope*.

P. I v. How?

T H O. And *Emperor* too, the thirtieth of *February*.

*Newes of the
Emperor,
and Tilly*

P. I v. Is the *Emperor* dead? C Y M. No, but he has
resign'd,

And trailes a pike now, vnder *Tilly*. F I T. For pennance.

25 P I v. These will beget strange turnes in *Christendome*!

*Newes of
Spinola.*

T H O. And *Spinola* is made *Generall* of the *Iesuits*.

P. I v. Stranger! F I T. Sir, all are alike true, and certaine.

*The fifth
Monarchy,
uniting the
Ecclesiasticke
and Secular
power.*

C Y M. All the pretence to the fifth *Monarchy*,

Was held but vaine, vntill the *ecclesiastique*,

And *secular* powers, were vnited, thus,

Both in one person. F I T. 'T has bin long the ayme

*A plot of the
house of
Austria.*

Of the house of *Austria*. C Y M. See but *Maximilian*

His letters to the *Baron* of *Bouttersheim*,

Or *Scheiter-huyssen*. F I T. No, of *Liechtenstein*,

35 Lord *Paul*, I thinke. P I v. I haue heard of some such
thing.

Don Spinola made *Generall* of the *Iesuits*!

*Mors of
Spinola.*

A Priest! C Y M. O, no, he is dispenc'd with all,

And the whole *society*, who doe now appeare

The onely *Enginers* of *Christendome*.

P. I v. They haue bin thought so long, and rightly too. 40

F I T. Witnesse the Engine, that they haue presented him,
To winde himselfe with, vp, into the *Moone* :

And thence make all his discoueries! C Y M. Read on.

T H O. And *Vittellesco*, he that was last *Generall*,

Being now turn'd Cooke to the Society,

45

Has drest his excellence, such a dish of eggs——

*His
Egges.*

P. I v. What, potch'd? T H O. No, powder'd. C Y M.

All the yolke is wilde fire,

As he shall need beleaguer no more townes,

But throw his *Egge* in. F I T. It shall cleare consume

Palace, and place; demolish, and beare downe

50

All strengths before it! C Y M. Neuer be extinguish'd!

Till all become one ruine! F I <T.> And from *Florence*,

T H O. They write was found in *Galileos* study,

*Galilæo's
study*

A burning *Glasse* (which they haue sent him too)

To fire any *Fleet* that's out at *Sea*——

55

C Y M. By *Mooneshine*, is't not so? T H O. Yes, Sir, i'the
water.

*The burn-
ing glasse,
by
Moon-
shine.*

P. I v. His strengths will be vnresistable, if this hold!

Ha' you no *Newes* against him, on the contrary?

C L A. Yes, Sir, they write here, one *Cornelius-Son*,

Hath made the *Hollanders* an inuisible *Eele*,

*The Hol-
(l)anders
Eele.*

To swimme the hauen at *Dunkirke*, and sinke all

The shipping there. P. I v. Why ha' not you this, *Thom*?

C Y M. Because he keeps the *Pontificrall* side.

*Peny-boy
will haue
him
change
sides.*

P. I v. How, change sides, *Thom*. 'Twas neuer in my
thought

III u 37 with all] withal F3 39 Enginers] Engineers F3 47
P Iv What, fire, two times in F, divided at 'powder'd' What.]
What F 49 consume] consume, F 50 demolish,] demolish F
downe] downe, F 52 Florence,] Florence F3 59 CLA] Nath
G (so throughout the scene) Sir] Sit F St dir Hollanders F3
63 he] be F3

- 65 To put thee vp against our selues. Come downe,
Quickly. C Y M. Why, Sir? P. I v. I venter'd not my
mony
Vpon those termes : If he may change ; why so.
I'll ha' him keepe his owne side, sure. F I T. Why, let him,
'Tis but writing so much ouer againe.
- 70 P. I v. For that I'll beare the charge : There's two Pieces.
F I T. Come, do not stick with the gentleman. C Y M.
I'l(l) take none Sir.
And yet he shall ha' the place. P. I v. They shall be ten,
then,
though hee pay for it. Vp, Thom. and th' Office shall take 'hem. Keep your side,
Thom.
- Know your owne side, doe not forsake your side, Thom.
- 75 C Y M. Read. T H O. They write here one *Cornelius-Son*,
Hath made the *Hollanders* an inuisible *Eele*,
To swimme the Hauen at *Dunkirke*, and sinke all
The shipping there. P. I v. But how is't done? C Y M. I'll
shew you Sir.
It is an *Automa*, runnes vnder water,
- 80 With a snug nose, and has a nimble taile
Made like an *auger*, with which taile she wrigles
Betwixt the coasts of a Ship, and sinke it straight.
P. I v. Whence ha' you this *newes*? F I T. From a right
hand I assure you,
The *Eele*-boats here, that lye before *Queen-Hyth*,
- 85 Came out of *Holland*. P. I v. A most braue deuice,
To murder their flat bottomes. F I T. I doe grant you .
But what if *Spinola* haue a new *Proiect* :
To bring an army ouer in corke-shooes,
And land them, here, at *Harwich*? all his horse
Are shod with corke, and fourescore pieces of ordinance,
Mounted vpon cork-carriages, with bladders,
In stead of wheeles, to runne the passage ouer

Spinola's
new
project
an army
in cork-
shooes

m n 68 ha'] ha F Fir] Fir, F 70 charge] charges G Pieces]
Pieces, F 73 St dir] Tho changes his side G 78 Sir] Sit F
82 coast.] costs W 83 newes?] newes F 92 wheeles.] wheeles F

At a spring-tide. P. I v. Is't true? F I T. As true as the rest.

P. I v. He'll neuer leaue his engines: I would heare now Some curious *newes*. C Y M. As what? P. I v. *Magick*, or *Alchemy*, 95

Or flying i' the ayre, I care not what.

C L A. They write from *Libtzig* (reuerence to your eares) The Art of drawing farts out of dead bodies, Is by the *Brotherhood* of the *Rosie Crosse*, Produc'd vnto perfection, in so sweet And rich a *tincture*—— F I T. As there is no *Princesse*, But may perfume her chamber with th'*extraction*.

Extraction of farts.
100

P. I v. There's for you, *Princesse* P. C A. What, a fart for her?

P. I v. I meane the *spirit*. P. C A. Beware how she resents it.

P. I v. And what hast thou, *Thom*? T H O. The per- *The perpetuall Motion.*
petuall Motion,
Is here found out by an Alewife in Saint *Katherines*,
At the signe o' the dancing Beares P. I v. What, from her tap?

I'll goe see that, or else I'll send old *Canter*.

He can make that discouery. P. C A. Yes, in Ale.

P. I v. Let me haue all this *Newes*, made vp, and seal'd. 110

R E G. The people presse vpon vs, please you, Sir, Withdraw with your faire *Princesse* There's a roome Within, Sir, to retyre too. P. I v. No, good *Register*, We'll stand it out here, and obserue your *Office*; *The Office call'd the house of fame.*
What *Newes* it issues. R E G. 'Tis the house of *fame*, Sir, Where both the curious, and the negligent; The scrupulous, and carelesse; wilde, and stay'd; The idle, and laborious; all doe meet, To tast the *Cornu copiae* of her rumors, Which she, the mother of sport, pleaseth to scatter 120 Among the vulgar. Baites, Sir, for the people!

And they will bite like fishes. P. I v. Let's see't.

I. Cust.
A she
An(a)-
baptist.

D O P. Ha' you in your prophane Shop, any *Newes*

O'the *Saints* at *Amsterdam*? R E G. Yes, how much would you?

125 D O P. Six peny worth. R E G. Lay your money down, read, *Thomas*.

T H O. The *Saints* do write, they expect a Prophet, shortly,

Prophet
Baal ex-
pected in
Holland.

The Prophet *Baal*, to be sent ouer to them,

To calculate a *time*, and halfe a *time*,

And the whole *time*, according to *Naömetry*.

130 P. I v. What's that? T H O. The measuring o'the *Temple*: a *Cabal*

Archie
mourn'd
then

Found out but lately, and set out by *Archie*,

Or some such head, of whose long coat they haue heard,

And being black, desire it. D O P. Peace be with them!

R E G. So there had need, for they are still by the eares

135 One with another. D O P. It is their zeale. R E G. Most likely.

D O P. Haue you no other of that *species*? R E G. Yes,

But dearer, it will cost you a shilling D O P. Verily,

There is a nine-pence, I will shed no more.

R E G. Not, to the good o'the *Saints*? D O P. I am not sure,

140 That, man is good. R E G. Read, from *Constantinople*,

The great
Turk
turn'd

Nine penny'orth. T H O. They giue out here, the *grand Signior*

Christian.

Is certainly turn'd *Christian*, and to cleare

The controuersie 'twixt the *Pope* and him,

Which is the *Antichrist*; he meanes to visit

145 The *Church* at *Amsterdam*, this very Sommer,

And quit all marks o'the beast. D O P. Now ioyfull *tydings*.

Who brought in this? Which *Emissary*? R E G. *Buz*,

Your countrey-man. D O P. Now, blessed be the man,

III II 122 After 'fishes' Enter a crowd of Customers G 123 D O P.]
I Cust G (so throughout the scene) St dir. she Ana-baptist] she An-
baptist F originally she baptist F later, owing to derangement 139
Not.] Not F3. 147 Buz.] Buz F

And his whole *Family*, with the *Nation*.

R E G. Yes, for *Amboyna*, and the Iustice there ! 150
This is a *Doper*, a she *Anabaptist* !

Seale and deliuer her her *newes*, dispatch.

C. 2. Ha' you any *newes* from the *Indies* ? any miracles 2. *Cust.*
Done in *Iapan*, by the *Iesuites* ? or in *China* ?

C L A. No, but we heare of a *Colony* of cookes
To be set a shore o' the coast of *America*,
For the conuersion of the *Caniballs*,
And making them good, eating *Christians*.
Here comes the *Colonell* that vndertakes it. A
Coloney
of *Cookes*
sent ouer
to conuert
the *Can-*
niballs.

C. 3. Who ? captaine *Lickfinger* ? L I C. *Newes*, *newes* 3 *Cust.*
my boyes ! By
Colonel
Lick-
finger.

I am to furnish a great feast to day,
And I would haue what *newes* the *Office* affords.

C L A. We were venting some of you, of your *new proiect*,

R E G. Afore 'twas paid for, you were somewhat too
hasty.

P. I v. What *Lickfinger* ! wilt thou conuert the *Caniballs*, 165

With spit and pan Diuinity ? L I C. Sir, for that

I will not vrge, but for the fire and zeale

To the true cause ; thus I haue vndertaken :

With two Lay-brethren, to my selfe, no more,

One o' the broach, th'other o' the boyler, 170

In one sixe months, and by plaine cookery,

No magick to't, but old *Iaphets* physicke,

The father of the *Europæan* Arts,

To make such sauces for the Sauages,

And cooke their meats, with those inticing steemes, 175

As it would make our *Caniball-Christians*,

Forbeare the mutuall eating one another,

Which they doe doe, more cunningly, then the wilde

Anthrophophagi ; that snatch onely strangers,

III 11 151 *Doper*] *Dopper* G 153 miracles] *mirac* l some copies of
F in which the type is misplaced · *Miracle* F3 155 St dir of F3 oe F
158 good,] good F3 *Christians*] *Christians* F After 159 Enter
Lickfinger G 160 C 3 F3 C 2. F 174 To] *Yo* F3 175
cooke] *cookes* F cook 1716

- 180 Like my old Patrons dogs, there. P. I v. O, my Vncles !
Is dinner ready, *Lickfinger* ? L I c. When you please, Sir.
I was bespeaking but a parcell of *newes*,
To strew out the long meale withall, but 't seemes
You are furnish'd here already. P. I v. O, not halfe !
- 185 L I c. What *Court-newes* is there ? any *Proclamations*,
Or *Edicts* to come forth ? T H o. Yes, there is one,
That the *Kings Barber* has got, for aid of our trade :
Whereof there is a manifest decay.
To let long hayre runne to seed, to sow bald pates.
A *Precept* for the wearing of long haire,
To runne to seed, to sow bald pates withall,
And the preseruing fruitfull heads, and chins,
To help a mistery, almost antiquated.
Such as are bald and barren beyond hope,
Are to be separated, and set by
- 195 For *Vshers*, to old *Countesses*. [L I c] And *Coachmen*,
To mount their boxes, reuerently, and drue,
Like *Lapwings*, with a shell vpo' their heads,
Thorow the streets. <L I c.> Ha' you no *Newes* o'the *Stage* ?
They'll aske me abou<t> *new Playes*, at dinner time.
- 200 And I should be as dumbe as a fish. T H o. O ! yes.
Spalato's There is a *Legacy* left to the *Kings Players*,
Legacy to the Both for their various shifting of their *Scene*,
Players And dext'rous change o' their persons to all shapes,
And all disguises : by the right reuerend
- 205 *Archbishop* of *Spalato*. L I c. He is dead,
That plai'd him ! T H o. Then, h'has lost his share o' the
Legacy.
L I c. What *newes* of *Gundomar* ? T H o. A second
Fistula,
Gundo-mar's use of the game at Chesse, or Play so called.
Or an *excoriation* (at the least)
For putting the poore *English-play*, was writ of him,
To such a sordid vse, as (is said) he did,
Of cleansing his *posterior's*. L I c. Iustice ! Iustice !

III n 186 forth?] forth F one,] one. F 195 L I c. om W G
Coachmen,] Coachmen F 197 heads,] heads F 198 L I c. W
199 about F3 205-6 He . him! one line in F3 207 Gundomar]
Gondomar G 208 the om F3

T H O. Since when, he liues condemn'd to his Chaire, at
Bruxels.

And there sits filing certaine politique hinges,
To hang the *States* on, h'has heau'd off the hookes.

L I C. What must you haue for these? P. I v. Thou
shalt pay nothing,

But reckon 'hem in i'the bill. There's twenty pecies,
Her *Grace* bestowes vpon the *Office*, *Thom*,
Write thou that downe for *Newes*. R E G. We may well do't,
We haue not many such. P. I v. There's twenty more,
If you say so; my *Princesse* is a *Princesse*!
And put that too, vnder the *Office* Seale.

215

*Hee giues
20. pecies,
to the
Office.
Doubles
it
220*

C Y M. If it will please your *Grace* to sojourne here,
And take my roofe for couert, you shall know
The rites belonging to your blood, and birth,
Which few can apprehend · these sordid seruants,
Which rather are your keepers, then attendants,
Should not come neere your presence. I would haue
You waited on by *Ladies*, and your traine
Borne vp by persons of quality, and honour,
Your meat should be seru'd in with curious dances,
And set vpon the boord, with virgin hands,
Tun'd to their voices, not a dish remou'd,
But to the *Musicke*, nor a drop of wine,
Mixt, with his water, without *Harmony*.

*Cymbal
takes
Pecunia
aside,
courts and
wooes her,
to the
Office.*

230

P E C. You are a *Courtier*, Sir, or somewhat more;
That haue this tempting language! C Y M. I'm your
seruant,

235

Ex<c>ellent *Princesse*, and would ha' you appeare
That, which you are. Come forth <the> *State*, and wonder,
Of these our times, dazle the vulgar eyes,
And strike the people blind with admiration.

240

P. C A N. Why, that's the end of wealth! thrust riches
outward,

III 11 212 Chaire] chair *De Winter cony* share F 216 in 1'] 1' F3
After 'bill' [Exit Lick] G 220 a *Princesse*] a *Princesse* F 222 St
dur [Takes *Pecunia* aside, while *Fillon* courts the *Waiting-women*] G
234 *Harmony* F3 *Harmony*, F 238 the W 239 eyes,] eyes F

And remaine beggers within : contemplate nothing
But the vile sordid things of time, place, money,
And let the noble, and the precious goe,

245 Vertue and honesty ; hang 'hem ; poore thinne membranes
Of honour ; who respects them ? O, the *Fates* !

How hath all iust, true reputation fall'n,
Since money, this base money 'gan to haue any !

Fitton
hath bene
courting
the wast-
ing-
women,
this while,
and is
scoored by
them.

B A N. Pitty, the Gentleman is not immortall.

W A X. As he giues out, the place is, by description.

F I T. A very *Paradise*, if you saw all, *Lady*.

W A X. I am the *Chamber-maid*, Sir, you mistake,

My *Lady* may see all.

F I T. Sweet *Mistresse Statute*, gentle *Mistresse Band*,

And Mother *Mortgage*, doe but get her *Grace*

To sojourne here.— P I C. I thanke you gentle *Waxe*,

M O R. If it were a *Chattell*, I would try my credit.

P I C. So it is, for *terme of life*, we count it so.

S T A. She meanes, *Inheritance* to him, and his *heyres* :

260 Or that he could assure a *State*, of *yeeres* :

I'll be his *Statute-Staple*, *Statute-Merchant*,

Or what he please. P I C. He can expect no more.

B A N. His cousin Alderman *Security*,

That he did talke of so, e'en now— S T A. Who is

265 The very broch o'the bench, gem o' the City.

B A N. He and his Deputy, but assure his life

For one *seuen yeeres*. S T A. And see what we'll doe for him,

Vpon his *scarlet* motion. B A N. And old *Chaine*,

That drawes the city-eares. W A X. When he sayes nothing,

270 But twirles it thus. S T A. A mouing *Oratory* !

B A N. Dumb *Rhetoricke*, and silent *eloquence* !

As the fine *Poet* saies ! F I T. Come, they all scorne vs,

Doe you not see't ? the *family* of scorne !

B R O. Doe not belieue him ! gentle Master *Picklocke*,

275 They vnderstood you not : the Gentlewomen,

III u 244 goe,] go· F3 245 honesty,] Honesty, F3 248
[Aside add G 264 Who F3 Who, F 271 Rhetorische]
Rethorische F. Rhetorick F3

They thought you would ha' my *Lady* sojourne, with you,
And you desire but now and then, a visit ?

P i c. Yes, if she pleas'd, Sir, it would much aduance
Vnto the *Office*, her continuall residence !

(I speake but as a member) B r o. 'Tis inough. 280

I apprehend you. And it shall goe hard,
But I'll so worke, as some body shall worke her !

P i c. 'Pray you change with our Master, but a word
about it.

P. I v. Well, *Lickfinger*, see that our meate be ready,
Thou hast *Newes* inough. L i c. Something of *Bethlem*
Gabor, 285

And then I'm gone. T h o. We heare he has deuise'd
A Drumme, to fill all *Christendome* with the sound : Bethlem
But that he cannot drawe his forces neere it, Gabors
To march yet, for the violence of the noise. Drum

And therefore he is faine by a designe, 290
To carry 'hem in the ayre, and at some distance, .
Till he be married, then they shall appeare.

L i c. Or neuer, well, God b'w'you (stay, who's here ?)
A little of the *Duke of Bauer*, and then—— The Duke
of Bauer.

C L A. H'has taken a gray habit, and is turn'd
The Churches *Millar*, grinds the catholique grist
With euery wind : and *Tully* takes the toll

C v s. 4. Ha' you any *newes* o'the *Pageants* to send downe, 4. *Cust*
Into the seuerall *Counties* ? All the countrey The
Expected from the city most braue speeches, *Pageants.*
Now, at the Coronation. L i c. It expected 300

More then it vnderstood : for, they stand mute,
Poore innocent dumb things ; they are but wood,
As is the bench and blocks, they were wrought on, yet
If *May-day* come, and the *Sunne* shine, perhaps, 305
They'll sing like *Memmons* Statue, and be vocall.

C v s. 5. Ha' you any *Forest-newes* ? T h o. None very 5. *Cust.*
wild, Sir, The new
Parke in

III u 283 'Pray] 'pray F
Counties ?] Counties F
445.6

298 downe,] downe ? F
303 wood,] wood F Wood, F3
Z

299
the For-
rest of
Foolles.

Some tame there is, out o' the *Forrest* of fooles,

A new *Parke* is a making there, to seuer

310 *Cuckolds* of *Antler*, from the Rascalls. Such,

Whose wiues are dead, and haue since cast their heads,

Shall remaine *Cuckolds-pollard*. L I C. I'll ha' that *newes*.

C v s. 1. And I. 2. And I. 3. And I. 4. And I. 5.

And I.

Peny-boy C Y M. Sir, I desire to be excus'd ; and, *Madame* :

would I cannot leaue my *Office*, the first day.

mute the My cousin *Fitton* here, shall wait vpon you.

Master of And *Emissary Picklocke*. P. I v. And *Thom* : *Clericus* ?

the Office. C Y M. I cannot spare him yet, but he shall follow you,

When they haue ordered the *Rolls*. Shut vp th' *Office*,

320 When you ha' done, till two a clocke.

ACT III. SCENE III.

SHVNFIELD. ALMANACK. MADRI-
GAL. CLERKES.

BY your leaue, *Clerkes*,

Where shall we dine to day ? doe you know ? (THO.)

The Ieerers ?

A L M. Where's my fellow *Fitton* ? T H O. New gone forth.

S H V. Cannot your *Office* tell vs, what braue fellowes

5 Doe eat together to day, in towne, and where ?

T H O. Yes, there's a Gentleman, the braue heire, yong *Peny-boy*,

Dines in *Apollo*. M A D. Come, let's thither then,

I ha' supt in *Apollo* ! A L M With the *Muses* ? M A D. No,

But with two Gentlewomen, call'd, the *Graces*.

10 A L M. They'were euer three in *Poetry*. M A D. This was truth, Sir.

III II 314 St dir *Office*] *Office* F 320 *Exeunt* all but *Thomas*
and *Nath* G III III. *Enter* *Shunfield*, *Almanac*, and *Madrival* G,
continuing the scene 2 THO The G. the F *Nath* The G, who
also suggested the reading of the text Ieerers ? Ieerers F 6
Peny-boy,] *Peny-boy* F

THO. Sir, Master *Filton's* there too! SHV. All the better!

ALM. We may haue a ieere, perhaps. SHV. Yes, you'll drink, *Doctor*,

(If there be any good meat) as much good wine now,
As would lay vp a *Dutch Ambassador*.

THO. If he dine there, he's sure to haue good meat, 15
For, *Lickfinger* prouides the dinner. ALM. Who?
The glory o'the *Kitchin*? that holds *Cookery*,
A trade from *Adam*? quotes his *broths*, and *sallads*?
And swears he's not dead yet, but translated
In some *immortall crust*, the *past* of *Almonds*? 20

MAD. The same. He holds no man can be a *Poet*,
That is not a good *Cooke*, to know the palats,
And seuerall *tastes* o'the time. He drawes all *Arts*
Out of the *Kitchin*, but the *Art* of *Poetry*,
Which he concludes the same with *Cookery*. 25

SHV. Tut, he maintaines more *heresies* then that.
He'll draw the *Magisterium* from a minc'd-pye,
And preferre *Iellics*, to your *Iulips*, *Doctor*.

ALM. I was at an *Olla Podrida* of his making,
Was a braue piece of *cookery*! at a funerall, 30
But opening the pot-lid, he made vs laugh,
Who'had wept all day! and sent vs such a tickling
Into our nostrills, as the funerall feast
Had bin a wedding-dinner. SHV. Gi' him allowance,
And that but moderate, he will make a *Syren*
Sing i' the *Kettle*, send in an *Arion*,
In a braue broth, and of a watry greene,
Iust the *Sea-colour*, mounted on the backe
Of a growne *Cunger*, but, in such a posture,
As all the world would take him for a *Dolphin*. 40

MAD. Hee's a rare fellow, without question! but
He holds some *Paradoxes*. ALM. I, and *Pseudodoxes*.
Mary, for most, he's *Orthodox* i'the *Kitchin*.

M A D. And knowes the *Clergies* tast ! A L M. I, and the
Layties !

- 45 S H V. You thinke not o' your time, we'll come too late,
If we go not presently. M A D. Away then. S H V. Sirs,
You must get o' this *newes*, to store your *Office*,
Who dines and sups i' the towne ? where, and with whom ?
'Twill be beneficiall : when you are stor'd,

- 50 And as we like our fare, we shall reward you.

C L A. A hungry trade, 'twill be. T H O. Much like
D<uke> Humphries.

But, now and then, as th'holesome prouerb saies,
'Twill *obsonare famem ambulando*.

C L A. Shut vp the *Office* : gentle brother *Thomas*.

- 55 T H O. Brother *Nathaniel*, I ha' the wine for you.

I hope to see vs, one day, *Emissaries*.

C L A. Why not ? S'lid, I despaire not to be *Master* !

ACT III. SCENE IV.

PENI-BOY S E. BROKER. CYMBAL.

He is
started
with
Broker's
coming
back.

H O W now ? I thinke I was borne vnder *Hercules starre* !
Nothing but trouble and tumult to oppresse me ?

Why come you backe ? where is your charge ? B R O. I
ha' brought

A Gentleman to speake with you ? P. S E. To speake with
me ?

- 5 You know 'tis death for me to speake with any man,

What is he ? set me a chaire. B R O. He's the *Master*

Of the great *Office*. P. S E. What ? B R O. The *Staple of*
Newes,

A mighty thing, they talke *Six thousand* a yeere.

P. S E. Well, bring your *sixe* in. Where ha' you left
Pecunia ?

III III 49 stor'd,] stor'd, F 51, 54, 57 CLA] Nath G 51 Duke]
D F 55 Brother] Brother, F 57 Exeunt add G III IV] SCENE
II [A Room in Pennyboy senior's House | Enter Pennyboy sen and Broker,
at different doors G PENI-BOY] PENI-BOY. F 9 Well,] Well F

B R O. Sir, in *Apollo*, they are scarce set. P. S E. Bring
sixe. 10
 B R O. Here is the Gentleman. P. S E. He must pardon
 me,
 I cannot rise, a diseases'd man. C Y M. By no meanes, Sir,
 Respect your health, and ease. P. S E. It is no pride in me !
 But paine, paine ; what's your errand, Sir, to me ?
Broker, returne to your charge, be *Argus*-eyed, *Hee sends*
 Awake, to the affaire you haue in hand, *Broker*
 Serue in *Apollo*, but take heed of *Bacchus*. *backe.*
 Goe on, Sir. C Y M. I am come to speake with you.
 P. S E. 'Tis paine for me to speake, a very death,
 But I will heare you ! C Y M. Sir, you haue a *Lady*, 20
 That soiournes with you. P. S E. Ha ? I am somewhat *He pre-*
 short *tends in-*
 In my sense too—— C Y M. *Pecunia*. P. S E. O' that side,
 Very imperfect, on—— C Y M. Whom I would draw
 Oftner to a poore *Office*, I am *Master* of——
 P. S E. My hearing is very dead, you must speake quicker. 25
 C Y M. Or, if it please you, Sir, to let her soiourne
 In part with me ; I haue a *moyety*
 We will diuide, halfe of the profits. P. S E. Ha ?
 I heare you better now, how come they in ?
 Is it a certaine *businessse*, or a casuall ? 30
 For I am loth to seeke out doubtfull courses,
 Runne any hazardous paths, I loue streight waies,
 A iust, and vpriight man ! now all trade totters.
 The trade of money, is fall'n, two i'the *hundred*.
 That was a certaine trade, while th'age was thrifty, 35
 And men good husbands, look'd vnto their stockes,
 Had their mindes bounded ; now the publike Riot
 Prostitutes all, scatters away in coaches,
 In foot-mens coates, and waiting womens gownes,
 They must haue veluet hanches (with a pox) 40

111 14 10 Exit *Broker*, and returns with *Cymbal* add G 17 St.
 dir Exit *Broker* add G 27 *moyety* corr F *moyetie* F *originally*
 32 paths, corr. F . paths F *originally*

- Hee talkes
vehemently
and
aloud.* Now taken vp, and yet not pay the vse ;
Bate of the vse ? I am mad with this times manners.
C Y M. You said e'en now, it was death for you to speake.
P. S E. I, but an anger, a iust anger, (as this is)
- 45 Puts life in man. Who can endure to see
The fury of mens gullets, and their groines ?
- Is mou'd
more and
more.* What fires, what cookes, what kitchins might be spar'd ?
What Stewes, Ponds, Parks, Coupes, Garners, Magazines ?
What veluets, tissues, scarfes, embroyderies,
50 And laces they might lacke ? They couet things——
Superfluous still ; when it were much more honour
They could want necessary ! What need hath Nature
Of siluer dishes ? or gold chamber-pots ?
Of perfum'd napkins ? or a numerous family,
55 To see her eate ? Poore, and wise she, requires
Meate only ; Hunger is not ambitious :
Say, that you were the *Emperour* of pleasures,
The great *Dictator* of fashions, for all *Europe*,
And had the pompe of all the *Courts*, and *Kingdomes*,
- 60 Laid forth vnto the shew ? to make your selfe
Gaz'd, and admir'd at ? You must goe to bed,
And take your naturall rest : then, all this vanisheth.
Your brauery was but shoven ; 'twas not possest :
While it did boast it selfe, it was then perishing.
- 65 C Y M This man has healthfull lungs. P. S E. All that
excesse
Appear'd as little yours, as the *Spectators*.
It scarce fills vp the expectation
Of a few houres, that entertaines mens liues.
C Y M. He has the *monopoly* of sole-speaking.
- He is
angry.* Why, good Sir ? you talke all. P. S E. Why should I not ?
Is it not vnder mine owne roofe ? my seeling ?
C Y M. But I came here to talk with you. P. S <E>. Why,
an' I will not

III IV 45 Starts from his chair add G 47 kitchins] kitchins F
49 tissues corr F tyssues F originally embroyderies,] embroyderies ?
F 55 wise she,] wise, she W 65 After 'lungs' Aside G
69 Aside add G 71 seeling] Ceiling F3 72 here] hete F

Talke with you, Sir? you are answer'd, who sent for you?

C Y M. Nobody sent for me—— P. S E. But you came, *Bids him
get out of
his house.*
why then

Goe, as you came, here's no man holds you, There, 75

There lies your way, you see the doore. C Y M. This's
strange!

P. S E. 'Tis my ciuility, when I doe not rellish
The party, or his businesse. Pray you be gone, Sir.

I'll ha' no venter in your *Ship*, the *Office*,

Your *Barke* of *Six*, if 'twere *sixteene*, good, Sir. 80

C Y M. You are a rogue. P. S E. I thinke I am Sir, truly. *Cymbal
vailes at
him.*

C Y M. A Rascall, and a *money-bawd*. P. S E. My sur-
names :

C Y M. A wretched Rascall! P. S <E>. You will ouer- *He seeres
him.*
flow——

And spill all. C Y M. Caterpillar, moath,

Horse-leach, and dung-worme—— P. S E. Still you lose
your labor. 85

I am a broken vessell, all runnes out .

A shrunke old *Dryfat*. Fare you well, good *Sixe*.

The third Intermeane after the third *Act*.

C ENSVRE. *A notable tough Rascall! this old Peny-boy!*
right City-bred!

M I R T H. *In Siluer-streete, the Region of money, a good
seat for a Vsurer.*

T A T T L E. *He has rich ingredients in him, I warrant you, 5
if they were extracted, a true receit to make an Alderman, an'
he were well wrought vpon, according to Art.*

E X P. *I would faine see an Alderman in chimia! that is, a
treatise of Aldermanity truely written.*

C E N. *To shew how much it differs from Vrbanity.* 10

M I R T H. *I, or humanity. Either would appeare in this*

III 1V. 75 here's] heres F 77 P. SE] P Se F 79 Ship]
shop W Office,] Office F 87 Exeunt add G THE THIRD
INTERMEAN. 4 a] an F3 8 15,] 15 F

Peny-boy, an' hee were rightly distill'd. But how like you the newes? you are gone from that.

CEN. O, they are monstrous! scurvy! and stale! and too
15 exotick! ill cook'd! and ill dish'd!

EXR. They were as good, yet, as butter could make them!

TAT. In a word, they were beastly buttered! he shall neuer
come o' my bread more, nor in my mouth, if I can helpe it. I
haue had better newes from the bake-house, by ten thousand
20 parts, in a morning: or the conduits in Westminster! all
the newes of Tuttle-street, and both the Alm'ries! the two
Sanctuaries! long, and round Wool-staple! with Kings-
street, and Chanon-row to boot!

MIRTH. I, my Gossip Tattle knew what fine shps grew in
25 Gardiners-lane; who kist the Butchers wife with the Cowes-
breath; what matches were made in the bowling-Alley, and
what bettes wonne and lost; how much griest went to the Mill,
and what besides: who coniur'd in Tuttle-fields, and how
many? when they neuer came there. And which Boy rode
30 vpon Doctor Lambe, in the likenesse of a roaring Lyon, that
runne away with him in his teeth, and ha's not deuour'd him
yet.

TAT. Why, I had it from my maid Ioane Heare-say: and
shee had it from a limbe o' the schoole, shee saies, a little limbe
35 of nine yeere old; who told her, the Master left out his coniur-
ing booke one day, and hee found it, and so the Fable came
about. But whether it were true, or no, we Gossips are bound to
beleue it, an't be once out, and a foot: how should wee enter-
taine the time else, or finde our selues in fashionable discourse,
40 for all companies, if we do not credit all, and make more of it, in
the reporting?

CEN. For my part, I beleue it: and there were no wiser
then I, I would haue ne'er a cunning Schoole-Master in
England. I meane a Cunning-Man, a Schoole-Master; that
45 is a Coniurour, or a Poet, or that had any acquaintance with
a Poet. They make all their schollers Play-boyes! Is't not

a fine sight, to see all our children made Enterluders ? Doe wee pay our money for this ? wee send them to learne their Grammar, and their Terence, and they learne their play-books ? well, they talke, we shall haue no more Parliaments (God blesse vs) but an' wee haue, I hope, Zeale-of-the-land Buzy, and my Gossip, Rabby Trouble-truth will start vp, and see we shall haue painfull good Minsters to keepe Schoole, and Catechise our youth, and not teach 'hem to speake Playes, and act Fables of false newes, in this manner, to the super-uexation of Towne and Countrey, with a wanion.

ACT III. SCENE I.

PENY-BOY IV. FITTON. SHVNFIELD.

ALMANACK. MADRIGAL. CAN-

TER. PICKLOCKE.

C Ome, Gentlemen, let's breath from *healths* a while.

This *Lickfinger* has made vs a good dinner,
For our *Pecunia* : what shal's doe with our selues,
While the women water ? and the *Fidlers* eat ?

F I T. Let's ieere a little P. I v. Ieere ? what's that ?

S H v. Expect, S^r.

5

A L M. We first begin with our selues, & then at you.

S H v. A game we vse. M A D. We ieere all kind of
persons

We meete withall, of any rancke or quality,
And if we cannot ieere them, we ieere our selues.

P. C A. A pretty sweete society ! and a gratefull !

10

P I C. 'Pray let's see some. S H v. Haue at you, then,
Lawyer.

They say, there was one of your coate in *Be'tlem*, lately.

A L M I wonder all his *Clients* were not there.

THIRD INTERMEAN 54 act] Act F IV 1 SCENE I] SCENE
II F3 SCENE I | The Devil Tavern The Apollo | Pennyboy jun
Fitm, Shunfield, Almanac, Madrigal, Pennyboy Canter, and Picklock,
discovered at table G PENY-BOY] PENY-BOY F 6 you] you, F
10 gratefull] gratefull F 11 then,] then F 12 lately] lately, F

M A D. They were the madder sort. P I C. Except, Sir,
one

15 Like you, and he made verses. F I T. *Madrigall*,
A ieere. M A D. I know. S H V. But what did you doe,
Lawyer?

When you made loue to Mistresse *Band*, at dinner?

M A D. Why? of an Aduocate, he grew the *Clyent*.

P. I v. Well play'd, my *Poet*. M A D. And shew'd the
Law of nature

20 Was there about the *Common-Law*. S H V. Quit, quit.

P. I v. Call you this ieering? I can play at this,

'Tis like a *Ball* at *Tennis*. F I T. Very like,

But we were not well in. A L M. 'Tis indeed, Sir,

When we doe speake at volley, all the ill

25 We can one of another. S H V. As this morning,
(I would you had heard vs) of the Rogue your *Vncle*.

A L M. That *Mony-bawd*. M A D. We call'd him a *Coat-*
card

O'the last order. P. I v. What's that? a *Knaue*?

M A D. Some readings haue it so, my *manuscript*

30 Doth speake it, *Varlet*. P. C A. And your selfe a *Foole*

O'the first ranke, and one shall haue the leading

O'the right-hand file, vnder this braue Commander.

P. I v. What saist thou, *Canter*? P. C A. Sir, I say
this is

A very wholesome exercise, and comely.

35 Like Lepers, shewing one another their scabs,

Or flies feeding on vlcers. P. I v. What *Newes* Gentlemen?

Ha' you any newes for after dinner? me thinks

We should not spend our time vnprofitably.

P. C A. They neuer lie, Sir, betweene meales, 'gainst
supper

40 You may haue a *Bale* or two brought in. F I T. This *Canter*,
Is an old enuious Knaue! A L M. A very Rascall!

F I T. I ha' mark'd him all this meale, he has done nothing

But mocke, with scuruy faces, all wee said.

A L M. A supercilious Rogue ! he lookes as if
He were the *Patrico*—— M A D. Or *Arch-priest* o' *CanTERS*, 45

S H V. Hee's some *primate metropolitan* Rascall,
Our shot-clog makes so much of him. A L M. The *Law*,
And he does gouerne him. P. I v. What say you, Gentlemen?

F I T. We say, we wonder not, your man o' *Law*,
Should be so gracious wi' you ; but how it comes, 50
This Rogue, this *Canter* ! P. I v. O, good words. F I T.

A fellow
That speakes no language—— A L M. But what ginging
Gipsies,

And *Pedlers* trade in—— F I T. And no honest *Christian*
Can vnderstand—— P. C A. Why ? by that argument,

You all are *CanTERS*, you, and you, and you,
All the whole world are *CanTERS*, I will proue it
In your *professions* P. I v. I would faine heare this,
But stay, my *Princesse* comes, prouide the while,
I'll call for't anone. How fares your *Grace* ?

He
speakes to
all the
Ieerers.

ACT III. SCENE II.

LICKFINGER PECVNIA (MORTGAGE)

STATUTE. BAND. WAXE. {to them.

I hope the fare was good. P E C. Yes, *Lickfinger*,
And we shall thanke you for't and reward you.

M A D. Nay, I'll not lose my argument, *Lickfinger* ;
Before these Gentle<wo>men, I affirme,
The perfect, and true straine of poetry,
Is rather to be guen the quicke *Celler*,
Then the fat *Kitchin*. L I C. *Heretique*, I see
Thou art for the vaine *Oracle* of the *Boile*.
The hogshead *Trismegistus*, is thy *Pegasus*.

Lick-
finger is
challeng'd
by Madri-
gal of an
argument.

iv 1 59 After 'anone' Enter *Lickfinger*, *Pecunia*, *Statute*, *Band*, *Wax*,
and *Mortgage* G iv 11 G continues the scene 3 St dir an]
au F 4 Gentlewomen G 7 After 'Kitchin' P jun takes
Pecunia aside, and courts her. G 9 hogshead] hogshead, F

- 10 Thence flowes thy *Muses* spring, from that hard hoofe :
Seduced *Poet*, I doe say to thee,
A Boyler, Range, and Dresser were the *Fountaines*,
Of all the knowledge in the *uniuerse*.
And they're the *Kitchins*, where the *Master-Cooke*——
- 15 (Thou dost not know the man, nor canst thou know him,
Till thou hast seru'd some yeeres in that deepe schoole,
That's both the *Nurse* and *Mother* of the *Arts*,
And hear'st him read, interpret, and demonstrate !)
A *Master-Cooke* ! Why, he's the *man* o' men,
- 20 For a *Professor* ! he designes, he drawes,
He paints, he carues, he builds, he fortifies,
Makes *Citadels* of curious fowle and fish,
Some he *dri-duches*, some *motes* round with *broths*.
Mounts *marrowbones*, cuts *fifty-angled custards*,
- 25 Reares *bulwark* pies, and for his *outer workes*
He raiseth *Ramparts* of immortall *crust* ;
And teacheth all the *Tacticks*, at one dinner :
What *Rankes*, what *Files*, to put his dishes in ;
The whole *Art Military*. Then he knowes,
- 30 The influence of the *Starres* vpon his meats,
And all their seasons, tempers, qualities,
And so to fit his relishes, and sauces,
He has *Nature* in a pot, 'boue all the *Chymists*,
Or airy brethren of the *Rosie-crosse*.
- 35 He is an *Architect*, an *Inginer*,
A *Souldiour*, a *Physician*, a *Philosopher*,
A generall *Mathematician*. M A D. It is granted.
L I C. And that you may not doubt him, for a *Poet*——
A L M. This *fury* shewes, if there were nothing else !
- 40 And 'tis diuine ! I shall for euer, hereafter,
Admire the wisdome of a *Cooke* ! B A N. And we, Sir !

Peny-boy
scouring
his Prin-
cesse all
the while.

P. I v. O, how my *Princesse* drawes me, with her lookes,
And hailes me in, as eddies draw in boats,

rv n. 23 *dry-ditches* in the corresponding passage in *Neptune's*
Triumph. *dry-dishes* F 24 *fifty-angled*] *fifty angled* F 25
outer workes F3 *outerworkes* F 32 *saucies*] *saucies* W 38 *him*,]
him F3 40 *euer*,] *euer* F

Or strong *Charybdis* ships, that saile too neere
The shelues of *Loue* ! The tydes of your two eyes ! 45
Wind of your breath, are such as sucke in all,
That doe approach you ! P E C. Who hath chang'd my
seruant ?

P. I v. Your selfe, who drinke my blood vp with your
beames ;

As doth the *Sunne*, the *Sea* ! *Pecunia* shines
More in the world then he : and makes it *Spring* 50
Where e'r she fauours ! 'please her but to show
Her melting wrests, or bare her yuorie hands,
She catches still ! her smiles they are *Loue's* fetters !
Her breasts his apples ! her teats St<r>awberries !
Where *Cupid* (were he present now) would cry, 55
Farewell my mothers milke, here's sweeter *Nectar* !

Helpe me to praise *Pecunia*, Gentlemen :

She's your *Princesse*, lend your wits. F I T. A *Lady*, *They all*
The *Graces* taught to moue ! A L M. The *Houres* did nurse ! *beginne*
F I T. Whose lips are the instructions of all *Louers* ! *the en-*
A L M. Her eyes their lights, and riuals to the *Starres* ! *comum of*
F I T. A voyce, as if that *Harmony* still spake ! *Pecunia*

A L M. Her eyes their lights, and riuals to the *Starres* !

F I T. A voyce, as if that *Harmony* still spake !

A L M. And polish'd skinne, whiter then *Venus* foote !

F I T. Young *Hebes* necke, or *Iunoe's* armes ! A L M. An
aire,

Large as the *Mornings*, and her breath as sweete, 65
As meddowes after raine, and but new mowne !

F I T. *Læda* might yeeld vnto her, for a face !

A L M. *Hermione* for breasts ! F I T. *Flora*, for cheekes !

A L M. And *Helen* for a mouth ! P. I v. Kisse, kisse 'hem, *She*
Princesse. *kisseth*
them

F I T. The pearle doth strue in whitenesse, with her
necke, 70

A L M. But loseth by it : here the *Snow* thawes Snow ;
One frost resolves another ! F I T. O, she has

A front too slippery to be look't vpon !

A L M. And glances that beguile the seers eyes !

Agasne. P. I v. Kisse, kisse againe, what saies my *man o'warre* ?

S H V. I say, she's more, then *Fame* can promise of her.

A *Theame*, that's ouercome with her owne matter !

Praise is stricke blind, and deafe, and dumbe with her !

Shee doth astonish *Commendation* !

She kisseth Captaine Shunfield. P. I v. Well pumpt i'faith old *Sailor* : kisse him too :

Though he be a slugge. What saies my *Poet-sucker* ?

He's chewing his *Muses* cudde, I doe see by him.

M A D. I haue almost done, I want but e'ne to finish.

F I T. That's the 'ill luck of all his workes still. P. I v.

What ?

85 F I T. To beginne many works, but finish none.

P. I v. How does he do his *Mistresse* work ? F I T. Im-
perfect.

A L M. I cannot thinke he finisheth that. P. I v. Let's
heare.

M A D. It is a *Madrigall*, I affect that kind

Of *Poem*, much. P. I v. And thence you ha' the name.

90 F I T. It is his *Rose*. He can make nothing else.

M A D. I made it to the *tune* the *Fidlers* play'd,

That we all lik'd so well P. I v. Good, read it, read it.

M A D. The *Sunne* is father of all mettalls, you know,
Siluer, and gold. P. I v. I, leaue your *Prologues*, say !

SONG.

95 M ADRIGAL. As bright as is the *Sunne* her *Sire*,

Or *Earth* her mother, in her best atyre,

Or *Mint*, the *Mid-wife*, with her fire,

Comes forth her *Grace* !

[P. I v. That *Mint* the
The splendour of the wealthiest *Mines* !

100 The stamp, and strength of all imperiall lines,

Both maiesty and beauty shines, F I T. {That's fairely

In her sweet face !

{said of *Money*.

Looke how a Torch, of Taper light,
 Or of that Torch's flame, a Beacon bright ; [P. I v. Good !
 M A D. Now there, I want a line to finish, Sir. 105
 P. I v. Or of that Beacons fire, Moone-light :
 M A D. So takes she place ! [F I T. 'Tis good.
 And then I haue a Saraband—
 She makes good cheare, she keeps full boards,
 She holds a Faire of Knights, and Lords, 110
 A Mercat of all Offices,
 And Shops of honour, more or lesse.
 According to Pecunia's Grace,
 The Bride hath beauty, blood, and place,
 The Bridegrome vertue, valour, wit, 115
 And wisdom, as he stands for it.
 P. I v. Call in the Fiddlers. Nicke, the boy, shall sing it,
 Sweet Princesse, kisse him, kisse 'hem all, deare Madame, He vrgeth
 And at the close, vouchsafe to call them Cousins. her to
 P E C. Sweet Cousin Madrigall, and Cousin Fitton, kisse them
 My Cousin Shunfield, and my learned Cousin all.
 P I c. Al-manach, though they call him Almanack.
 P. C A. Why, here's the Prodigall prostitutes his Mistresse !
 P. I v. And Picklocke, he must be a kinsman too.
 My man o' Law will teach vs all to winne, 125
 And keepe our owne. Old Founder. P. C A. Nothing, I, Sir;
 I am a wretch, a begger She the fortunate,
 Can want no kindred, wee, the poore, know none.
 F I T. Nor none shall know, by my consent. A L M. Nor
 mine.
 P. I v. Sing, boy, stand here. P. C A. Look, look, how The boy
 all their eyes sings the
 song.
 Dance i'their heads (obserue) scatter'd with lust !
 At sight o' their braue Idoll ! how they are tickl'd,

iv ii 108 I haue] I'haue F 117 P Iv] Pic F Pic F3 P jun
 1716 After 'Fiddlers' Enter the Fiddlers, and Nicholas G boy.] boy F
 122 Pic] P CA F Pick G 123 P CA] P Iv F P Can
 [Aside] G 126 I, Sir.] I Sir? F 127 fortunate.] fortunate F
 128 poore.] poore F 129 mine] mine, F 130 St dir The . .
 song] Nich. [Sings] 'As bright,' &c [Music. G

- With a light ayre ! the bawdy *Saraband* !
 They are a kinde of dancing engines all !
 135 And set, by nature, thus, to runne alone
 To euery sound ! All things within, without 'hem,
 Moue, but their braine, and that stands still ! mere monsters,
 Here, in a chamber, of most subtill feet !
 And make their legs in tune, passing the streetes !
 140 These are the gallant spirits o' the age !
 The miracles o' the time ! that can cry vp
 And downe mens wits ! and set what rate on things
 Their half-brain'd fancies please ! Now pox vpon 'hem.
 See how solicitously he learnes the ligge,
 145 As if it were a mystery of his faith !
 S H V. A dainty ditty ! F I T. O, hee's a dainty *Poet* !
 When he sets to't. P. I v. And a dainty *Scholler* !
 A L M. No, no great *scholler*, he writes like a *Gentleman*.
 S H V. Pox o' your *Scholler*. P. C A. Pox o' your distinc-
 tion !
 150 As if a *Scholler* were no *Gentleman*.
 With these, to write like a *Gentleman*, will in time
 Become, all one, as to write like an *Asse*.
 These *Gentlemen* ? these Rascalls ! I am sicke
 Of indignation at 'hem. P. I v. How doe you lik't, Sir ?
 155 F I T. 'Tis excellent ! A L M. 'Twas excellently sung !
 F I T. A dainty *Ayre* ! P. I v. What saies my *Lickfinger* ?
 L I C. I am telling *Mistresse Band*, and *Mistresse Statute*,
 What a braue *Gentleman* you are, and *Waxe*, here !
 How much 'twere better, that my *Ladies Grace*
 160 Would here take vp Sir, and keepe house with you.
 P. I v. What say they ? S T A We could consent, S^r,
 willingly.
 B A N D. I, if we knew her *Grace* had the least liking.
 W A X. We must obey her *Graces* will, and pleasure.

They are
all struck
with ad-
miratlon.

iv 11 136 without 'hem] without them F 137 monsters,] mon-
 sters F 143 'hem] hem some copies of F 145 Aside add G
 152 Asse] Asse, F Ass F3 153 Gentlemen] Gentlemen F 154
 After 'hem' Aside. G 158 Gentleman] Gentleman F 159 Grace]
 Grace, F

P. I v. I thanke you, *Gentlewomen*, ply 'hem, *Lickfinger*.
Giue *mother Mortgage*, there—— L I c. Her doze of Sacke. 165
I haue it for her, and her distance of *Hum*.

P E c. Indeele therein, I must confesse, deare *Cousin*,
I am a most vnfortunate *Princesse*. A L M. And
You still will be so, when your *Grace* may helpe it.

*The Gal-
lants, are
all about
Pecunia.*

M A D. Who'd lie in a roome, with a close-stool, and gar-
lick ?

And kennell with his dogges ? that had a *Prince*
Like this young *Peny-boy*, to soiourne with ?

S H v. He'll let you ha' your liberty—— A L M. Goe forth,
Whither you please, and to what company——

M A D. Scatter your selfe amongst vs—— P. I v. Hope
of *Parnassus* ! 175

Thy *Iuy* shall not wither, nor thy *Bayes*,
Thou shalt be had into her *Graces* Cellar,
And there know Sacke, and Claret, all *December*,
Thy veine is rich, and we must cherish it.
Poets and Bees swarme now adaies, but yet 180
There are not those good *Tauernes*, for the one sort,
As there are *Flowrie* fields to feed the other.
Though Bees be pleas'd with dew, aske little *Waxe*
That brings the honey to her *Ladies* hiue :
The *Poet* must haue wine. And he shall haue it. 185

ACT III. SCENE IIJ.

PENI-BOY SE. PENY-BOY IV.

LICKFINGER. & C.

Broker ? what *Broker* ? P. I v. Who's that ? my Vncle !
P. S E. I am abus'd, where is my Knaue ? my *Broker* ?

L I c. Your *Broker* is laid out vpon a bench, yonder,
Sacke hath seaz'd on him, in the shape of sleepe.

IV. 11 164 *Gentlewomen*] *Gentlewoman* F3 165 doze] dose F3
167 St dir are] gather G 175 *Parnassus*] *Parnassus* F, F3
IV. 111] Enter *Pennyboy* sen hastily G, continuing the scene PENI-BOY
PENI-BOY] PENI-BOY... PENI-BOY. F

5 P I c. Hee hath beene dead to vs almost this houre.

P. S E. This houre? P. C A. Why sigh you S^r? 'cause
he's at rest?

P. S E. It breeds my vnrest. L I c. Will you take a cup

He strikes
the Sacke
out of his
hand

And try if you can sleepe? P. S E. No, cogging *Iacke*,
Thou and thy cups too, perish. S H v. O, the Sacke!

M A D. The sacke, the sacke! P. C A. A *Madrigall* on
Sacke!

P I c. Or rather an *Elegy*, for the Sacke is gone.

P E c. Why doe you this, Sir? spill the wine, and rauē?
For *Brokers* sleeping? P. S E. What through sleepe, and
Sacke,

My trust is wrong'd: but I am still awake,

Hee
would
haue

To waite vpon your *Grace*, please you to quit
This strange lewd company, they are not for you.

Pecunia
home
But shee
refuseth
And her
Traine

P E c. No *Guardian*, I doe like them very well.

P. S E. Your *Graces* pleasure be obseru'd, but you,
Statute, and *Band*, and *Waxe*, will goe with me.

S T A. Truly we will not. B A N. We will stay, and wait
here

Vpon her *Grace*, and this your *Noble Kinsman*.

P. S E. Noble? how noble! who hath made him noble?

P. I v. Why, my most noble money hath, or shall;

My *Princesse*, here. She that had you but kept,

25 And treated kindly, would haue made you *noble*,

And wise, too: nay, perhaps haue done that for you,

An *Act of Parliament* could not, made you *honest*.

The truth is, Vncle, that her *Grace* dislikes

Her entertainment: specially her lodging.

30 P E c. Nay, say her iale. Neuer *vnfortunate Princesse*,

Was vs'd so by a laylor. Aske my women,

Band, you can tell, and *Statute*, how he has vs'd me,

Kept me close prisoner, vnder twenty bolts—

S T A. And forty padlocks— B A N. All malicious
ingines

A wicked *Smith* could forge out of his yron : 35
 As locks, and keyes, shacles, and manacles,
 To torture a great *Lady*. S T A. H'has abus'd
 Your *Graces* body. P E C. No, he would ha' done,
 That lay not in his power · he had the vse
 Of <y>our bodies, *Band*, and *Waxe*, and sometimes *Statutes* : 40
 But once he would ha' smother'd me in a chest,
 And strangl'd me in leather, but that you
 Came to my rescue, then, and gaue mee ayre.

S T A. For which he cramb'd vs vp in a close boxe,
 All three together, where we saw no *Sunne* 45
 In one *sixe moneths*. W A X. A cruell man he is !

B A N. H'has left my fellow *Waxe* out, i' the cold,
 S T A. Till she was stiffe, as any frost, and crumbl'd
 Away to dust, and almost lost her forme.

W A X. Much adoe to recouer me. P. S E. Women
 Ieerers ! 50

Haue you learn'd too, the subtill facultie ?
 Come, I'll shew you the way home, if drinke,
 Or, too full diet haue disguis'd you. B A N. Troth,
 We haue not any mind, Sir, of returne——

S T A. To be bound back to backe—— B A N. And haue
 our legs 55

Turn'd in, or writh'd about—— W A X. Or else dis-
 play'd——

S T A. Be lodg'd with dust and fleas, as we were wont——

B A N. And dyeted with dogs dung. P. S E. Why ? you
 whores,

My bawds, my instruments, what should I call you,
 Man may thinke base inough for you ? P. I v. Heare you,
 vnclē. 60

I must not heare this of my *Princesse* seruants,
 And in *Apollo*, in *Pecunia's* roome.

Goe, get you downe the staires : Home, to your Kennell,
 As swiftly as you can. Consult your dogges,
 The *Lares* of your family, or beleeeue it, 65

iv. iii. 40 your S T Coleridge 62 roome] roome, F: Room. F3

The fury of a foote-man, and a drawer
Hangs ouer you. SHV. Cudgell, and pot doe threaten
A kinde of vengeance. MAD. Barbers are at hand.

They all threaten, ALM. Washing and shauing will ensue. FIT. The Pumpe

70 Is not farre off ; If 't were, the sink is neere :
Or a good Iordan. MAD. You haue now no money,
SHV. But are a Rascall. PSE. I am cheated, robb'd,
And spurne him. Ieer'd by confederacy. FIT. No, you are kick'd
Kicks him, out. And vsed kindly, as you should be. SHV. Spurn'd,
From all commerce of men, who are a curre.

Hee exclames ALM. A stinking dogge, in a dublet, with foule linnen.
MAD. A snarling Rascall, hence. SHV. Out. PSE.

Wel, remember,
I am coozen'd by my Cousin, and his whore !
Bane o' these meetings in *Apollo* ! LIC. Goe, Sir,

One of his Dogges You will be tost like *Block*, in a blanket else.
P. IV. Downe with him, *Luckfinger*. PSE. Saucy *Iacke*
away,

Pecunia is a whore. P. IV. Play him downe, *Fidlers*,
And drown his noise. Who's this ? FIT. O Master *Pyed-*
mantle !

ACT IIIJ. SCENE IV.

PYED-MANTLE. (*to them.*)

Pyed-mantle brings the Lady Pecunia her pedigree. BY your leau, Gentlemen. FIT. Her Graces *Herald*.
ALM. No *Herald* yet, a *Heraldet*. P. IV. What's
that ?
P. CA. A *Canter*. P. IV. O, thou said'st thou'dst proue
vs all so !

P. CA. Sir, here is one will proue himselfe so, streight,
5 So shall the rest, in time. PEC. My *Pedigree* ?

IV III 72 robb'd,] robb'd F 83 After 'noise' *Exeunt P sen and*
Luckfinger. G this ?] this ! F After 'this ?' *Enter Pyedmantle, with*
Pecunia's pedigree G IV IV G continues the scene I *Herald.]*
Herald, F 3 proue] sproue F. prove F3

I tell you, friend, he must be a good *Scholler*,
Can my *discent*. I am of *Princely* race,
And as good blood, as any is i'the mines,
Runnes through my veines. I am, euery *limb*, a *Princesse* !
Dutchesse o' *mynes*, was my great Grandmother. 10
And by the Fathers side, I come from *Sol*.

My Grand-father was *Duke* of *Or*, and match'd
In the blood-royall of *Ophyr*. P Y E. Here's his *Coat*.
P E C. I know it, if I heare the *Blazon*. P Y E. He beares
In a field *Azure*, a *Sunne* proper, *beamy*, 15
Twelue of the *second*. P. C A. How farr's this from *canting* ?

P. I v. Her *Grace* doth vnderstand it. P. C A. She can
cant, S^r.

P E C. What be these ? *Besants* ? P Y E. Yes, an't please
your *Grace*.

P E C. That is our *Coat* too, as we come from *Or*.
What *line's* this ? P Y E. The rich *mynes* of *Potosi*. 20
The *Spanish mynes* i' the *West-Indies*. P E C. This ?

P Y E. The *mynes* o' *Hungary*, this of *Barbary*.

P E C. But this, this little branch. P Y E. The *Welsh*-
myne that.

P E C. I ha' *Welsh-blood* in me too, blaze, Sir, that *Coat*.

P Y E. She beares (an't please you) *Argent*, three *leekes*
vert 25

In *Canton Or*, and *tassel'd* of the first.

P. C A. Is not this *canting* ? doe you vnderstand him ?

P. I v. Not I, but it sounds well, and the whole thing
Is rarely painted, I will haue such a scrowle,
What ere it cost me. P E C. Well, at better leasure, 30
We'll take a view of it, and so reward you.

P. I v. Kisse him, sweet *Princesse*, and stile him a *Cousin*. *She*

P E C. I will, if you will haue it. *Cousin Pyed-mantle*. *hisseth.*

P. I v. I loue all men of vertue, from my *Princesse*,
Vnto my *begger*, here, old *Canter*, on, 35
On to thy prooffe, whom proue you the next *Canter* ?

iv iv. 17 it] ti F
too,] too; F3

23 PYE] PEC F. Pec. F3. Pys. W
35 *Canter*,] *Canter*, F3

- P. C A. The *Doctor* here, I will proceed with the *learned*.
 When he discourseth of *dissection*,
 Or any point of *Anatomy* : that hee tells you,
 40 Of *Vena caua*, and of *vena porta*,
 The *Meseraicks*, and the *Mesenterium*.
 What does hee else but *cant* ? Or if he runne
 To his Iudiciall *Astrologie*,
 And trowle the *Trine*, the *Quartile* and the *Sextile*,
 45 *Platicke aspect*, and *Partile*, with his *Hyleg*
 Or *Alchochoden*, *Cuspes*, and *Horoscope*.
 Does not he *cant* ? Who here does vnderstand him ?
 A L M. This is no *Canter*, tho ! P. C A. Or when my
Muster-Master
 Talkes of his *Tacticks*, and his *Rankes*, and *Files*;
 50 His *Bringers* vp, his *Leaders* on, and cries,
Faces about to the right hand, the *left*,
 Now, *as you were* : then tells you of *Redoubts*,
 Of *Cats*, and *Cortines*. Doth not he *cant* ? P. I v. Yes,
 'faith.
 P. C A. My Eg-chind *Laureat*, here, when he comes forth
 55 With *Dimeters*, and *Trimeters*, *Tetrameters*,
Pentameters, *Hexameters*, *Catalecticks*,
 His *Hyper*, and his *Brachy-Catalecticks*,
 His *Pyrrhicks*, *Eptirites*, and *Choriambicks*.
 What is all this, but *canting* ? M A D. A rare fellow !
 60 S H v. Some begging *Scholler* ! F I T. A decay'd *Doctor*
 at least !
 P. I v. Nay, I doe cherish vertue, though in rags.
 P. C A. And you, *Mas Courtier*. P. I v. Now he treats
 of you,
 Stand forth to him, faire. P. C A. With all your *fly-blowne*
projects,
 And lookes-out of the *politicks*, your *shut-faces*,
 And reseru'd *Questions*, and *Answers* that you game with,
 As

iv iv 46 *Horoscope*] *Horoscope* F
 62 After '*Courtier*' To *Fillon* G
 lookes-out G

58 *Pyrrhicks* F3: *Pyrrhicks* F:
 64 lookes-out] lookes out F:

Is't a *Cleare businesse* ? will it *mannage well* ?
My name must not be vs'd else. Here, 'twill dash.
Your businesse has receiu'd a *taint*, giue off,
I may not *prostitute my selfe*. Tut, tut,
That little dust I can blow off, at pleasure. 70
Here's no such mountaine, yet, i' the whole worke,
But a light purse may leuell. I will tyde
This affayre for you ; giue it *freight*, and *passage*.
And such *mynt-phrases*, as 'tis the worst of *canting*,
By how much it affects the *sense*, it has not. 75
F I R. This is some other then he seemes ! P. I v. How
like you him ?
F I R. This cannot be a *Canter* ! P. I v. But he is, Sir,
And shall be still, and so shall you be too :
We'll all be *Canter*s. Now, I thinke of it,
A noble *Whimsie*'s come into my braine ! 80
I'll build a *Colledge*, I, and my *Pecunia*,
And call it *Canter*s *Colledge*, sounds it well ?
A L M. Excellent ! P. I v. And here stands my *Father* *be erected*.
Rector,
And you *Professors*, you shall all *professe*
Something, and liue there, with her *Grace* and me, 85
Your *Founders* : I'll endow't with lands, and meanes,
And *Luckfinger* shall be my *Master-Cooke*.
What ? is he gone ? P. C A. And a *Professor*. P. I v. Yes.
P. C A. And read *Apicius de re culmaria*
To your braue *Doxie*, and you ! P. I v. You, *Cousin Fitton*, 90
Shall (as a *Courtier*) read the *politicks* ;
Doctor Al-manack, hee shall read *Astrology*,
Shunfield shall read the *Military Arts*.
P. C A. As caruing, and assaulting the cold custard.
P. I v. And *Horace* here, the *Art of Poetry*.
His *Lyricks*, and his *Madrigalls*, fine Songs, *That's*
Which we will haue at dinner, steept in claret, *Madrigall*.
And against supper, sowc't in sacke. M A D. In troth
A diuine *Whimsey* ! S H v. And a worthy worke,
iv iv 66 it] st F 68 off] off F 69 not] not F 71 yet] yet F
worke,] worke ! F 98 sowc't] sous'd F 3

- 100 Fit for a *Chronicle* ! P. I v. Is't not ? S H v. To all ages.
 P. I v. And *Pyed-mantle*, shall giue vs all our *Armes*,
 But *Picklocke*, what wouldst thou be ? Thou canst *cant* too.
 P I c. In all the languages in *Westminster-Hall*,
Pleas, *Bench*, or *Chancery*. *Fee-Farme*, *Fee-Tayle*,
 105 *Tennant in dower*, *At will*, For *Terme of life*,
 By *Copy of Court Roll*, *Knights seruice*, *Homage*,
Fealty, *Escuage*, *Soccage*, or *Frank almoigne*,
Grand Sergeanty, or *Burgage*. P. I v. Thou appear'st,
Kar' εφοχην, a *Canter*. Thou shalt read
 110 All *Littletons tenures* to me, and indeed
 All my *Conueyances*. P I c. And make 'hem too, Sir ?
 Keepe all your *Courts*, be *Steward* o' your *lands*,
 Let all your *Leases*, keepe your *Euidences*,
 But first, I must procure, and passe your *mort-maine*,
 115 You must haue licence from aboue, Sir. P. I v. Feare not,
Pecunia's friends shall doe it. P. C A. But I shall stop it.
 Here his father discouers himselfe
 Your worships louing, and *obedient father*,
 Your painefull *Steward*, and lost *Officer* !
 Who haue done this, to try how you would vse
 120 *Pecunia*, when you had her · which since I see,
 I will take home the *Lady*, to my charge,
 And these her *seruants*, and leaue you my *Cloak*,
 To trauell in to *Beggars Bush* ! A Seate,
 Is built already, furnish'd too, worth twentie
 125 Of your imagin'd structures, *Canter's Colledge*.
 F I T. 'Tis his *Father* ! M A D. Hee's alhue, me thinks.
 A L M. I knew he was no *Rogue* ! P. C A. Thou, *Prodi-*
gall,
 Was I so carefull for thee, to procure,
 And plot wi' my *learn'd Counsell*, Master *Picklocke*,
 130 This noble match for thee, and dost thou prostitute,
 Scatter thy *Mistresse fauours*, throw away
 Her bounties, as they were red-burning coales,

IV 14 101 *Armes*,] *Arms* F3
 -*maine*,] -*maine* F. -*main*, F3
 in F

109 *εφοχην*,] *εφοχην* F 114
 116 St dir here in F3, at l 118

Too hot for thee to handle, on such rascalls ?
 Who are the scumme, and excrements of men ?
 If thou had'st sought out good, and vertuous persons 135
 Of these professions : I'had lou'd thee, and them.
 For these shall neuer haue that plea 'gainst me,
 Or colour of aduantage, that I hate
 Their callings, but their manners, and their vices.
 A worthy *Courtier*, is the ornament 140
 Of a *Kings Palace*, his great *Masters* honour.
 This is a moth, a rascall, a Court-rat,
 That gnawes the common-wealth with broking suits,
 And eating grieuances ! So, a *true Souldier*,
 He is his *Countrys strength*, his *Soueraignes safety*, 145
 And to secure his peace, he makes himselfe
 The *heyre* of danger, nay the *subiect* of it,
 And runnes those vertuous hazards, that this Scarre-crow
 Cannot endure to heare of. S H V. You are pleasant, Sir.
 P. C A. With you I dare be ! Here is *Pyed-mantle*, 150
 'Cause he's an *Asse*, doe not I loue a *Herald* ?
 Who is the pure *preseruer of descents*,
 The keeper faire of all *Nobility*,
 Without which all would runne into confusion ?
 Were he a *learned Herald*, I would tell him 155
 He can giue *Armes*, and *markes*, he cannot *honour*,
 No more then *money* can make *Nooble* : It may
 Giue place, and ranke, but it can giue no *Vertue*.
 And he would thanke me, for this truth. This dog-Leach,
 You stile him *Doctor*, 'cause he can compile 160
 An *Almanack* ; perhaps erect a *Scheme*
 For my great *Madams* monkey : when 't has ta'ne
 A glister, and bewrai'd the *Ephemerides*.
 Doe I despise a learn'd *Physician*,
 In calling him a *Quack-Saluer* ? or blast 165
 The *euer-liuing ghirlond*, alwaies greene

iv. iv 142 After 'Court-rat,' *Points to Fitton* G 146 himselfe]
 himselfe F himself F3 162 monkey] Monkey, F3 164
 Physician, F3 . Physician ? F

Of a good *Poet*? when I say his *wreath*
 Is piec'd and patch'd of dirty witherd flowers?
 Away, I am impatient of these vlcers,
 170 (That I not call you worse) There is no sore,
 Or Plague but you to infect the times. I abhorre
 Your very scent. Come, *Lady*, since my *Prodigall*
 Knew not to entertaine you to your worth,
 I'll see if I haue learn'd, how to receiue you,
 With more respect to you, and your faire traine here.
 Farewell my *Begger in veluet*, for to day,
 To morrow you may put on that *graue Robe*,
 And enter your great worke of *Canter's Colledge*,
 Your *worke* and *worthy* of a *Chronicle*.

Hee
 points
 him to his
 patch'd
 cloake
 throwne
 off.

The fourth Intermeane after the fourth *Act*.

TATLE. *Why? This was the worst of all! the Catastrophe!*
CEN. *The matter began to be good, but now: and he*
has spoyl'd it all, with his Begger there!

MIRT. *A beggerly lacke it is, I warrant him, and a kin to*
 5 *the Poet.*

TAT. *Like enough, for hee had the chiefest part in his play,*
if you marke it.

EXP. *Absurdity on him, for a huge ouergrowne Play-*
maker! why should he make him liue againe, when they, and
 10 *we all thought him dead? If he had left him to his ragges, there*
had beene an end of him.

TAT. *I, but set a beggar on horse-backe, hee'll neuer linne*
till hee be a gallop.

CEN. *The young heyre grew a fine Gentleman, in this last*
 15 *Act!*

EXP. *So he did, Gossip: and kept the best company.*

CEN. *And feasted 'hem, and his Mistresse!*

TAT. *And shew'd her to 'hem all! was not iealous!*

MIRTH. *But very communicatiue, and liberall, and*

IV IV 179 *Chronicle*] *Chronicle*, F *Exeunt* add G THE FOURTH
 INTERMEAN. I *Why? This*] *Why, this* F3 *all!* all, F3 18
iealous! CORR. F *iealous?* F originally

*beganne to be magnificent, if the churle his father would haue 20
let him alone.*

CEN. *It was spitefully done o'the Poet, to make the Chuffe
take him off in his heighth, when he was going to doe all his
braue deedes !*

EXP. *To found an Academy !* 25

TAT. *Erect a Colledge !*

EXP. *Plant his Professors, and water his Lectures.*

MIRTH. *With wine, gossips, as he meant to doe; and then
to defraud his purposes ?*

EXP. *Kill the hopes of so many towardly young spirits ?* 30

TAT. *As the Doctors ?*

CEN. *And the Courtiers ! I protest, I was in loue with
Master Fitton He did weare all he had, from the hat-band,
to the shooe-tye, so politically, and would stoop, and leere !*

MIRTH. *And he so, in waite for a piece of wit, like a 35
Mouse-trap !*

EXP. *Indeed Gossip, so would the little Doctor, all his be-
hauour was meere glister ! O' my conscience, hee would make
any parties physicke i' the world worke, with his discourse.*

MIR. *I wonder they would suffer it, a foolish old fornicating 40
Father, to rauish away his sonnes Mistresse.*

CEN. *And all her women, at once, as hee did !*

TAT. *I would ha' flyen in his gypsies face i' faith.*

MIRTH. *It was a plaine piece of politicall incest, and
worthy to be brought afore the high Commission of wit. Suppose 45
we were to censure him, you are the youngest voyce, Gossip
Tatle, beginne.*

TATLE. *Mary, I would ha' the old conicatcher coozen'd
of all he has, i' the young heyres defence, by his learn'd Coun-
sell, M^r Picklocke !* 50

CENSURE. *I would rather the Courtier had found out
some tricke to begge him, from his estate !*

EXP. *Or the Captaine had courage enough to beat him.*

FOURTH INTERMEANE 28 doe.] doe, F do, F3 34 leere/] leere? F.
leer / F3 36 Mouse-trap/] Mouse-trap? F 43 flyen/] flown F3
48 Mary] Marry F3 52 him, from/] him for F3

CEN. *Or the fine Madrigall-man, in rime, to haue runne*
 55 *him out o' the Countrey, like an Irish rat.*

TAT. *No, I would haue Master Pyed-mantle, her Graces*
Herald, to pluck downe his hatchments, reuerse his coat-
armour, and nullifie him for no Gentleman.

EXP. *Nay, then let Master Doctor dissect him, haue him*
 60 *open'd, and his tripes translated to Lickfinger, to make a pro-*
bation dish of.

CEN. TAT. *Agreed! Agreed!*

MIRTH. *Faith, I would haue him flat disinherited, by a*
decree of Court, bound to make restitution of the Lady Pecunia,
 65 *and the use of her body to his sonne.*

EXP. *And her traine, to the Gentlemen.*

CEN. *And both the Poet, and himselfe, to aske them all*
forgiuenesse!

TAT. *And vs too.*

70 CEN. *In two large sheetes of paper——*

EXP. *Or to stand in a skin of parchment, (which the*
Court please)

CEN. *And those fill'd with newes!*

MIRTH. *And dedicated to the sustaining of the Staple!*

75 EXP. *Which their Poet hath let fall, most abruptly!*

MIRTH. *Banckruptly, indeede!*

CEN. *You say wittily, Gossip, and therefore let a protest*
goe out against him.

MIR. *A mourniuall of protests; or a gleeke at least!*

80 EXP. *In all our names:*

CEN. *For a decay'd wit——*

EXP. *Broken——*

TAT. *Non-soluent——*

CENSURE. *And, for euer, forfeit——*

85 MIRTH. *To scorne, of Mirth!*

CEN. *Censure!*

EXP. *Expectation!*

TAT. *Subsign'd, Tatle. Stay, they come againe.*

FOURTH INTERMEANE 63 Faith,] Faith F 75 abruptly] abruptly? F.
 abruptly. F3 85 Mirth! F3 Mirth? F 88 Subsign'd, Tatle
 Subsign'd. Tatle, F. Subsign'd, Tattle F3

ACT V. SCENE I.

PENY-BOY IV. {to him THO. BARBER.

{after, PICKLOCKE.

N Ay, they are fit, as they had been made for me,
And I am now a thing, worth looking at !
The same, I said I would be in the morning.
No Rogue, at a *Comitia* of the *Canter*s,
Did euer there become his *Parents Robes*
Better, then I do these : great foole ! and begger !
Why doe not all that are of those *societies*,
Come forth, and gratulate mee one of theirs ?
Me thinkes, I should be, on eucry side, saluted,
Dauphin of beggers ! Prince of Prodigalls !
That haue so fall'n vnder the eares, and eyes,
And tongues of all, the fable o' the time,
Matter of scorne, and marke of reprehension !
I now begin to see my vanity
Shine in this *Glasse*, reflected by the *foile* !
Where is my Fashioner ? my Feather-man ?
My Linnener ? Perfumer ? Barber ? all
That taylor of Riot, follow'd me this morning ?
Not one ! but a darke solitude about mee,
Worthy my cloake, and patches ; as I had
The *epidemicall* disease vpon mee :
And I'll sit downe with it. THO. My Master ! Maker !
How doe you ? Why doe you sit thus o'the ground, Sir ?
Heare you the *newes* ? P. I v. No, nor I care to heare none.
Would I could here sit still, and slip away
The other *one* and *twenty*, to haue this
Forgotten, and the day rac'd out, expung'd,
In euery *Ephemerides*, or *Almanack*.

Hee comes
out in the
patch'd
cloak his
father left
him

5

10

15

20

25

V 1 ACT V SCENE I | Pennyboy's Lodgings | Enter Pennyboy jun in
the patched and ragged cloke his father left him G PENY-BOY PENY-
BOY. F 1 are] ere F3 12 o'] of F3 14 vanity] vanity,
F 17 all] all' F 22 After 'it' Seats himsel on the floor |
Enter Tho Barber G 27 rac'd] raz'd F3

Or if it must be in, that *Time* and *Nature*

- 30 Haue decree'd ; still, let it be a day
Of tickling *Prodigalls*, about the gills ;
Deluding gaping heires, loosing their loues,
And their discretions ; falling from the fauours
Of their best friends, and parents ; their owne hopes ;
35 And entring the society of *Canterers*.

T H O. A dolefull day it is, and dismall times
Are come vpon us : I am cleare vndone.

P. I v. How, *Thom* ? T H O. Why ? broke ! broke !
wretchedly broke ! P. I v. Ha !

T H O. Our *Staple* is all to pieces, quite dissolu'd ! P. I v. Ha !

- 40 T H O. Shuer'd, as in an earth-quake ! heard you not
The cracke and ruines ? we are all blowne vp !
Soone as they heard th' *Infanta* was got from them,
Whom they had so deuoured i' their hopes,
To be their *Patronesse*, and sojourne with 'hem ;

- 45 Our *Emissaries*, *Register*, *Examiner*,
Flew into vapor : our graue *Gouernour*
Into a subt'ler ayre ; and is return'd
(As we doe heare) grand-*Captaine* of the *leerers*.
I, and my fellow melted into butter,

- 50 And spoyl'd our Inke, and so the *Office* vanish'd.
The last *hum* that it made, was, that your Father,
And *Picklocke* are fall'n out, the *man o' Law*.

Hee starts P. I v. How ? this awakes me from my lethargy.

vp at this T H O. And a great suite, is like to be betweene 'hem,

- 55 *Picklocke* denies the *Feofement*, and the *Trust*,
(Your Father saies) he made of the whole estate,
Vnto him, as respecting his mortalitie,
When he first laid this late deuice, to try you.

P. I v. Has *Picklock* then a *trust* ? T H O. I cannot tell,

Picklocke Here comes the *worshipfull*—— P I c. What ? my veluet-
enters heyre,

v 1 32 loosening] losing F3 34 parents] Parent F3 50 spoyl'd]
spoil' F3 60 After 'worshipfull' P jun makes a sign to Tho who
retires behind the hangings | Enter Picklock. G

Turn'd begger in minde, as robes? P. I v. You see what
case,

Your, and my Fathers plots haue brought me to.

P. I c. Your Fathers, you may say, indeed, not mine.

Hee's a hard-hearted Gentleman! I am sorie

To see his rigid resolution!

65

That any man should so put off affection,

And humane nature, to destroy his owne!

And triumph in a victory so cruell!

He's fall'n out with mee, for being yours,

And calls me Knaue, and Traytor to his *Trust*,

70

Saies he will haue me throwne ouer the *Barre*——

P. I v. Ha' you deseru'd it? P. I c. O, good heauen knowes

My conscience, and the silly latitude of it!

A narrow-minded man! my thoughts doe dwell

All in a *Lane*, or line indeed; No turning,

75

Nor scarce obliquitie in them. I still looke

Right forward to th'intent, and scope of that

Which he would go from now. P. I v. Had you a *Trust*,
then?

P. I c. Sir, I had somewhat, will keepe you still *Lord*

Of all the estate, (if I be honest) as

80

I hope I shall. My tender scrupulous brest

Will not permit me see the *heyre* defrauded,

And like an *Alyen*, thrust out of the blood,

The *Lawes* forbid that I should giue consent,

To such a ciuill slaughter of a *Sonne*.

85

P. I v. Where is the deed? hast thou it with thee?

P. I c. No,

It is a thing of greater consequence,

Then to be borne about in a blacke boxe,

Like a *Low-countrie vorloff*, or *Welsh-briefe*.

It is at *Lickfingers*, vnder locke and key.

90

P. I v. O, fetch it hither. P. I c. I haue bid him bring it,

That you might see it. P. I v. Knowes he what *<he>* brings?

v. l. 64 hard-hearted] hard hearted F 70 Traytor F3 Traytors
F 74 narrow-minded] narrow minded F 92 he F3

P I c. No more then a Gardiners *Asse*, what roots he carries.

P. I v. I was a sending my Father, like an *Asse*,

95 A penitent Epistle, but I am glad

I did not, now. P I c. Hang him, an austere grape,
That has no iuice, but what is veriuice in him.

Peny-boy
runnes
out to
fetch his
letter

P. I v. I'll shew you my letter! P I c. Shew me a *defiance*!

If I can now commit Father, and Sonne,

And make my profits out of both. Commence

A suite with the *old man*, for his whole state,

And goe to *Law* with the Sonnes credit, vndoe

Both, both with their owne money, it were a piece

Worthy my night-cap, and the Gowne I weare,

105 A *Picklockes* name in *Law*. Where are you Sir?

What doe you doe so long? P. I v. I cannot find

Where I haue laid it, but I haue laid it safe.

P I c. No matter, Sir, trust you vnto my *Trust*,

'Tis that that shall secure you, an absolute deed!

110 And I confesse, it was in *Trust*, for you,

Lest any thing might haue hapned mortall to him:

But there must be a gratitude thought on,

And aid, Sir, for the charges of the suite,

Which will be great, 'gainst such a mighty man,

115 As is our Father, and a man possest

Of so much *Land*, *Pecunia* and her *friends*.

I am not able to wage *Law* with him,

Yet must maintaine the thing, as mine owne right,

Still for your good, and therefore must be bold

120 To vse your credit for monies. P. I v. What thou wilt,

So wee be safe, and the *Trust* beare it. P I c. Feare not,

'Tis hee must pay arrerages in the end.

Wee'l milke him, and *Pecunia*, draw their creame downe,

Before he get the deed into his hands.

125 My name is *Picklocke*, but hee'll finde me a *Padlocke*.

v 1. 93 carries] carries, F
boy jun G 108 Pic] Pic F

106 After 'long?' Re-enter Penny-
115 our] your W 118 mine]

my F3

ACT V. SCENE II.

PENY-BOY CAN. PENY-BOY IV.

PICKLOCK. THO. BARBAR.

How now? conferring wi' your *learned Counsell*,
Vpo' the Cheat? Are you o'the *plot* to coozen mee?

P. I v. What *plot*? P. S E. Your *Counsell* knowes there,
Mr *Picklock*,

Will you restore the *Trust* yet? P I c. Sir, take patience,
And memory vnto you, and bethinke you, 5
What *Trust*? where dos't appeare? I haue your *Deed*,
Doth your *Deed* specifie any *Trust*? Is't not
A perfect *Act*? and absolute in *Law*?
Seal'd and deliuer'd before witnesses?
The *day*, and *date*, emergent? P. C A. But what confer-
ence? 10

What othes, and vowes preceded? P I c. I will tell you, Sir,
Since I am vrg'd, of those, as I remember,
You told me you had got a growen estate,
By griping meanes, sinisterly. (P. C A. How!) P I c. And
were

Eu'n weary of it; if the *parties* liued, 15
From whom you had wrested it—— (P. C A. Ha!) P I c.
You could be glad,

To part with all, for satisfaction:
But since they'had yeilded to humanity,
And that iust heauen had sent you, for a punishment
(You did acknowledge it) this riotous *heyre*, 20
That would bring all to beggery in the end,
And daily sow'd consumption, where he went——

P. C A. You'd coozen both, then? your Confederate,
too?

v 11] Enter Penyboy Canter G, continuing the scene PENY-BOY CAN
PENY-BOY IV] PENY-BOY CAN . PENY-BOY IV F 3 there,
Mr *Picklock*, F there, Mr *Picklock* F3 4 patience,] patience F
6 dos't F3 dost F 10 day,] day F emergent?] emergent F
12 vrg'd,] vrg'd F 22 sow'd] sow'd some copies of F 23 You'd
F3: You'd F

- P I c. After a long, mature deliberation,
 25 You could not thinke, where, better, how to place it——
 P. C A. Then on you, Rascall? P I c. What you please
 i' your passion,
 But with your reason, you will come about
 And thinke a faithfull, and a frugall friend
 To be preferr'd. P. C A. Before a Sonne? P I c. A *Prodi-*
gall,
 30 A tubbe without a bottome, as you term'd him;
 For which, I might returne you a vow, or two,
 And seale it with an oath of thankfulnessse,
 I not repent it, neither haue I cause. Yet——
 P. C A. Fore-head of steele, and mouth of brasse! hath
 impudence
 35 Polish'd so grosse a lie, and dar'st thou vent it?
Engine, compos'd of all mixt mettalls! hence,
 I will not change a syllab, with thee, more,
 Till I may meet thee, at a *Barre in Court*,
 Before thy *Iudges*. P I c Thither it must come,
 40 Before I part with it, to you, or you, Sir.
 P. C A. I will not heare thee. P. I v. Sir, your eare to
 mee, though.
 Not that I see through his perplexed plots,
 And hidden ends, nor that my parts depend
 Vpon the vnwinding this so knotted skeane,
 45 Doe I beseech your patience. Vnto mee
 He hath confest the *trust*. P I c. How? I confesse it?
 P. I v. I thou, false man. P. S E. Stand vp to him, &
 confront him.
 P I c. Where? when? to whom? P. I v. To me, euen
 now, and here,
 Canst thou deny it? P I c. Can I eate, or drinke?
 50 Sleepe, wake, or dreame? arise, sit, goe, or stand?
 Doe any thing that's naturall? P. I v. Yes, lye.
 It seemes thou canst, and periure: that is naturall!

*His Son
entreats
him.*

P I c. O me! what times are these! of frontlesse carriage!
 An Egge o' the same nest! the Fathers Bird!
 It runs in a blood, I see! P. I v. I'll stop your mouth. 55
 P I c. With what? P. I v. With *truth*. P I c. With
 noise, I must haue witnes.

Where is your witnes? you can produce witnes?

P. I v. As if my testimony were not *twenty*,
 Balanc'd with thine? P I c. So say all *Prodigalls*,
 Sicke of selfe-loue, but that's not *Law*, young *Scatter-good*. 60
 I liue by *Law*. P. I v. Why? if thou hast a conscience,
 That is a thousand witnesses. P I c. No *Court*
 Grants out a *Writ* of *Summons*, for the Conscience,
 That I know, nor *Sub-pœna*, nor *Attachment*.
 I must haue witnesse, and of your producing, 65
 Ere this can come to hearing, and it must
 Be heard on oath, and witnesse. P. I v. Come forth, *Thom*, *Hee pro-*
 Speake what thou heard'st, the truth, and the whole truth, *ducelh*
 And nothing but the truth. What said this varlet? *Thom*.

P I c. A rat behind the hangings! T H o. Sir, he said 70
 It was a *Trust*! an *Act*, the which your Father
 Had will to alter: but his tender brest
 Would not permit to see the *heyre* defrauded;
 And like an *alyen*, thrust out of the blood.
 The *Lawes* forbid that he should giue consent 75
 To such a ciuill slaughter of a Sonne——

P. I v. And talk'd of a gratuitie to be giuen,
 And ayd vnto the charges of the suite;
 Which he was to maintaine, in his owne name,
 But for my vse, he said. P. C A. It is enough. 80

T H o. And he would mulke *Pecunia*, and draw downe
 Her creame, before you got the *Trust*, againe.

P. C A. Your eares are in my pocket, Knaue, goe shake
 'hem,
 The little while you haue them. P I c. You doe trust
 To your great purse. P. C A. I ha' you in a *purse-net*, 85

v. 11. 56 noise,] Noise, F3 61 Why?] Why, F3 62 thousand]
 thousand F No Court F3 No, Court, F 64 -pana] -pana F

Good Master *Picklocke*, wi' your worming braine,
 And wrigling ingine-head of maintenance,
 Which I shall see you hole with, very shortly.
 A fine round head, when those two lugs are off,
 90 To trundle through a *Pillory*. You are sure
 You heard him speake this? P. I v. I, and more. THO.
 Much more!

P. I c. I'll proue yours *maintenance*, and *combination*,
 And sue you all. P. C A. Doe, doe, my gowned *Vulture*,
Crop in *Reuersion*: I shall see you coyted
 95 Ouer the *Barre*, as Barge-men doe their billets.

P. I c. This 'tis, when men repent of their good deeds,
 And would ha' 'hem in againe—— They are almost mad!
 But I forgiue their *Lucida Interualla*.

Pick-lock spies
 Lick-
 finger,
 and askes
 him aside
 for the
 writing

O, *Lickfinger*? come hither. Where's my writing?

ACT V. SCENE III.

LICKFINGER. (*to them*.)

I sent it you, together with your keyes,

P. I c. How? L. I c. By the *Porter*, that came for it,
 from you,

And by the token, you had giu'n me the keyes,

And bad me bring it. P. I c. And why did you not?

5 L. I c. Why did you send a counter-mand? P. I c. Who,
 I?

L. I c. You, or some other you, you put in trust.

P. I c. In *trust*? L. I c. Your *Trust's* another selfe, you
 know,

And without *Trust*, and your *Trust*, how should he

Take notice of your keyes, or of my charge?

10 P. I c. Know you the man? L. I c. I know he was a
Porter,

v u 97 ha' 'hem] ha'hem F After 98 Enter Lickfinger G 99
 After 'hither' Comes forward with Lickfinger, while P jun discovers
 the plot, aside, to his father, and that he is in possession of the deed G
 v iii] G continues the scene 9 charge?] charge F

And a seal'd *Porter*, for he bore the badge
On brest, I am sure. P. I. c. I am lost ! a plot ! I sent it !

L. I. c. Why ! and I sent it by the man you sent,
Whom else, I had not trusted. P. I. c. Plague o' your trust.
I am *truss'd* vp among you. P. I. v. Or you may be.

P. I. c. In mine owne halter, I haue made the *Noose*.

P. I. v. What was it, *Lickfinger* ? L. I. c. A *writing*, Sir,
He sent for't by a token, I was bringing it :

But that he sent a *Porter*, and hee seem'd
A man of decent carriage. P. C. A. 'Twas good *fortune* !

To cheat the *Cheater*, was no *cheat*, but iustice.

Put off your ragges, and be your selfe againe,

This *Act* of piety, and good affection,

Hath partly reconcil'd me to you. P. I. v. Sir.

P. C. No vowes, no promises : too much protestation
Makes that suspected oft, we would perswade.

L. I. c. Heare you the *Newes* ? P. I. v. The *Office* is downe,
how should we ?

L. I. c. But of your *uncle* ? P. I. v. No. L. I. c. He's runne
mad, Sir.

P. C. A. How, *Lickfinger* ? L. I. c. Stark staring mad, your brother,

H'has almost kill'd his maid. P. C. A. Now, heauen forbid. 30

L. I. c. But that she's Cat-liu'd, and Squirrill-limb'd,

With throwing bed-staues at her : h'has set wide

His outer doores, and now keepe open house,

For all the passers by to see his iustice :

First, he has apprehended his two dogges, 35

As being o' the plot to coozen him

And there hee sits like an old *worme of the peace*,

Wrap'd vp in furies, at a square table, screwing,

Examining, and committing the poor cures,

To two old cases of close stooles, as prisons ; 40

The one of which, he calls his *Lollard's* tower,

v iii 11 *Porter*,] *Porter* F 12 On brest] On's brest W sent]
scent F3 13 sent,] sent F 16 *Stage direction* at l 14 in F
17 St dir. *Father*,] *Father* F 21 iustice] iustice, F 38 furies,]
furies F

15
Picklocke
goes out
Young
Peny-boy
discouers
it, to his
Father, to
be his plot
of sending
for it by
the
Porter,
and that
hee is in
possession
of the
Deed.

Elder
Peny-boy
starles at
the newes

Th'other his *Blocke*-house, 'cause his two dogs names
Are *Blacke*, and *Lollard*. P. I. v. This would be braue
matter

Vnto the Ieerers. P. C. A. I, if so the subiect
45 Were not so wretched. L. I. c. Sure, I met them all,
I thinke, vpon that quest. P. C. A. 'Faith, like enough :
The vicious still are swift to shew their natures.
I'll thither too, but with another ayme,
If all succeed well, and my *simples* take.

ACT V. SCENE IIIJ.

*He is
seene sit-
ting at his
Table with
papers be-
fore him*

PENI-BOY SEN. PORTER.

W Here are the prisoners? P. O. R. They are forth-
comming, S^r,

*Hee
smells
him*

Or comming forth at least. P. S. E. The Rogue is drunke,
Since I committed them to his charge. Come hither,
Neere me, yet neerer ; breath vpon me. Wine !
Wine, o' my worship ! sacke ! Canary sacke !
Could not your *Badge* ha' bin drunke with fulsome Ale ?
Or Beere ? the *Porters* element ? but sacke !

P. O. R. I am not drunke, we had, Sir, but one pynt,
An honest carrier, and my selfe. P. S. E. Who paid for't ?
10 P. O. R. Sir, I did giue it him. P. S. E. What ? and spend
sixpence !

A *Frocke* spend sixpence ! sixpence ! P. O. R. Once in a
yeere, Sir,

P. S. E. In seuen yeers, varlet ! Know'st thou what thou
hast done ?

What a consumption thou hast made of a *State* ?
It might please heauen, (a lusty Knaue and young)

15 To let thee liue some *seuenty* yeeres longer,
Till thou art *fourescore*, and *ten* ; perhaps, a *hundred*.

V III 44 1f] If F 49 Exeunt add G V IV] SCENE II | A
Room in Pennyboy Senior's House. | Pennyboy sen discovered sitting at
table with papers, &c before him, Porter, and Block and Lollard (two dogs)
G PENI-BOY] PENI-BOY F 15 longer.] longer F

Say *seuenty* yeeres ; how-many times *seuen* in *seuenty* ?
 Why, *seuen* times *ten*, is *ten* times *seuen*, marke me,
 I will demonstrate to thee on my fingers,
 Six-pence in *seuen* yeere (vse vpon vse) 20
 Growes in that first *seuen* yeere, to be a *twelue*-pence.
 That, in the next, *two-shillings* ; the third *four*e-shillings ;
 The fourth *seuen* yeere, *eight*-shillings ; the fifth, *sixteen* :
 The sixth, *two* and *thirty* ; the seventh, *three-pound* *four*e ;
 The eighth, *sixe pound*, and *eyght* ; the ninth, *twelue pound*
sixteen ; 25
 And the tenth *seuen*, *fiue* and *twenty pound*,
Twelue Shillings. This thou art fall'n from, by thy riot !
 Should'st thou liue *seuenty* yeeres, by spending *six-pence*,
 Once i' the *seuen* : but in a day to wast it !
 There is a *Summe* that *number* cannot reach ! 30
 Out o' my house, thou pest o' prodigality !
 Seed o' consumption ! hence, a wicked keeper
 Is oft worse then the prisoners. There's thy penny,
 Four tokens for thee. Out, away. My dogges,
 May yet be innocent, and honest. If not, 35
 I haue an entrapping *question*, or two more,
 To put vnto 'hem, a *crosse Interrogatory*,
 And I shall catch 'hem ; *Lollard* ? Peace, Hee calls
 What whisprng was that you had with *Morigage*, forth
 When you last lick'd her feet ? The truth now. Ha ? Lollard,
Did you smell shee was going ? Put downe that. And not, and ex-
Not to returne ? You are silent : good. And, when amines
 Leap'd you on *Statute* ? As she went forth ? him
 Consent. There was Consent, as shee was going forth.
 'Twould haue beene fitter at her comming home, 45
 But you knew *that she would not ?* To your Tower,
 You are cunning, are you ? I will meet your craft.
Blocke, shew your face, leaue your caresses, tell me,
 And tell me truly, what affronts do you know
 v 14 24 *four*e .] *four*e, F *four*, F3 25 *sixteen* .] *sixtee* some amines
 copies of F 34 After 'away' Exit Por G 37 *Interrogatory*] him
Interrogatory F3 40 Ha] Ha F 42 silent ? silent F silent ?
 F3 43 Consent] Consent F 48 caresses] Garesses F3

50 Were done *Pecunia* ? that she left my house ?
None, say you so ? *not that you know ? or will know ?*
 I feare me, I shall find you an obstinate *Curre*.
 Why did your fellow *Lollard* cry this morning ?
 'Cause *Broker kicht him* ? why did *Broker kicke him* ?

55 *Because he pist against my Ladies Gowne* ?
 Why, that was no affront ? no ? no distast ?
You knew o' none. Yo'are a dissembling *Tyke*,
 To your hole, againe, your *Blocke-house*. *Lollard*, arise,
 Where did you lift your legge vp, last ? 'gainst what ?
 Are you struck *Dummerer* now ? and whine for mercy ?
 Whose *Kirtle* was't, you gnaw'd too ? *Mistresse Bands* ?
And Waxe's stockings ? who ? *did Blocke bescumber*
Statutes white sute ? *wi' the parchment lace there* ?
And Brokers Satin dublet ? all will out.

65 They had offence, offence enough to quit mee.
Blocke is Appeare *Blocke*, fough, 'tis manifest. He shewes it,
summon'd Should he for-sweare't, make all the *Affidauits*,
the second Against it, that he could afore the *Bench*,
time And *twenty Iuries* ; hee would be conuinc'd.

70 He beares an ayre about him, doth confesse it !
Hee is To prison againe, close prison. Not you *Lollard*,
remanded. You may enioy the liberty o' the house,
Lollard And yet there is a quirke come in my head,
has the For which I must commit you too, and close,
liberty of
the house

75 Doe not repine, it will be better for you.

v. iv 53 Why] Why, F 62 who ? did] who did ? F 66 fough]
 fough F 67 Affidauits] Affidauits F 68 Against] Against F
 originally 70 St dir remanded] remanded- F After 70 Enter
 Cymbal, Fitton, Shunfield, Almanac, and Madrigal behind. G

ACT V. SCENE V.

CYMBAL. FITTON. SHUNFIELD. ALMA-
NACH. MADRIGAL. PENY-BOY SEN. *Enter the*
LICKFINGER. *leerers.*

THIS is enough to make the dogs mad too,
Let's in vpon him. P. S. E. How now? what's the
matter?

Come you to force the prisoners? make a rescue?

FIT. We come to baile your dogs. P. S. E. They are not
baileable,

They stand committed without *baile*, or *mainprise*, 5

Your baile cannot be taken. SHV. Then the truth is,

We come to vex you. ALM. Ieere you. MAD. Bate you
rather.

CYM. A bated vserer will be good flesh.

FIT. And tender, we are told. P. S. E. Who is the Butcher,
Amongst you, that is come to cut my throat? 10

SHV. You would dye a calues death faine: but 'tis an
Oxes,

Is meant you. FIT. To be fairely knock'd o'the head.

SHV. With a good Ieere or two. P. S. E. And from your
Iawbone,

Don Assinigo? CYM. *Shunfield*, a Ieere, you haue it.

SHV. I doe confesse a washing blow; but *Snarle*, 15

You that might play the thirde dogge, for your teeth,

You ha' no money now? FIT. No, nor no *Mortgage*.

ALM. Nor *Band*. MAD. Nor *Statute*. CYM. No, nor
blushet Wax.

P. S. E. Nor you no *Office*, as I take it. SHV. *Cymbal*,
A mighty Ieere. FIT. Pox o' these true Ieasts, I say. 20

MAD. He will turne the better Ieerer. ALM. Let's vpon
him,

V V SCENE V] SCENE II F. G continues the scene PENY-BOY]
PENY-BOY F 2 After 'him' They come forward G 5 baile
... *mainprise* corr F baile *mainprise* F originally 15 washing
F, F3: swashing W blow, blow? F. Blow, F3 21 He will] He'll W

And if we cannot ieere him downe in wit,

M A D. Let's do 't in noyse. S H V. Content. M A D.
Charge, *man o' warre*.

A L M. Lay him *abord*. S H V. We'll gi' him a *broad side*,
first.

25 F I T. Wher's your *venison*, now? C Y M. Your *red-Deer-pyes*?

S H V. Wl' your bak'd *Turkeyes*? A L M. And your *Part-ridges*?

M A D. Your *Phessants*, & fat *Swans*? P. S E. Like you,
turn'd *Geese*.

M A D. But such as will not keepe your *Capitol*?

S H V. You were wont to ha' your *Breams*—— A L M.
And *Trouts* sent in?

30 C Y M. Fat *Carpes*, and *Salmons*? F I T. I, and now, and
then,

An *Embleme* o' your selfe, an o're-growne *Pyke*?

P. S E. You are a *Iack*, Sir. F I T. You ha' made a shift
To swallow twenty such poore *Iacks* ere now.

A L M. If he should come to feed vpon poore-*John*?

35 M A D. Or turne pure *Iack-a-Lent* after all this?

F I T. Tut, he'll lue like a *Gras-hopper*—— M A D. On dew.

S H V. Or like a *Beare*, with licking his owne clawes.

C Y M. I, if his dogs were away. A L M. He'll eat them,
first,

While they are fat. F I T. Faith, and when they are gone,

40 Here's nothing to be seene beyond. C Y M. Except

His kindred, *Spiders*, natiues o' the soyle.

A L M. Dust, he will ha' enough here, to breed fleas.

M A D. But, by that time, he'll ha' no blood to reare 'hem.

S H V. He will be as thin as a lanterne, we shall see thorow
him,

45 A L M. And his gut *colon*, tell his *Intestina*——

v v 22 wit,] Wit— F3 23 o'] o' F 24 Lay him] Lay him,
F gi'] gi some copies of F a] a F 26 And] and F 28
Capitol?] Capitol F3 31 Embleme] Embleme, F. Emblem F3
35 pure] poor W 38 if] If F 39 Fit] Fit, F 42 here
on F3

P. S. E. Rogues, Rascalls (*baw waw) F i t. He calls his ^{*His} ^{dogges} ^{barks} dogs to his ayd.

A L M. O! they but rise at mention of his tripes.

C y M. Let them alone, they doe it not for him.

M A D. They barke, *se defendendo*. S H v. Or for cus-
tome,

As commonly cures doe, one for another. 50

L i c. Arme, arme you, Gentlemen Ieerers, th'old *Canter*
Is comming in vpon you, with his forces,

The Gentleman, that was the *Canter*. S H v. Hence.

F i t. Away. C y M. What is he? A L M. Stay not to
ask questions.

F i t. Hee's a flame. S H v. A fornace. A L M. A con-
sumption, 55

Kills where hee goes. L i c. See! the whole *Cow* is *They all*
scatter'd, *run away.*

'Ware, 'ware the *Hawke*. I loue to see him flye.

ACT V. SCENE VI.

P E N Y - B O Y C A. P E N Y - B O Y S E. P E N I - B O Y
I V. P E C V N I A. T R A I N E.

YOU see by this amazement, and distraction,
What your companions were, a poore, affrighted,
And guilty race of men, that dare to stand
No breath of truth: but conscious to themselves
Of their no-wit, or honesty, ranne routed 5
At euery *Pannicke* terror themselves bred.
Where else, as confident as sounding brasse,
Their tinckling *Captaine*, *Cymbal*, and the rest,
Dare put on any visor, to deride
The wretched: or with *buffon* licence, least 10

v v After 50 Enter Lickfinger G 54 Stay] stay F 56 St
dir Cym Fit Mad Alm and Shun. run off G 57 Hawke Editor
Hawkes F him] 'em W v vi Enter Pennyboy Canter, Pennyboy
jun, Pecunia, Statute, Band, Wax, and Mortgage G, continuing the scene
PENY-BOY CA. PENY-BOY SE PENI-BOY IV] PENY-BOY CA.
PENY-BOY SE .. PENI-BOY IV F 10 buffon] Buffoon F3

At whatsoe'r is serious, if not sacred.

Peny-boy P. S E. Who's this? my brother! and restor'd to life!

Se. ac- P. C A. Yes, and sent hither to restore your wits:

know- ledgeh his elder brother. If your short madnesse, be not more then anger,
Conceiued for your losse! which I returne you.

See here, your *Mortgage, Statute, Band, and Waxe,*

Without your *Broker*, come to abide with you:

And vindicate the *Prodigall*, from stealing

Away the *Lady*. Nay, *Pecunia* her selfe,

20 Is come to free him fairely, and discharge

All ties, but those of *Loue*, vnto her person,

To vse her like a friend, not like a slaue,

Or like an *Idoll* Superstition

Doth violate the Deity it worships:

25 No lesse then scorne doth. And beleue it, *brother*,

The vse of things is all, and not the *Store*;

Surfet, and fulnesse, haue kill'd more then *famine*.

The Sparrow, with his little plumage, flyes,

While the proud Peacocke, ouer-charg'd with pennies,

30 Is faine to sweepe the ground, with his growne traine,

And load of feathers. P. S E. Wise, and honour'd *brother*!

None but a *Brother*, and sent from the dead,

As you are to me, could haue altered me:

I thanke my *Destiny*, that is so gracious.

35 Are there no *paines*, no *Penalties* decreed

From whence you come, to vs that smother money,

In chests, and strangle her in bagges? P. C A. O, mighty,

Intolerable fines, and mulcts impos'd!

(Of which I come to warne you) forfeitures

40 Of whole estates, if they be knowne, and taken!

P. S E. I thanke you *Brother*, for the light you haue giuen mee,

I will preuent 'hem all. First free my dogges,

Lest what I ha' done to them (and against *Law*)

v v1 17 you '] you, F3 25 brother,] brother F. Brother, F3
37 bagges?] bagges F Bags? F3 38 impos'd] impos'd F
41 Brother,] Brother F

Be a *Præmunire*, for by *Magna Charta*

They could not be committed, as close prisoners, 45

My learned *Counsell* tells me here, my *Cooke*.

And yet he shew'd me the way, first. L i c. Who did? I?

I trench the liberty o'the subiects? P. C A. Peace,

Picklocke, your Ghest, that *Stentor*, hath infected you,
Whom I haue safe enough in a wooden collar. 50

P. S E. Next, I restore these seruants to their *Ladie*,

With freedome, heart of cheare, and countenance ;

It is their yeere, and day of *Iubilee*.

T R A. We thanke you, Sir. P. S E. And lastly, to my *Her*
Nephew, *Traine*
thanks
him.

I giue my house, goods, lands, all but my vices,

And those I goe to cleanse ; kissing this *Lady*,

Whom I doe giue him too, and ioyne their hands.

P. C A. If the Spectators will ioyne theirs, wee thanke
'hem.

P. I v. And wish they may, as I, enioy *Pecunia*.

P E c. And so *Pecunia* her selfe doth wish, 60

That shee may still be ayde vnto their vses,

Not slaue vnto their pleasures, or a Tyrant

Ouer their faire desires ; but teach them all

The golden meane : the *Prodigall* how to liue,

The *sordid*, and the *couetous*, how to dye : 65

That with sound mind ; this, safe frugality.

THE END.

v vi 44 *Præmunire*,] *Præmunire*; F3 *Premunire*, F 47 me]
me, F 49 Ghest] Guest F3 56 *Lady*,] *Lady* F 63 Ouer]
Oner F 65 dye] dye, F die. F3 66 thus,] this F
Exeunt add G

The Epilogue.

THus haue you seene the Makers double scope,
To profit, and delight ; wherein our hope
Is, though the clout we doe not alwaies hit,
It will not be imputed to his wit :
A Tree so tri'd, and bent, as 'twill not start.
Nor doth he often cracke a string of Art,
Though there may other accidents as strange
Happen, the weather of your lookes may change,
Or some high wind of mis-conceit arise,
To cause an alteration in our Skyes ;
If so, we're sorry that haue so mis-spent
Our Time and Tackle, yet he's confident,
And vow's the next faire day, hee'll haue vs shoot
The same match o're for him, if you'll come to't.

THE NEW INN

THE TEXT

The comedy of *The New Inn* was entered by its publisher, Thomas Alchorne, on the Stationers' Register and published in octavo in 1631. The entry is as follows :

17^{mo} die Aprilis 1631

Thomas Alchorne : Entred for his Cotype vnder the handes of Sir Henry Herbert and Master Kingston warden a Comedy Called New Inne written by Ben: Johnson. vjd

Arber, *Transcript*, iv. 251.

This was the last play of which Jonson read the proofs. The printer was Thomas Harper, whom Jonson, after his experience of John Beale, must have found careful and competent. The state of the text, taken as a whole, is creditable alike to author, printer, and publisher.

The collation is as follows : eight preliminary leaves signed (*), A², B-G⁸ (G 8 blank, with a stub surviving in the Wise copy), H². In detail: (*) 1, Title-page, with the verso blank, (*) 2-(*) 3 recto, the Dedication to the reader ; (*) 3 verso-(*) 8 recto, the Argument ; (*) 8 verso A-A 2 recto, the Persons of the Play characterized ; A 2 verso, the Prologue ; B1-G 7 recto, the text ; G 7 verso, the Epilogue ; H 1 recto, 'Another Epilogue' intended for a performance at Court, H 1 verso-H 2 verso, the poet's 'Ode' on the failure of the play

Seven copies have been collated for the text of the present edition :

(1) The British Museum copy, with press-mark 643 b.31, in which D 1 (Act II, scene vi, lines 10-63) is missing (marked A in the following list).

(2) Selden's copy in Bodley, with press-mark 8°.I.12 Art. Seld. (B 1).

(3) Malone's copy in Bodley, with press-mark Malone 263 (5) (B 2).

(4) The Dyce copy at South Kensington, formerly Joseph Haslewood's (C).

(5) The Forster copy at South Kensington, formerly Heber's (D).

(6) The late Mr. T. J. Wise's copy (E).

(7) A copy formerly in the possession of Mr. Bertram Dobell (F).

The Selden copy in Bodley and the late Mr. Wise's copy are exceptionally fine. The Selden copy is bound in contemporary white vellum; the blue strings which tied it have been torn off. It has a stub pasted at the end of the preliminary leaves on (*) 8, the counterfoil of the fly-leaf before (*) 1. The blank leaf G 8 is placed after H 2. It is tempting to conjecture that this volume was a gift-copy from Jonson; it is not inscribed, there being little space on the title-page for an inscription. Jonson's illness might explain the omission. But it has two corrections which we have not found elsewhere, and which appear to be late additions. Ferret's first speech in the opening scene at line 12, without a speaker's name in the other copies, has '*Fer.*' here; the blank before the inset cries aloud for correction. More suggestive still is the cancel-slip with the name '*Prudence*' pasted over the name '*Cicelie*' (Act I, Scene vi) after the sheet had been printed off. The Wise copy is just as it came from the press with the leaves, which measure $7\frac{1}{4}$ by $4\frac{7}{8}$ inches, entirely untrimmed.

The list of corrections traced in the seven copies is as follows:

Sig B 1 ^r	1. 1, 12	Speaker's name omitted <i>A</i> , <i>Fer.</i> <i>B 1</i> <i>B 2, C, D, E, F</i>	
Sig B 1 ^v	13-14	Whether it be by chance or art, a heauy purse makes a light heart. <i>One line in</i> <i>B 2, C, D, F</i>	Whether it be by chance or art, <i>A</i> <i>heauy purse makes</i> <i>a light Heart.</i> Two lines in <i>A, B 1, E</i>
	16	<i>A heauy purse B 2, C, D, F</i> <i>makes B 2, C, D, F</i>	<i>A heauy purse A, B 1, E</i> <i>makes A, B 1, E</i>
	17	<i>a light heart B 2, C, D, F</i>	<i>a light heart A, B 1, E</i>
	19	<i>bolt . . . ton B 2, C, D, F</i>	<i>bolt . . . Ton A, B 1, E</i>
	24	<i>Here B 2, C, D, F</i>	<i>Here, A, B 1, E</i>
	38	<i>physicks B 2, C, D, F</i>	<i>physicks A, B 1, E</i>

Sig. B 2 ^r 1. i	(scene heading) <i>Lovel, Ferret, Host, B 2, C, D, F</i>	<i>Lovel. Ferret. Host A, B 1, E</i>
6	end <i>B 2, C, D, F</i>	end, <i>A, B 1, E</i>
7	place <i>B 2, C, D, F</i>	Place <i>A, B 1, E</i>
11	heart <i>B 2, C, D, F</i>	Heart <i>A, B 1, E</i>
12	it, <i>B 2, C, D, F</i>	it: <i>A, B 1, E</i>
15	heare <i>B 2, C, D, F</i>	here <i>A, B 1, E</i>
16	'gen <i>B 2, C, D, F</i>	'gayn' <i>A, B 1, E¹</i>
21	Beare . . . Butter-milke <i>B 2, C, D, F</i>	beare . . . butter-milke <i>A, B 1, E</i>
22	Whey <i>B 2, C, D, F</i>	whey <i>A, B 1, E²</i>
Sig. B 3 ^v 1. iii. 35	<i>Lo . . . downe B 2, C, D, F</i>	<i>Lov . . . down A, B 1, E³</i>
61	Centaures . . Thrace <i>B 2, C, D, F</i>	<i>Centaures . . . Thrace A, B 1, E</i>
63	Pyrrhick <i>B 2, C, D, F</i>	<i>Pyrrhick A, B 1, E</i>
Sig B 4 ^r 68	tongue, <i>B 2, C, D, F</i>	tongue! <i>A, B 1, E</i>
85	Tiburne <i>B 2, C, D, F</i>	<i>Tiburne A, B 1, E</i>
93	you, if . . it, <i>B 2, C, D, F</i>	you, (if . . it) <i>A, B 1, E</i>
Sig. B 5 ^v 155	o' my <i>B 2, C, D, F</i>	my <i>A, B 1, E</i>
1 iv. 3	betray all, <i>B 2, C, D, F</i>	betray, all <i>A, B 1, E</i>
4	Creature <i>B 2, C, D, F</i>	creature <i>A, B 1, E</i>
Sig. B 6 ^r 19	silent, Enter Host <i>B 2, C, D, F</i>	silent, <i>A, B 1, E</i>
1. v. (scene heading)	<i>Host, Ferret, Lovel B 2, C, D, F</i>	<i>Host Ferret Lovel A, B 1, E</i>
1	Ioual <i>B 2, C, D, F</i>	<i>Iouall A, B 1, E</i>
6	Alderman— <i>B 2, C, D, F</i> (house)	<i>Alderman,—A, B 1, E</i>
12	discharge the <i>B 2, C, D, F</i>	discharge the ⁴ (house <i>A, B 1, E</i>
Sig B 7 ^v 1 v1	(scene heading) <i>Ferret, Lovel, Host, Cicelie B 2, C, D, F</i>	<i>Ferret. Lovel. Host Cicelie A, E⁵</i>
		<i>Ferret Lovel Host Prudence. B 1</i>
2	Pleased <i>B 2, C, D, F</i>	Pleas'd <i>A, B 1, E</i>
4	how, <i>B 2, C, D, F</i>	how <i>A, B 1, E</i>
5	Chalke <i>B 2, C, D, F</i>	Chalke, <i>A, B 1, E</i>

¹ Italicized by a mistake of the printer.

² In this line Jonson overlooked the capital in 'Claret'.

³ A crowded line the *e* of 'downe' was taken out to make room for the added *v* of 'Lov'.

⁴ This is the usual position for a word tucked in at the end of the line; perhaps a correction of the printer

⁵ Jonson in his anxiety to adjust the punctuation at first forgot to correct 'Cicelie' to 'Prudence'.

Sig. B 7 ^v	15	L. B 2, C, D, F	Lou. A, B 1, E
	21	Giges B 2, C, D, F	Giges A, B 1, E ¹
	22	hoop <i>En. Cisc</i> B 2, C, D, F	hoop A, B 1, E
Sig. B 8 ^r	23	rebus B 2, C, D, F	Rebus A, B 1, E
		H B 2, C, D, F	Hos. A, B 1, E
	25	Cis B 2, C, D, F	Pru. A, B 1, E
		her, B 2, C, D, F	her, <i>Ent Pru.</i> A, B 1, E
	29, 32	Cis B 2, C, D, F	Pru. A, B 1, E
	46	Cicely B 2, C, D, F	Prudence A, B 1, E
	47	disposition B 2, C, D, F	condition A, B 1, E
Sig. C 1 ^v	48	Ho B 2, C, D, F	Host. A, B 1, E ²
	115	more ; B 2, C, D, E, F	more A, B 1
	137	sonne B 2, C, D, E, F	sonne A, B 1
	140	Howres B 2, C, D, E, F	Howres, A, B 1
	141	Clouds B 2, C, D, E, F	clouds A, B 1
Sig. C 2 ^r	143	then ! B 2, C, D, E, F	then, A, B 1
	158	Nere B 2, C, D, E, F	N'ere A, B 1 ³
	160	loue-craft B 2, C, D, E, F	Loue-craft, A, B 1
	161	Phoenix, B 2, C, D, E, F	Phoenix. A, B 1
	164	on B 2, C, D, E, F	on, A, B 1
	166	sparkle B 2, C, D, E, F	sparke A, B 1
		mistresse B 2, C, D, E, F	mistresse, A, B 1
	169	Ile B 2, C, D, E, F	Ile A, B 1
	171	doe B 2, C, D, E, F	doe A, B 1
		suddaine, B 2, C, D, E, F	suddaine ? A, B 1
Sig. C 3 ^v II. 1.	56	cloathes ! B 2, C, D, E, F	cloathes ? A, B 1
	57	sentences, B 2, C, D, E, F	sentences. A, B 1
	59	scale B 2, C, D, E, F	scale, A, B 1
	61	fault, B 2, C, D, E, F	fault. A, B 1
	69	it Pru B 2, C, D, E, F	it, Pru, A, B 1
	79	breed, B 2, C, D, E, F	breed A, B 1
	81	me. B 2, C, D, E, F	me. A, B 1
Sig. C 4 ^r	II 2	soueraignty B 2, C, D, E, F	Soueraignty A, B 1
	8	him, host B 2, C, D, E, F	him, A, B 1 ⁴
	9	presently, B 2, C, D, E, F	presently, Ho Ser. Anone A, B 1 ⁵

¹ Jonson ought to have corrected the spelling as well as the type ; it should be ' Gyges'.

² On sig B 8 verso (I. vi. 64) the hyphen in 'cabinet-counsels' has dropped out only in the British Museum copy. Similarly in sig. C 1 verso (ibid., 127) the comma after 'fabulous' has disappeared in the Museum copy and in the second Bodleian copy, but the spacing shows that this was an accident.

³ A misprint for 'Ne're'.

⁴ For 'him.'

⁵ This should be 'Ho'—or, better still, 'ho!'—a call to the Servant within. The Servant's answer '*Anone*' should be in roman, the italics are a confusion with the name of the Drawer, Pierce *alias* Anon, mentioned in the next line.

Sig. C 4 ^r	10	anone B 2, C, D, E, F	Anone A, B 1
	13	Is B 2, C, D, E, F	It is A, B 1
	14	doe. B 2, C, D, E, F	doe A, B 1
	15	desin'd to doe, by B 2, C, D, E, F	design'd to by A, B 1
	16	you B 2, C, D, E, F	you, A, B 1
	17	I beleuee B 2, C, D, E, F	I beleuee A, B 1
	18	emphased, B 2, C, D, E, F	emphased A, B 1
	20	Yes madame B 2, C, D, E, F	Yes A, B 1
Sig. C 5 ^v 11. 1v	3	O B 2, C, D, E, F	O, A, B 1
	4	host B 2, C, D, E, F	Host A, B 1
	6	mery B 2, C, D, E, F	mery, A, B 1
	10	nay B 2, C, D, E, F	Nay A, B 1
	12	Cup B 2, C, D, E, F	cup A, B 1
	20	him, B 2, C, D, E, F	him A, B 1
	21	see . . . black, B 2, C, D, E, F	see, . . . black : A, B 1
Sig. C 6 ^r	24	vnknown B 2, C, D, E, F	vnknow A, B 1
	25	in, still B 2, C, D, E, F	in, A, B 1
	29	Campe, B 2, C, D, E, F	Campe ! A, B 1
	30	roomes, B 2, C, D, E, F	roomes . A, B 1
	31	Inne B 2, C, D, E, F	Inne, A, B 1
v (scene heading)		L, Bea. L. Lat. B 2, C, D, E, F	Beaufort. Latimer A, B 1
	6	the day B 2, C, D, E, F	thy day A, B 1
	7	and I'll ha' B 2, C, D, E, F	and ha' A, B 1
Sig. C 7 ^v v	70	man, B 2, C, D, E, F	man. A, B 1
	71	That . . . host, B 2, C, D, E, F	What . . . Host. A, B 1
	72	host B 2, C, D, E, F	Host A, B 1
	73	Paramento's B 2, C, D, E, F	Paramento's, A, B 1
	73-5	Sir he has the father Of swords, within a long sword, Blade cornish stil'd Of Sir Rud Hugh-dibras B 2, C, D, E, F	Sir, He has' the father of swords within, a long sword Blade cornish, stil'd, of Sir Rud Hudibras A, B 1
	76	And with B 2, C, D, E, F	And, why A, B 1
	85	what's B 2, C, D, E, F	what are A, B 1
	87	had Don B 2, C, D, E, F	hath Don A, B 1
	89	world . world B 2, C, D, E, F	world ! . . world. A, B 1
	91	fencer B 2, C, D, E, F	Fencer A, B 1
	92	Colonel. B 2, C, D, E, F	Colonel, A, B 1
	96	contemplation ! B 2, C, D, E, F	contemplation. A, B 1
	97	fencer B 2, C, D, E, F	Fencer A, B 1

Sig. C 7 ^v	99	him B 2, C, D, E, F	him, A, B 1
Sig. C 8 ^r	101	Peremptory B 2, C, D, E, F	peremptory A, B 1
	102	tane, B 2, C, D, E, F	tane : A, B 1
	105	thorough fare B 2, C, D, E, F	thorough-fare A, B 1
	106	broken B 2, C, D, E, F	great A, B 1
	111	A . . . weapons B 2, C, D, E, F	At . . . weapons, A, B 1
	112	saw, . . . , Inuention . B 2, C, D, E, F	saw, . . . Inuention, A, B 1
	115-16	that . . . years, B 2, C, D, E, F	(that . . . years) A, B 1
	116	Scaliger B 2, C, D, E, F	Scaliger ! A, B 1
	119	Mortals B 2, C, D, E, F	mortals A, B 1
	123	Circle, B 2, C, D, E, F	Circle. A, B 1
	125	one of that <i>quare</i> B 2, C, D, E, F	one ¹ of that, <i>quare</i> . A, B 1
	129	animals B 2, C, D, E, F	Animals A, B 1
Sig. D 8 ^v III 1	183	Huffle. A	Huffle ? B 1 and 2, C, D, E, F ²
Sig. E 4 ^v	166	loues B 2	loue A, B 1, C, D, E, F
Sig. E 6 ^v IV. 1. 15		blew toff B 2	blew 't off A, B 1, C, D, E, F
Sig. E 8 ^v II 74	(stage direction)	them B 2	them A, B 1, C, D, E, F

On C 8 recto the catchword is *Fly* (II. v. 129), as if Fly were to be the speaker; the text on C 8 verso begins 'Flie'.

The corrections are made almost uniformly in the British Museum and the Selden copies; they are an amazing achievement for a paralysed author, and they justify his proud plea that there was no palsy in his brain.³ Two important sets of corrections are found on the inner formes of sheets B and C; what happened to the outer formes? Probably Jonson's corrections reached the printer in time. But we give for what it is worth one slight clue which may point to further possibilities. Gifford prints in Act I, scene III, line 140, 'To entice *young* straws to leap at them.' This is on signature B 5 recto—that is to say, on the

¹ A misprint for 'one'.

² On sig. E 2 recto (III II 21) the second Bodleian copy has a comma after 'defendant,' which is missing in most copies.

³ *Ode to Himself*, l. 50.

outer forme of B. The seven copies of the Octavo read 'light strawes'; so do all the subsequent editions earlier than Gifford. He took editorial liberties with his text, but he did not wantonly substitute a flatter reading such as this, especially where nothing occurs in the context to explain it as a misprint; it would be intelligible, for instance, if the word 'young' was in the context and he or his printer unconsciously repeated it. A copy of the first edition may turn up with the reading 'young'.

The most important changes modify a personal allusion which cannot now be identified. The audience hissed on the first night

*Because the Chambermaid was named Cis.*¹

Jonson altered 'Cis' and 'Cicely' to 'Pru' and 'Prudence'. But he left 'Cis' in the text of Act I, scene v, line 11, and 'Cicely' in the scene-heading of scene vi, though he had a belated cancel-slip pasted over her name in the Selden copy. 'Cis' was originally in the stage direction of this scene at line 22, in line 25, and in the speech-headings of lines 29 and 32; and 'Cicely' in line 46.

A number of small retouchings adjust the metre. Thus in Act I, scene iii, line 155

Other discourse to be at, then o' my Master

he deleted the 'o'; in scene vi, line 166

To strike a sparkle out o' the flint, your mistresse,
he substituted 'sparke'. In Act II, scene II, lines 7-9

You haue a pretty sonne, mine host, she'd see him.

Lad. I very faine, I pr'y thee let me see him, host.

Host. Your Ladiship shall presently,

he deleted 'host' in the eighth line, and filled in the defective ninth line

Your Ladiship shall presently, Ho. *Ser.* Anone.

¹ Second Epilogue, l. 8.

In lines 14-15

Fra. I doe

What, madame, I am desin'd to doe, by my birthright,—
he corrected to 'I am design'd to by my birthright'; in
line 20

Lad. Pretily answer'd! Is your name *Francis*? *Fra.*
Yes madame.

he cut out the superfluous 'madame', and in scene iv,
lines 25-6

Lat. What calling ha's he? *Host.* Only to call in, still.
Enflame the reckoning,—

he cut out the superfluous 'still'. In scene v, line 7

Fh. This is the day. *Tip.* I'le heare thee, and I'le ha'
thee a Doctour,—

he cut out the second 'I'le'; in lines 73-5 he adjusted the
faulty verse-linging; and he corrected line 85

Had fencing names, what's become o' them?—

to 'what are become o' them?' to the detriment of strict
grammar, though Elizabethan syntax would allow the
plural idea to attract the verb to the plural. Acting
on Jonson's own principles, we read in Act II, scene iv,
line 35

Doe call him Quarter-master, which he is.

The text has 'call him Quarter-master, *Fly*'; the previous
lines are

Some call him Deacon *Fly*, some Doctor *Fly*,
Some Captaine, some Lieutenant. But my folkes . . .

After the corrections in sheet C there are only four small
changes. Jonson sent in time or Harper waited. The
punctuation is erratic, but the text is essentially sound.¹
A noteworthy failing of the printer is that after sheet B,
which ends on the sixth scene of the first Act at line 82, his

¹ 'Not' should be 'No' in iv. iv 288, and 'sow' 'show' in II vi. 239.
We suggest, though we have not printed it in the text, 'A Death for
Emperours to enuy!' as better sense and metre than 'For Emperours
to enuy!' (ibid. 237).

stock of roman capital 'I' ran out, and he fell back on italic capitals. Only two examples of this, 'Ile' in line 169 of the same scene, and 'I belecue' in Act II, scene ii, line 17, are corrected. We have silently adjusted all examples of wrong fount.

The Folio text of 1692, which is the second edition of the play, was printed from a copy of the Octavo with the uncorrected state of the inner forme of sheet C.¹ The result is that a number of Jonson's discarded readings not only appeared in the booksellers' edition of 1716, which is a careless reprint of the 1692 Folio, but filtered through to the texts of Whalley and Gifford. Examples are the omission of the Host's call to the Servant and the Servant's answer 'Anone' in Act II, scene ii, line 9; 'unknown' for 'vnknow' in the Chaucerian echo in scene iv, lines 22-4—

And speakes a little taynted, fly-blowne *Latin*,
After the Schoole. *Bea.* Of *Stratford* o' the Bow.
For *Lillies Latine*, is to him vnknow.—

and in the fifth scene, line 106—

Jack Iug with the broken belly, a witty fellow!—

for '*Jack Iug* with the great belly'—a neat incarnation of the Toby jug.

Whalley made one good emendation in the description of Lord Frampul, 'He that did live in Oxford', for 'love in Oxford' (i. v. 59). Gifford accepted Lewis Theobald's unnecessary 'mend our murth' for 'mind our murth' (II. II. 57), proposed 'Why, in your Ladies?' for 'her Ladies' (IV. IV. 285), and read 'I, Philip, take thee Lettice' for 'Philip, I take thee' (v. 1. 8).

Dr. G. B. Tennant edited the play in 1908 for the Yale Studies in English, no xxxiv. He printed from the British Museum copy, supplying the missing leaf D 1 from the Selden copy. He describes these as the only two copies 'known to exist'. He was fortunate in lighting on one of the best-corrected copies for his text. The edition was

¹ Act I, vi, 83 to Act II, vi, 9.

reviewed in *Modern Language Notes*, volume XXV, no. 5, May 1910, by Dr. C. M. Hathaway, who collated it with Mr. W. A. White's copy and was the first to point out some important variations in the text of sheet C and to notice that uncorrected readings were reproduced in the Folio of 1692.

THE
NEVV INNE.

OR,

The light Heart.

A COMOEDY.

As it was neuer acted, but most
negligently play'd, by some,
the Kings Seruants.

And more squeamishly beheld, and censu-
red by others, the Kings Subiects.

1629.

Now, at last, set at liberty to the Readers, his Ma^{ties}
Seruants, and Subiects, to be iudg'd.

1631.

By the Author, *B. Ionsen.*

Hor. . . . me leclori credere malleus :
Quàm spectatoris fastidia ferre superbi.

L O N D O N,

¶ Printed by *Thomas Harper*, for *Thomas Alchorne*, and
are to be sold at his shop in Pauls Church-yard,
at the signe of the greene Dragon.

MDCXXXI.

The title-page of the Octavo, 1631

THE
DEDICATION,
TO
THE READER.

IF thou bee such, I make thee my Patron, and dedicate the
 Piece to thee . If not so much, would I had beene at the
 charge of thy better litterature. How-so-euer, if thou canst
 but spell, and ioyne my sense ; there is more hope of thee,
 then of a hundred fastidious *impertinents*, who were there 5
 present the first day, yct neuer made piece of their prospect
 the right way. What did they come for, then ? thou wilt
 aske me. I will as punctually answer . To see, and to bee
 seene. To make a generall muster of themselues in their
 clothes of credit : and possesse the Stage, against the Play. 10
 To dislike all, but marke nothing. And by their confidence
 of rising between the Actes, in oblique lines, make *affidant*
 to the whole house, of their not vnderstanding one Scene.
 Arm'd, with this præiudice, as the *Stage-furniture*, or *Arras-*
clothes, they were there, as Spectators, away. For the faces 15
 in the hangings, and they beheld alike. So I wish, they may
 doe euer. And doe trust my selfe, and my Booke, rather to
 thy rusticke candor, than all the pompe of their pride, and
 solemne ignorance, to boote. Fare thee well, and fall too.
 Read.

BEN. IONSON. 20

But, first

The Argument.

THE ARGVMENT.

THE Lord *FRAMPVL*, a noble Gentleman, well educated, and bred a Schollar, in *Oxford*, was married yong, to a vertuous Gentlewoman, *Sylly's* daughter of the South, whose worth (though he truly enioy'd) hee neuer could
 5 rightly value; but, as many greene Husbands (giuen ouer to their extrauagant delights, and some peccant humors of their owne) occasion'd in his ouer-louing wife, so deepe a melancholy, by his leauing her in the time of her lying in, of her second daughter, shee hauing brought him only two
 10 daughters, *Frances*, and *Lætitia*: and (out of her hurt fancy) interpreting that to bee a cause of her husbands couldnesse in affection, her not being blest with a sonne, tooke a resolution with her selfe, after her *months* time, and thanksgiuing ritely in the *Church*, to quit her home, with a
 15 vow neuer to returne, till by reducing her *Lord*, she could bring a wish'd happnesse to the family.

He, in the meane time returning, and hearing of this departure of his *Lady*, began, though ouer-late, to resent the iniury he had done her: and out of his cock-braind resolution, entred into as solemne a quest of her. Since when,
 20 neither of them had beene heard of. But the eldest daughter *Frances*, by the title of *Lady Frampul*, enioyed the state, her sister being lost yong, and is the sole relict of the family.

Act I.

25 *Here begins our Comædy.*

This *Lady*, being a braue, bountifull *Lady*, and enjoying this free, and plentifull estate, hath an ambitious disposition to be esteemed the Mistresse of many seruants, but loues none. And hearing of a famous new-Inne, that is

kept by a merry *Host*, call'd *Good-stock*, in *Barnet*, inuites 30
some *Lords*, and Gentlemen to wait on her thither, as well to
see the fashions of the place, as to make themselves merry,
with the accidents on the by. It happens, there is a melan-
cholicque *Gentleman*, one Master *Lovel*, hath beene lodg'd
there some dayes before in the *Inne*, who (vnwilling to be 35
seene) is surpriz'd by the *Lady*, and inuitd by *Prudence*, the
Ladies Chamber-maid, who is elected *Gouvernesse* of the
Sports, in the *Inne*, for that day, and instal'd their *Soue-
raigne*. *Lovel* is perswaded by the *Host*, and yeelds to the
Ladies inuitation, which concludes the first *Act*. Hauing 40
reueal'd his quality before, to the *Host*.

In the second Act.

Prudence, and her *Lady* expresse their anger concei-
u'd, at the *Taylor*, who had promised to make *Prudence*
a new suite, and bring it home, as on the *Eue*, against this 45
day. But, hee failing of his word, the *Lady* had commanded
a standard of her owne best apparrell to bee brought downe :
and *Prudence* is so fitted. The *Lady* being put in mind, that
shee is there alone without other company of women, bor-
rowes (by the aduice of *Pru*) the *Hosts* sonne of the house, 50
whom they dresse, with the *Hosts* consent, like a *Lady*, and
send out the Coachman, with the empty Coach, as for a
kinswoman of her Ladships, Mistresse *Lætina Syll*, to
beare her company : Who attended with his *Nurse*, an old
chare-woman in the *Inne*, drest odly, by the *Hosts* councill, 55
is beleeu'd to be a *Lady* of quality, and so receiu'd, enter-
tain'd, and loue made to her, by the yong Lord *Beaufort*, &c.
In the meane time, the *Fly* of the *Inne* is discover'd to
Colonell Glorious, with the *Militia* of the house, below the
stayres, in the Drawer, Tapster, Chamberlaine, and Hostler, 60
inferiour officers, with the Coachman *Trundle*, *Ferret*, &c.
And, the preparation is made, to the *Ladies* designe vpon
Lovel, his vpon her, and the *Soueraignes* vpon both.

ARGUMENT 51 dresse,] dresse O 55 chare-] Chair- F3 Inne]
inne O odly,] odly O

Here begins, at the third Act, the Epitasis, or businesse of the

65

Play.

Lovel, by the dexterity, and wit of the *Soueraigne* of the *Sports, Prudence* ; hauing two houres assigned him, of free colloquy, and *loue*-making to his *Mistresse*, one, after Dinner, the other after Supper ; The *Court* being set, is
70 demanded by the *Lady Frampul*, what *Loue* is ? as doubting if there were any such power, or no. To whom, hee first by definition, and after by argument answers, prouing, and describing the effects of *Loue*, so viuely, as she, who had derided the name of *Loue* before, hearing his discourse, is now so
75 taken both with the Man, and his matter, as shee confesseth her selfe enamour'd of him, and, but for the ambition shee hath to enioy the other houre, had presently declar'd her selfe : which gues both him, and the *spectators* occasion to thinke she yet dissembles, notwithstanding the payment of
80 her kisse, which hee celebrates And the *Court* dissolues, vpon a newes brought, of a new *Lady*, a newer Coach, and a new Coachman call'd *Barnaby*.

Act 4.

The house being put into a noyse, with the rumor of
85 this new *Lady*, and there being drinking below in the court, the *Colonel*, Sir *Glorious*, with *Bat. Burst*, a broken Citizen, and *Hodge Huffle* his champion ; shee falls into their hands, and being attended but with one footman, is vnciuilly entreated by them, and a quarrell commenc'd, but is rescued
90 by the valour of *Lovel* , which beheld by the *Lady Frampul*, from the window, shee is inuited vp, for safety, where comming, and conducted by the *Host*, her gowne is first discover'd to bee the same with the whole suite, which was bespoken for *Pru* : and she her selfe, vpon examination,
95 found to be *Pinnacia Stuffle*, the *Taylor's* wife, who was wont to be preoccupied in all his Customers best clothes, by the footman her husband They are both condem'd, and censur'd, shee stript like a *Doxey*, and sent home a foote. In

the *interim*, the second houre goes on, and the question, at sute of the *Lady Frampul*, is chang'd from *loue* to *valour*; 100 which ended, he receiues his second kisse, and by the rigor of the *Soueraigne*, fals into a fit of melancholy, worse, or more desperate then the first.

The fifth, and last *Act* is the *Catastrophe*, or knitting vp of all, where *Fly* brings word to the *Host*, of the *Lord Beauforts* 105 being married priuately in the new stable, to the suppos'd *Lady*, his sonne; which the *Host* receiues as an *omen* of mirth. But complaines, that *Lovel* is gon to bed melancholique, when *Prudence* appeares drest in the new suit, applauded by her *Lady*, and employd to retriue *Louel*. The 110 *Host* encounters them, with this relation of *L. Beauforts* marriage, which is seconded by the *L. Latimer*, and all the seruants of the house. In this while, *L. Beaufort* comes in, and professes it, calls for his bed, and bride-bowle, to be made ready, the *Host* forbids both, shewes whom hee hath 115 married, and discouers him to be his *sonne*, a boy. The *Lord* Bridegrome confounded, the *Nurse* enters like a franticke bed-lem, cries out on *Flie*, sayes shee is vndone, in her daughter, who is confessed to be the *Lord Frampuls* child, sister to the other *Lady*, the *Host* to be their Father. She 120 his wife. He finding his children, bestows them one on *Louel*, the other on the *Lord Beaufort*, the *Inne* vpon *Flie*, who had beene a *Gipsey* with him, offers a portion with *Prudence*, for her wit, which is refused; and she taken, by the *Lord Latimer*, to wife; for the crowne of her vertue, and 125 goodnesse. And all are contented.

ARGUMENT 109 suit,] suit O
114 professes] profesles O

111, 112, 113 L] L O
120 Father] Father, F3

The Scene BARNET.

The PERSONS of the PLAY.

With some short Characterisme of the chiefe Actors.

Good-stocke, the Host (*playd well*) alias, the Lord Frampul. He pretends to be a Gentleman, and a Scholer, neglected by the times, turnes Host, and keepes an Inne, the Signe of the light Heart, in Barnet is supposed to haue one
 5 onely Sonne, but is found to haue none, but two Daughters, Francis, and Lætitia, who was lost yong. &c.

Louel. A compleat Gentleman, a Souldier, and a Scholer, is a melancholy Guest in the Inne : first quarrel'd, after, much honor'd, and below'd by the Host He is knowne to haue beene
 10 Page, to the old Lo. Beaufort, follow'd him in the French warres, after a companion of his studies, and left Guardian to his sonne. Hee is assisted in his loue to the Lady Frampul, by the Host, and the Chambermayd, Prudence. He was one, that acted well too.

15 Ferret. Who is also called Stote, and Vermin, is Lovels seruant, a fellow of a quick, nimble wit, knowes the manners and affections of people, and can make profitable, and timely discoveries of them.

Frankc. Suppos'd a boy, and the Hosts sonne, borrowed to
 20 be drest for a Lady, and set vp as a stale by Prudence, to catch Beaufort, or Latimer, prooues to be Lætitia, sister to Frances, and Lord Frampuls yonger daughter, stolne by a begger-woman, shorne, put into boyes apparrell, sold to the Host, and brought vp by him as his sonne.

25 Nurse. A poore chare-woman in the Inne, with one eye, that tends the boy, is thought the Irish begger that sold him, but is truly the Lady Frampul, who left her home melancholique, and iealous that her Lord lou'd her not, because she brought

him none but daughters, and liues, vnknowne to her husband,
as he to her.

30

Frances. *Supposed the Lady Frampul, being reputed his sole daughter, and heire, the Barony descending vpon her, is a Lady of great fortunes, and beauty, but phantasticall: thinks nothing a felicity, but to haue a multitude of seruants, and be call'd Mistresse by them, comes to the Inne to be merry, with 35 a Chambermaid only, and her Seruants her ghests, &c.*

Prudence. *The Chamber-maid, is elected Soueraigne of the Sports in the Inne, gouernes all, commands, and so orders, as the Lord Latimer is exceedingly taken with her, and takes her to his wife, in conclusion.*

40

Lord Latimer

and Lord Beaufort, are a paire of yong Lords, seruants and ghests to the Lady Frampul, but as Latimer fall's enamour'd of Prudence, so doth Beaufort on the boy, the Hosts sonne, set vp for Lætitia, the yonger sister, 45 which shee prooues to bee indeed.

Sir Glorious Tipto. *A Knight, and Colonell, hath the luck to thinke well of himselfe, without a riual, talkes gloriously of any thing, but very seldome is in the right. He is the Ladies ghest, and her seruant too; but this day vtterly neglects his 50 seruice, or that him. For he is so enamour'd on the Fly of the Inne, and the Militia below stayres, with Hodge Huffle, and Bat. Burst, ghests that come in, and Trundle, Barnabe, &c. as no other society relisheth with him.*

Fly. *Is the Parasite of the Inne, visiter generall of the 55 house, one that had beene a strolling Gipsee, but now is reclam'd, to be Inflamer of the reckonings.*

Peirce. *The Drawer, knighted by the Colonel, stil'd Sir Pierce, and yong Anone, one of the chiefe of the infantry.*

Iordan. *The Chamberlaine, Another of the Militia, & an 60 officer, commands the Tertia of the Beds.*

Iug. *The Tapster, a Through-fare of Newes.*

Peck. *The Hostler.*

- Bat: Burst. *A broken Citizen, an in-and-in man.*
- 65 Hodge Huffle. *A cheater, his champion.*
- Nick Stuffe. *The Ladies Taylor.*
- Pinnacia Stuffe. *His wife.*
- Trundle. *A Coachman.*
- Barnabe. *A hir'd Coachman.*
- 70 Staggers. *The Smith.* } *Only talk'd on.*
 Tree. *The Sadler.* }

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY. 64 in-and-in] in and in O

The Prologue.

*Y**ou are welcome, welcome all, to the new Inne ;*
Though the old house, we hope our cheare will win
Your acceptation : we ha' the same Cooke,
Still, and the fat, who sayes, you sha' not looke
Long, for your bill of fare, but euery dish 5
Be seru'd in, i' the time, and to your wish :
If any thing be set to a wrong taste,
'Tis not the meat, there, but the mouth's displac'd,
Remoue but that sick palat, all is well.
For this, the secure dresser badd me tell, 10
Nothing more hurts iust meetings, then a croud ;
Or, when the expectation's growne too loud :
That the nice stomach, would ha' this or that,
And being ask'd, or vrg'd, it knowes not what :
When sharpe, or sweet, haue beene too much a feast, 15
And both out-liu'd the palate of the ghest.
Beware to bring such appetites to the stage,
They doe confesse a weake, sick, queasie age,
And a shrew'd grudging too of ignorance,
When clothes and faces 'boue the men aduance : 20
Heare for your health, then, But at any hand,
Before you iudge, vouchsafe to vnderstand,
Concoct, digest : if then, it doe not hit,
Some are in a consumption of wit,
Deepe, he dares say, he will not thinke, that all—— 25
For Hecticks are not epidemically.

THE NEW INNE.

Act 1. Scene 1.

Host. Ferret.

I Am not pleas'd, indeed, you are 1' the right ;
 Nor is my house pleas'd, if my signe could speake,
 The signe o' the light Heart. There, you may read it ,
 So may your master too, if he looke on't.
 A heart weigh'd with a fether, and out-weigh'd too 5
 A brayne-child o' mine owne ! and I am proud on't !
 And if his worship thinke, here, to be melancholy,
 In spight of me or my wit, he is decen'd ;
 I will maintayne the *Rebus* 'gainst all humors,
 And all complexions i' the body of Man, 10
 That's my word, or 1' the Isle of Britaine !

Fer. You haue reason good mine host *Host.* Sir I haue
 rime too.

Whether it be by chance or art,
A heauy purse makes a light Heart.
 There 'tis exprest ! first, by a purse of gold, 15
A heauy purse, and then two Turtles, *makes*,
 A heart with a light stuck in't, *a light heart* !
 Old Abbot *Islip* could not inuent better,
 Or Prior *Bolton* with his *bolt* and *Ton*.
 I am an Innekeeper, and know my grounds, 20
 And study 'hem ; Brayne o' man, I study 'hem .
 I must ha' iouall guests to driue my ploughs,

1 1 *A Room in the Inn.* | *Enter Host, followed by Ferret* G 5 out-
 weigh'd] out weigh'd O 6 mine] my F3 12 *Fer* not in O origin-
 ally 13-14 *One line in O originally* 14 *A . . Heart*] a heauy
 purse makes a light heart O originally 16 *A . . purse*] A heauy
 purse O originally makes] makes O originally 17 *a light heart*]
 a light heart O originally 19 *bolt . . ton*] bolt . . Ton O originally

- And whistling boyes to bring my haruest home,
 Or I shall heare no Flayles thwack. Here, your master,
 25 And you ha' beene this for(t)night, drawing fleas
 Out of my mattes, and pounding 'hem in cages
 Cut out of cards, & those rop'd round with pack-thred,
 Drawne thorow birdlime ! a fine subtilty !
 Or poring through a multiplying glasse,
 30 Vpon a captiu'd crab-louse, or a cheese-mite
 To be dissected, as the sports of nature,
 With a neat Spanish needle ! Speculations
 That doe become the age, I doe confesse !
 As measuring an Ants egges, with the Silke-wormes,
 35 By a phantastique instrument of thred,
 Shall giue you their iust difference, to a haire !
 Or else recouering o' dead flyes, with crums !
 (Another queint conclusion i' the *physicks*)
 Which I ha' seene you busie at, through the key-hole——
 40 But neuer had the fate to see a flye——*Ent. Louel.*
 Alue i' your cups, or once heard, *Drinke mine host,*
 Or such a chearfull chirping charme come from you.

Act 1. Scene 2.

Lovel. Ferret. Host.

What's that ? what's that ? *Fer.* A buzzing of mine host
 About a flye ! a murmure that he has.

Host. Sir I am telling your Stote here, Monsieur *Ferret*,
 (For that I heare's his name) and dare tell you, Sir,
 5 If you haue a minde to be melancholy, and musty,
 There's Footmans Inne, at the townes end, the stockes,
 Or Carriers Place, at signe o'the broken Waine,
 Mansions of State ! Take vp your harbour there ;
 There are both flyes and fleas, and all variety

1 l. 24 Here.] Here *O originally* 38 *physicks*] *physicks O originally*
 39 ha'] ha O 41 *Drinke* host] *drinke mine host O* 1 11 G
continues the scene *Lovel F3* *Lovel O* *Lovel Ferret*] *Lovel, Ferret,*
O originally 6 end.] end *O originally* 7 Place] place *O originally*

Of vermine, for inspection, or dissection. 10

Lov. We ha' set our rest vp here, Sir, i'your Heart.

Host. Sir set your heart at rest, you shall not doe it :
Vnlesse you can be iouiall. Brayne o'man,
Be iouiall first, and drinke, and dance, and drinke.
Your lodging here, and wi' your daily dumps, 15
Is a mere libell 'gayn' my house and me ;

And, then, your scandalous commons. *Lov.* How mine host ?

Host. Sir, they doe scandall me, vpo' the road, here.
A poore quotidian rack o'mutton, roasted,
Drie, to be grated ! and that driuen downe 20
With beare, and butter-milke, mingled together,
Or clarified whey, instead of Claret !

It is against my free-hold, my inheritance,
My *Magna charta*, *Cor laticat*,
To drinke such balder-dash, or bonny-clabbee ! 25
Gi'me good wine, or catholique, or christian,
Wine is the word, that glads the heart of man :
And mine's the house of wine, *Sack*, say's my bush,
Be merry, and drinke Sherry ; that's my poesie !
For I shall neuer ioy i'my light heart, 30

So long as I conceiue a sullen ghest,
Or any thing that's earthy ! *Lov.* Humorous Host.

Host. I care not if I be. *Lov.* But airy also,
Not to defraud you of your rights, or trench
Vpo' your priuiledges, or great charter, 35
(For those are euery hostlers language now)
Say, you were borne beneath those smiling starres,
Haue made you Lord, and owner of the Heart,
Of the Light Heart in *Barnet* ; suffer vs
Who are more *Saturnine*, t'enioy the shade 40

Of your round roofe yet. *Host.* Sir I keepe no shades
Nor shelters, I · for either Owles or Rere-mise.

1 11 11 ha'] ha O Heart] heart O originally 12 it] it, O
originally 15 here] heare O originally 16 'gayn'] 'gayn' corr.
O 'gen O originally 'gain F3 18 here] here O 21 beare, .
butter-] Beare. . Butter-O originally 22 whey] Whey O originally
25 balder-dash] balder dash O

Act 1. Scene 3.

Ferret. Host. Louel.

He'll make you a bird of night, Sir. *Host.* Blesse you child,

You'l make your selues such. *Lov.* 'That your son mine host? *En. Fra* (*the Host speakes to his child o' the by*)

Host. He's all the sonnes I haue Sir. *Lov.* Pretty boy !
Goes he to schoole ? *Fer.* O Lord, Sir, he prates Latine
5 And 'twere a parrat, or a play-boy. *Lov.* Thou—
Commend'st him fitly. *Fer.* To the pitch, he flies, Sir,
Hee'l tell you what is Latine for a looking-glasse,
A beard-brush, rubber, or quick-warming pan.

Lov. What's that ? *Fer.* A wench, i' the Inn-phraise, is
al these ;

10 { A looking-glasse in her eye,
A beard-brush with her lips,
A rubber with her hand,
And a warming pan with her hips.

Host. This, in your scurrile *dialect*. But my Inne
15 Knowes no such language. *F.* That's because, mine host,
You doe professe the teaching him your selfe.

Host. Sir, I doe teach him somewhat. By degrees,
And with a funnell, I make shift to fill
The narrow vessell, he is but yet, a bottell.

20 *Lov.* O let him lose no time, though. *Hos.* Sir, he do's
not.

Lov. And lesse his manners. *Hos.* I prouide for those,
too.

Come hither *Franke*, speake to the gentleman
In Latine : He is melancholy ; say,
I long to see him merry, and so would treat him.

25 *Fra.* *Subtristis visu' es esse aliquantulum patri,*

1 in *Enter Frank* G, continuing the scene
9 A] a O 14 Inne] son F *Cunningham* conj.
continuously as prose

2 st dir by]] by O
25-6, 28-9 G prints

Qui te lautè excipere, etiam ac tractare gestit. Lov. Pulchrè.

Host. Tell him, I feare it bodes vs some ill luck,

His too reseruednesse. *Fra.* Veretur pater,

Ne quid nobis mali ominis apportet iste

Nimis præclusus vultus. Lov Bellè. A fine child ! 30

You wou'not part with him, mine host ? *H.* Who told you

I would not ? *Lov.* I but aske you. *Hos.* And I answere

To whom ? for what ? *Lov.* To me, to be my Page.

Host. I know no mischiefe yet the child hath done,

To deserue such a destiny. *Lov.* Why ? *Ho.* Go down boy, 35

And get your break-fast. Trust me, I had rather

Take a faire halter, wash my hands, and hang him

My selfe, make a cleane riddance of him : then——*Lo.*

What ?

Host. Then dam him to that desperate course of life

Lov. Call you that desperate, which by a line 40

Of institution, from our Ancestors,

Hath beene deriu'd downe to vs, and receiu'd

In a succession, for the noblest way

Of breeding vp our youth, in letters, armes,

Faire meine, discourses, ciuill exercise, 45

And all the blazon of a Gentleman ?

Where can he learne to vault, to ride, to fence,

To moue his body gracefuller ? to speake

His language purer ? or to tune his minde,

Or manners, more to the harmony of Nature 50

Then, in these nourceries of nobility ?——

Host. I that was, when the nourceries selfe, was noble,

And only vertue made it, not the mercate,

That titles were not vented at the drum,

Or common out-cry ; goodnesse gaue the greatnesse, 55

And greatnesse worship : Euery house became

An Academy of honour, and those parts——

We see departed, in the practise, now,

Quite from the institution. *Lov* Why doe you say so ?

1. 111 35 Lov . down] Lo . downe O originally 36 After
'break-fast.' [Exeunt Frank and Ferret] G 53 mercate] Market F3

- 60 Or thinke so enviously? doe they not still
 Learne there, the *Centaures* skill, the art of *Thrace*,
 To ride? or *Pollux* mystery, to fence?
 The *Pyrrhick* gestures, both to dance, and spring
 In armour, to be actiue for the Warres?
- 65 To study figures, numbers, and proportions,
 May yeeld 'hem great in counsels, and the arts
 Graue *Nestor*, and the wise *Vlysses* practis'd?
 To make their English sweet vpon their tongue!
 As reu'rend *Chaucer* sayes? *Host*. Sir you mistake,
- 70 To play Sir *Pandarus* my copy hath it,
 And carry messages to Madam *Cresside*.
 Instead of backing the brave Steed, o' mornings,
 To mount the Chambermaid; and for a leape
 O'the vaulting horse, to ply the vaulting house:
- 75 For exercise of armes, a bale of dice,
 Or two or three packs of cards, to shew the cheat,
 And nimblenesse of hand: mistake a cloake
 From my Lords back, and pawne it Ease his pockets
 Of a superfluous Watch; or geld a iewell
- 80 Of an odde stone, or so. Twinge three or foure buttons
 From off my Ladyes gowne. These are the arts,
 Or seuen liberall deadly sciences
 Of Pagery, or rather Paganisme,
 As the tides run. To which, if he apply him,
- 85 He may, perhaps, take a degree at *Tiburne*,
 A yeare the earlier: come to read a lecture
 Vpon *Aquinas* at *S. Thomas* a Waterings,
 And so goe forth a Laureat in hempe circle!
Lou. Yo'are tart, mine host, and talke aboute your
 seasoning,
- 90 Ore what you seeme: it should not come, me thinkes,
 Vnder your cap, this veine of salt, and sharpnesse!
 These strikings vpon learning, now and then?

1. iii 61 *Centaures* . . . *Thrace*] *Centaures* . . . *Thrace* *O* originally
 63 *Pyrrhick*] *Pyrrhick* *O* originally 68 tongue!] tongue, *O* originally
 85 *Tiburne*] *Tiburne* *O* originally

How long haue you, (if your dul ghest may aske it,)
Droue this quick trade, of keeping the light-heart,
Your Mansion, Palace here, or Hostelry ? 95
Host. Troth, I was borne to somewhat, Sir, aboue it.
Lov. I easily suspect that : Mine host, your name ?
Hos. They call me Good-stock. *Lov.* Sir, and you confesse it,
Both i'your language, treaty, and your bearing.
Hos. Yet all, Sir, are not sonnes o'the white Hen ; 100
Nor can we, as the *Songster* sayes, come all
To be wrapt soft and warme in fortunes smock :
When she is pleas'd to trick, or trompe mankinde :
Some may be Cotes, as in the cards ; but, then
Some must be knaues, some varlets, baudes, and ostlers, 105
As aces, duizes, cards o' ten, to face it
Out, i'the game, which all the world is *Lov.* But,
It being i'your free-will (as 'twas) to choose
What parts you would sustaine, me thinkcs, a man
Of your sagacity, and cleare nostrill, should 110
Haue made, another choise, then of a place
So sordid, as the kceping of an Inne :
Where euery *Iouial* Tinker, for his chinke,
May cry, *Mine host, to crambe, giue vs drinke ;*
And doe not slinke, but skinke, or else you stinke. 115
Rogue, Baud, and Cheater, call you by the surnames,
And knowne *Synonyma* of your profession.
Hos. But if I be no such ; who then's the Rogue,
In vnderstanding, Sir, I meane ? who erres ?
Who tinkleth then ? or personates *Thom.* Tinker ? 120
Your weazill here may tell you I talke baudy,
And teach my boy it ; and you may beleeeue him :
But Sir at your owne peril, if I doe not :
And at his too, if he doe lie, and affirme it.
No slander strikes, lesse hurts, the innocent 125

i. iii 93 you, (if . . it.)] you, if . . it, O originally 95 Hostelry ?]
Hostelry. O 97 name ?] name. O 106 duizes] duces W 114
Mine host, to] mine host, to O

- If I be honest, and that all the cheat
 Be, of my selfe, in keeping this Light Heart,
 Where, I imagine all the world's a Play;
 The state, and mens affaires, all passages
 130 Of life, to spring new *scenes*, come in, goe out,
 And shift, and vanish; and if I haue got
 A seat, to sit at ease here, i' mine Inne,
 To see the *Comedy*; and laugh, and chuck
 At the variety, and throng of humors,
 135 And dispositions, that come iustling in,
 And out still, as they one droue hence another
 Why, will you enuy me my happinesse?
 Because you are sad, and lumpish; carry a Loade-stone
 I'your pocket, to hang kniues on; or Iet rings,
 140 T'entice light strawes to leape at 'hem. are not taken
 With the alacritics of an host! 'Tis more,
 And iusther, Sir, my wonder, why you tooke
 My house vp, *Fidlers Hall*, the Seate of noyse,
 And mirth, an Inne here, to be drousie in,
 145 And lodge your lethargie in the Light Heart,
 As if some cloud from Court had beene your Harbinger,
 Or Cheape-side debt-Bookes, or some Mistresse charge,
 Seeing your loue grow corpulent, gi' it a dyet,
 By absence, some such mouldy passion!
 150 *Lo.* 'Tis guess'd vnhappy. *Fe.* Mine host, yo'are cal'd.
H. I come, boyes. *L(o)* *Ferret* haue not you bin plough-
 ing
 With this mad Oxe, mine host? nor he with you?
Fer. For what Sir? *Lou.* Why, to finde my riddle out.
Fer. I hope, you doe beleeeue, Sir, I can finde
 155 Other discourse to be at, then my Master
 With Hostes, and Host'lers. *Lou.* If you can, 'tis well.
 Goe downe, and see, who they are come in, what ghests;
 And bring me word

1 in 130 *scenes*,] *scenes* O 140 light] young G 148 gi' it]
 gave it G 149 absence, some] absence come, O 150 After
 'vnhappy' *Aside* | *Re-enter Ferret* G 151 After 'boyes' *Exit. G*
 155 my] o' my O originally 158 After 'word' *Exit Ferret. G*

Act 1. Scene 4.

Lovel.

O loue, what passion art thou !
 So tyrannous ! and trecherous ! first t'en-slaue,
 And then betray, all that in truth do serue thee !
 That not the wisest, nor the wariest creature,
 Can more dissemble thee, then he can beare 5
 Hot burning coales, in his bare palme, or bosome !
 And lesse, conceale, or hide thee, then a flash
 Of enflam'd powder, whose whole light doth lay it
 Open, to all discouery, euen of those,
 Who haue but halfe an eye, and lesse of nose ! 10
 An Host, to find me ! who is, commonly,
 The log, a little o' this side the signe-post !
 Or, at the best, some round-growne thing ! a Iug,
 Fac'd, with a beard, that fills out to the ghests,
 And takes in, fro' the fragments o' their iestes ? 15
 But, I may wrong this, out of sullennes,
 Or my mis-taking humor ? Pray thee, phant'sie,
 Be layd, againe. And, gentle-Melancholy,
 Do not oppresse me. I will be as silent,
 As the tame loue should be, and as foolish. 20

Act 1. Scene 5.

Host Ferret. Lovel

My Ghest, my Ghest, be Iouall, I beseech thee.
 I haue fresh golden ghests, ghests o' the game .
 Three coach-full ! Lords ! and Ladies ! new come in
 And I will cry them to thee, 'and thee, to them,
 So I can spring a smile, but i' this brow, 5
 That like the rugged Roman Alderman,—

1 iv Act] Act O G continues the scene 3 betray, all] betray all,
 O originally 4 creature] Creature O originally 13 round-growne]
 round growne O 19 O originally added Enter Host 1 v Scene]
 Scene O Host Ferret] Host, Ferret, O originally G continues the
 scene. 1 Iouall] Ioual O originally 2 I haue] I haue O I have F3
 6 Alderman,—] Alderman—O originally

Old master Grosse, surnam'd 'Αγέλαστος,

Was neuer seene to laugh, but at an Asse. *Ent. Ferret.*

Fer. Sir here's the Lady *Frampul.* *Lou.* How! *Fer.*

And her train.

10 Lord *Beaufort*, & Lord *Latimer*, the Coronele

Tipto', with Mistris *Cis*, the Chamber-mayd :

Trundle, the Coachman— *Lou.* Stop, discharge the house :

And get my horses ready, bid the Groome

Bring 'hem to the back-gate. *Hos* What meane you Sir ?

15 *Lou.* To take faire leaue, mine Host. *Hos.* I hope, my
Ghest,

Though I haue talked somewhat aboue my share,

At large, and bene i'the altitudes, th'extrauagants,

Neither my selfe, nor any of mine haue gi'n you

The cause, to quit my house, thus, on the sodaine.

20 *Lou.* No, I affirme it, on my faith. Excuse me,

From such a rudenes ; I was now beginning

To tast, and loue you · and am heartily sorry,

Any occasion should be so compelling,

To vrge my abrupt departure, thus But—

25 Necessity's a Tyrant, and commands it.

Hos. She shall command me first to fire my bush ,

Then breake vp house : Or, if that will not serue,

To breake with all the world Turne country bankrupt,

I' mine owne towne, vpo' the Mercat-day,

30 And be protested, for my butter, and egges,

To the last bodge of oates, and bottle of hay ;

Ere you shall leaue me, I will breake my heart :

Coach, and Coach-horses, Lords, and Ladies pack ;

All my fresh ghests shall stinke ! I'le pul my signe down,

35 Conuert mine Inne, to an Almes-house ! or a Spittle,

For lazars, or switch-sellers ! Turne it, to

An Academy o' rogues ! or gi' it away

1 v 7 'Αγέλαστος,] *Αγέλαστος* O 8 at] as F3 11 *Cis*] *Pru* W
12 house] This over-running word was at first tucked in at the end of l
11, but adjusted and placed at the end of l 13 14 After '-gate' *Exit*
Ferret G 28 bankrupt,] bankrupt O 33 pack,] pack ? O 3 ' signe
down,] signe, down O

For a free-schoole, to breed vp beggers in,
 And send 'hem to the canting Vniuersities,
 Before you leaue me. *Lov.* Troth, and I confesse, 40
 I am loath, mine host, to leaue you : your expressions
 Both take, and hold me. But, in case I stay,
 I must enioyne you and your whole family
 To priuacy, and to conceale me For,
 The secret is, I would not willingly, 45
 See, or be seene, to any of this ging,
 Especially, the Lady. *Hos.* Braine o'man,
 What monster is she ? or Cocatrice in veluet,
 That kils thus ? *Lov.* O good words, mine host. She is
 A noble Lady ! great in blood ! and fortune ! 50
 Faire ! and a wit ! but of so bent a phant'sie,
 As she thinks nought a happinesse, but to haue
 A multitude of seruants ! and, to get them,
 (Though she be very honest) yet she venters
 Vpon these precipices, that would make her 55
 Not seeme so, to some prying, narrow natures.
 We call her, Sir, the Lady *Frances Frampul*,
 Daughter and heire to the Lord *Frampul*. *Hos.* Who ?
 He that did lue in Oxford, first, a student,
 And, after, married with the daughter of—— *Lo.* Silly. 60
Hos. Right, of whom the tale went, to turne Puppet-m^r.
Lov. And trauell with *Yong Goose*, the Motion-man.
Hos. And lie, and lue with the *Gipsies* halfe a yeare
 Together, from his wife. *Lo.* The very same :
 The mad Lord *Frampul* ! And this same is his daughter ! 65
 But as cock-bran'd as ere the father was !
 There were two of 'hem, *Frances* and *Læhtia* ;
 But *Læhtice* was lost yong ; and, as the rumor
 Flew then, the mother vpon it lost her selfe.
 A fond weake woman, went away in a melancholy, 70
 Because she brought him none but girles, she thought
 Her husband lou'd her not. And he, as foolish,

1 v, 39 Vniuersities,] Vniuersities O 59 lue W. conj. loue O
 65 daughter] daughter O

Too late resenting the cause giu'n, went after,
In quest of her, and was not heard of since.

75 *Hos.* A strange division of a familie !

Lov. And scattered, as i' the great confusion !

Hos. But yet the Lady, th'heire, enioyes the land.

Lov. And takes all lordly wayes how to consume it
As nobly as she can ; if cloathes, and feasting,

80 And the autoriz'd meanes of riot will doe it. *Ent. Fer.*

Host. She shewes her extract, and I honor her for it.

Act 1. Scene 6.

Ferret Lovel. Host. Prudence.

Your horses Sir are ready ; and the house

Dis——*Lou.* Pleas'd, thou thinkst? *Fer.* I cannot tel,
dischargd

I' am sure it is. *Lou.* Charge it again, good *Ferret.*

And make vnready the horses : Thou knowst how.

5 *Chalke,* and renew the rondels. I am, now,

Resolu'd to stay. *Fer.* I easily thought so,

When you should heare what's purpos'd. *L.* What?

Fer. To throw

The house out o' the windo' ? *Host* Braine o' man,

I shall ha'the worst o' that ! will they not throw

10 My houshold stuffe out, first ? Cushions, and Carpets,

Chaires, stooles, & bedding ? is not their sport my ruine ?

Lov. Feare not, mine host, I am not o' the fellowship.

Fer. I cannot see, Sir, how you will auoid it ;

They know already, all, you are i'the house.

15 *Lov.* Who know ? *F.* The Lords : they haue seene me,
& enquir'd it.

Lov. Why were you seene ? *Fer.* Because indeed I had

No med'cine, Sir, to goe inuisible :

No Ferne-seed in my pocket ; Nor an Opal

i vi. Act 1. Scene 6] Act. I Scene 6 O *Ferret Lovel Host*]
Ferret, Lovel, Host, O originally *Prudence* a late correction in O *Cicelye*
O originally (see p. 391) 2 Pleas'd] Pleased O originally 4 how]
how, O originally 5 Chalke,] Chalke O originally now,] now O
8 windo' F3] windo O 15 Lov] L O originally

Wrapt in a Bay-leaf, i' my left fist,
To charme their eyes with. *H.* He dos giue you reasons 20
As round as *Giges* ring : which, say the Ancients,
Was a hoop ring ; and that is, round as a hoop !

Lov. You will ha' your *Rebus* still, mine host. *Hos.* I must.

Fer. My Lady, too, lookt out o'the windo', & cal'd me.
And see where Secretary *Pru.* comes from her, *Ent. Pru.* 25
Emploi'd vpon some Ambassy vnto you——

Host. Ile meet her, if she come vpon employment ;
Faire Lady, welcome, as your host can make you.

Pru. Forbeare, Sir, I am first to haue mine audience,
Before the complement. This gentleman 30
Is my addresse to. *Host.* And it is in state.

Pru. My Lady, Sir, as glad o' the encounter
To finde a seruant here, and such a seruant,
Whom she so values , with her best respects,
Desires to be remembred : and inuites 35

Your noblenesse, to be a part, to day,
Of the society, and mirth intended
By her, and the yong Lords, your fellow-seruants.
Who are alike ambitious of enioying
The faire request ; and to that end haue sent 40
Me, their imperfect Orator, to obtaine it :

Which if I may, they haue elected me,
And crown'd me, with the title of a soueraigne
Of the dayes sports deuised i'the Inne,
So you be pleas'd to adde your suffrage to it. 45

Lov. So I be pleas'd, my gentle mistresse *Prudence* ?
You cannot thinke me of that course condition,
T'enuy you any thing. *Host.* That's nobly say'd !
And like my ghest ! *Lov.* I gratulate your honor ;

I vi 19, 20 fist, | To charme their] fist to charm | Their G 20 reasons]
reasons, Sir, G 21 *Giges*] *Giges* O originally . Gyges W 22 hoop!]
O originally added the stage direction *En Cic* 23 *Rebus*] *rebus* O
originally *Hos*] *H* O originally must.] must O 24 windo']
windo O 25 *Pru.*] *Cis* O originally *Ent Pru* not in O originally.
in G after l 27 29, 32 *Pru*] *Cis* O originally 46 *Prudence*]
Cicely O originally 47 condition] disposition O originally, G
48 *Host*] *Ho.* O originally

- 50 And should, with cheare, lay hold on any handle,
That could aduance it. But for me to thinke,
I can be any rag, or particle
O' your Ladyes care, more then to fill her list,
She being the Lady, that professeth still
- 55 To loue no soule, or body, but for endes ;
Which are her sports : And is not nice to speake this,
But doth proclame it, in all companies :
Her Ladiship must pardon my weake counsels,
And weaker will, if it decline t'obay her.
- 60 *Pru.* O master *Louel*, you must not giue credit
To all that Ladies publicuely professe,
Or talke, o'th' vollee, vnto their seruants :
Their tongues and thoughts, oft times lie far asunder.
Yet, when they please, they haue their cabinet-counsels,
- 65 And reserud thoughts, and can retire themselues
As well as others. *Host.* I, the subtilst of vs !
Al that is borne within a Ladies lips——
Pru. Is not the issue of their hearts, mine host.
Hos. Or kisse, or drinke afore me. *Pru.* Stay, excuse me ;
- 70 Mine errand is not done. Yet, if her Ladyships
Slighting, or disesteeme, Sir, of your seruice,
Hath formerly begot any distaste,
Which I not know of . here, I vow vnto you,
Vpon a Chambermaids simplicity,
- 75 Reseruing, still, the honour of my Lady,
I will be bold to hold the glasse vp to her,
To shew her Ladyship where she hath err'd,
And how to tender satisfaction :
So you vouchsafe to proue, but the dayes venter.
- 80 *Ho.* What say you, Sir ? where are you ? are you within ?
Lov. Yes : I will waite vpon her, and the company.
Hos. It is enough, Queene *Prudence* ; I will bring him :
And, o' this kisse. I long'd to kisse a Queene !

1. v1 59 it] I W 60 *Louel*,] *Louel* O 62 o'th'] o'th O
64 cabinet-counsels] cabinet counsels some copies of O (see p. 387) 80
Strikes Louel on the breast. add G 83 o'] on G After 'kisse.' [*kisses*
her. Exit Prudence.] G

Lov. There is no life on earth, but being in loue !
 There are no studies, no delights, no businesse, 85
 No entercourse, or trade of sense, or soule,
 But what is loue ! I was the laziest creature,
 The most vnprofitable signe of nothing,
 The veriest drone, and slept away my life
 Beyond the Dormouse, till I was in loue ! 90
 And, now, I can out-wake the Nightingale,
 Out-watch an vsurer, and out-walke him too,
 Stalke like a ghost, that haunted 'bout a treasure,
 And all that phant'si'd treasure, it is loue !

Host. But is your name *Loue-ill*, Sir, or *Loue-well* ? 95
Lov. I doe not know't my selfe,
 Whether it is. But it is Loue hath beene
 The hereditary passion of our house,
 My gentle host, and, as I guesse, my friend ;
 The truth is, I haue lou'd this Lady long, 100
 And impotently, with desire enough,
 But no successe : for I haue still forborne
 To expresse it, in my person, to her. *Hos.* How then ?

Lov. I ha' sent her toyes, verses, and *Anagram's*,
 Trials o' wit, mere trifles she has commended, 105
 But knew not whence they came, nor could she guesse.

Host. This was a pretty ridling way of wooing !

Lov. I oft haue bene, too, in her company ;
 And look'd vpon her, a whole day ; admird her ;
 Lou'd her, and did not tell her so ; lou'd still, 110
 Look'd still, and lou'd · and lou'd, and look'd, and sigh'd ;
 But, as a man neglected, I came of,
 And vnregarded— *Host.* Could you blame her, Sir,
 When you were silent, and not said a word ?

Lov. O but I lou'd the more : and she might read it 115
 Best, in my silence, had she bin— *Host.* As melancholique
 As you are. 'Pray you, why would you stand mute, Sir ?

Lov. O thereon hangs a history, mine host.
 Did you euer know, or heare, of the Lord *Beaufort*,

- 120 Who seru'd so brauely in *France*? I was his page,
 And, ere he dy'd, his friend! I follow'd him,
 First, i'the warres; and i' the times of peace,
 I waited on his studies: which were right.
 He had no *Arthurs*, nor no *Rosicleer's*,
- 125 No *Knights o'the Sunne*, nor *Amadis de Gaule's*,
Primalions, and *Pantagruel's*, publique Nothings;
 Abortiues of the fabulous, darke cloyster,
 Sent out to poison courts, and infest manners:
 But great *Achilles*, *Agamemnons* acts,
- 130 Sage *Nestors* counsels, and *Vlysses* slights,
Tydidies fortitude, as *Homer* wrought them
 In his immortall phant'sie, for examples
 Of the *Heroick* vertue. Or, as *Virgil*,
 That master of the *Epick* poeme, limn'd
- 135 Pious *Aeneas*, his religious Prince,
 Bearing his aged Parent on his shoulders,
 Rapt from the flames of *Troy*, with his yong sonne!
 And these he brought to practise, and to vse.
 He gaue me first my breeding, I acknowledge,
- 140 Then showr'd his bounties on me, like the *Howres*,
 That open-handed sit vpon the clouds,
 And presse the liberality of heauen
 Downe to the laps of thankfull men! But then,
 The trust committed to me, at his death,
- 145 Was aboue all! and left so strong a tye
 On all my powers! as time shall not dissolue!
 Till it dissolue it selfe, and bury all!
 The care of his braue heire, and only sonne!
 Who being a vertuous, sweet, yong, hopefull Lord,
- 150 Hath cast his first affections on this Lady.
 And though I know, and may presume her such,
 As, out of humor, will returne no loue;
 And therefore might indifferently be made

i. vi 126 and om W 127 fabulous,] *The comma has dropped out in some copies*
 137 sonne[] sonne O originally, F3 140 *Howres*] *Howres O originally, F3*
 141 clouds] Clouds O originally, F3 143 then,] then! O originally, F3

The courting-stock, for all to practise on,
 As she doth practise on all vs, to scorne : 155
 Yet, out of a religion to my charge,
 And debt profess'd, I ha' made a selfe-decree,
 Ne're to expresse my person ; though my passion
 Burne me to cinders. *Host.* Then yo'are not so subtle,
 Or halfe so read in Loue-craft, as I tooke you. 160
 Come, come, you are no Phœnix : an' you were,
 I should expect no miracle from your ashes.
 Take some aduice. Be still that rag of loue,
 You are. Burne on, till you turne tinder.
 This Chambermaid may hap to proue the steele, 165
 To strike a sparke out o' the flint, your mistresse,
 May beget bonfires yet, you doe not know,
 What light may be forc'd out, and from what darknes.
Lov. Nay, I am so resolu'd, as still Ile loue,
 Tho' not confesse it. *Host.* That's, Sir, as it chancs : 170
 Wee'll throw the dice for it : Cheare vp. *Lov.* I doe.

Act 2. Scene 1.

Lady. Prudence.

Come wench, this sute will serue · dispatch, make ready.
 It was a great deale with the biggest for me ;
 Which made me leaue it off after once wearing.
 How do's it fit ? wil't come together ? *Pru.* Hardly.
Lad. Thou must make shift with it. Pride feesles no pain. 5
 Girt thee hard, *Pru.* Pox o' this errand Taylour,
 He angers me beyond all marke of patience.
 These base *Mechanicks* neuer keepe their word,
 In any thing they promise. *Pru.* 'Tis their trade, madam,
 1. vi 158 Ne're] N'ere *corr* O Nere O originally, F3 160 Loue-
 craft] loue-craft O originally 161 Phœnix] Phœnix, O originally,
 F3 164 on,] on O originally, F3 166 sparke] sparkle O origi-
 nally, F3 mistresse,] mistresse O originally · Mistress F3 169
 Ile] Ile O originally loue,] loue O 171 doe] doe . O originally
 11 1] A Room in the Inn | Enter Lady Frampul, and Prudence pinning on
 her lady's gown G 4 wil't W. wilt O Hardly] hardly O 9
 madam,] madam , O : Madam, F3

- 10 To sweare and breake, they all grow rich by breaking,
More then their words ; their honesties, and credits,
Are still the first commodity they put off.

Lad. And worst, it seemes, which makes 'hem do't so often.

- If he had but broke with me, I had not car'd,
15 But, with the company, the body politique——

Pru. Frustrate our whole designe, hauing that time,
And the materials in so long before ?

- Lad.* And he to faile in all, and disappoint vs ?
The rogue deserues a torture—— *Pru.* To be crop'd
20 With his owne Scizzers. *Lad.* Let's deuise him one.

Pru. And ha' the stumps sear'd vp with his owne searing
candle ?

Lad. Close to his head, to trundle on his pillow ?
I'll ha' the Leasse of his house cut out in measures.

- Pru.* And he be strangl'd with 'hem ? *Lad.* No, no life
25 I would ha' touch't, but stretch'd on his owne yard
He should be a little, ha' the *strappado* ? *Pru.* Or an ell of
taffata

Drawne thorow his guts, by way of glister, & fir'd
With *aqua vitæ* ? *Lad.* Burning i' the hand
With the pressing iron cannot saue him. *Pru.* Yes,

- 30 Now I haue got this on : I doe forgiue him,
What robes he should ha' brought. *Lad.* Thou art not
cruell,

Although streight-lac'd, I see, *Pru* ! *Pru.* This is well.

- Lad.* 'Tis rich enough ! But 'tis not what I meant thee !
I would ha' had thee brauer then my selfe,
35 And brighter farre. 'Twill fit the *Players* yet,
When thou hast done with it, and yeeld thee somewhat.

Pru. That were illiberall, madam, and mere sordid
In me, to let a sute of yours come there.

- Lad.* Tut, all are *Players*, and but serue the *Scene*. *Pru.*
40 Dispatch ; I feare thou dost not like the prouince,

Thou art so long a fitting thy selfe for it.
Here is a Scarfe, to make thee a knot finer.

Pr. You send me a feasting, madame. *La.* Weare it
wench.

Pru. Yes, but, with leaue o' your Ladiship, I would tel
you

This can but beare the face of an odde iourney. 45

Lad. Why *Pru*? *Pru.* A Lady of your ranke and quality,
To come to a publique Inne, so many men,
Yong Lords, and others, i' your company!
And not a woman but my selfe, a Chamber-maid!

Lad. Thou doubt'st to be ouer-layd *Pru*? Feare it not, 50
I'll beare my part, and share with thee, i'the venter.

Pru. O but the censure, madame, is the maine,
What will they say of you? or iudge of me?
To be translated thus, 'boue all the bound
Of fitnessc, or *decorum*? *Lad.* How now! *Pru*! 55

Turn'd foole vpo' the suddaine? and talke idly
I' thy best cloathes? shoot bolts, and sentences,
T'affright babies with? as if I lu'd
To any other *scale*, then what's my owne?
Or sought my selfe, without my selfe, from home? 60

Pru. Your Ladyship will pardon me, my fault:
If I haue ouer-shot, I'll shoote no more.

Lad. Yes shoot againe, good *Pru*, Ile ha' thee shoot,
And aime, and hit: I know 'tis loue in thee,
And so I doe interpret it *Pru.* Then madame, 65
I'lld craue a farther leaue. *Lad.* Be it to licence,
It sha' not want an care, *Pru*, Say, what is it?

Pru. A toy I haue, to raise a little mirth,
To the designe in hand. *Lad.* Out with it, *Pru*,
If it but chime of mirth. *Pru.* Mine host has, madame, 70
A pretty boy i' the house, a deinty child,

II. i. 44 Yes, but,] Yes but, O 51 I'll] I le O 55 How] How, O
56 suddaine?] suddaine, O originally 57 cloathes?] cloathes!
O originally Clothes! F3 sentences,] sentences O originally 59
scale,] scale O originally Scale F3 61 fault] fault, O originally, F3
66 I'lld] I'lld O, F3 69 it, Pru,] it Pru. O originally, F3

- His sonne, and is o' your Ladiships name too, *Frances*,
 Whom if your Ladiship would borrow of him,
 And giue me leaue to dresse him, as I would,
 75 Should make the finest Lady, and kins-woman,
 To keepe you company, and deceiue my Lords,
 Vpo' the matter, with a fountaine o' sport.
Lad. I apprehend thee, and the source of mirth
 That it may breed : but is he bold enough,
 80 The child ? and well assur'd ? *Pru.* As I am, madame,
 Haue him in no suspicion, more then me.
 Here comes mine host : will you but please to aske him,
 Or let me make the motion ? *Lad.* Which thou wilt, *Pru.*

Act 2. Scene 2.

Host. Lady. Prudence. Franke.

Your Ladiship, and all your traine are welcome.

Lad. I thank my hearty host. *Host.* So is your Soue-
 rainty,

Madame, I wish you ioy o' your new gowne.

Lad. It should ha' bin, my host, but *Stuffe*, our Taylor,
 5 Has broke with vs, you shall be o' the counsell.

Pru. He will deserue it, madame ; my Lady has heard
 You haue a pretty sonne, mine host, she'd see him.

Lad. I very faine, I pr'y thee let me see him.

Host. Your Ladiship shall presently, Ho. *Ser.* <within.>
 Anone.

10 Bid *Franke* come hither, *Anone*, vnto my Lady.

It is a bashfull child, homely brought vp,

In a rude hostelry. But the light Heart

It is his fathers, and it may be his.

11 1 72 *Frances*] Francis 1716 79 breed '] breed, *O* originally, F3
 81 me] me *O* originally 11, 11 Enter *Host* G, continuing the scene
 2 So] so O Souerainty] souerainty *O* originally 4 Taylor.] Taylor O
 6 madame.] madame, O 8 him] him, *O* corr him, host. O
 originally . him, Host F3 9 After 'presently' Goes to the door G
 Ho Ser Anone] Ho Ser. Anone corr. O, not in O originally 10
 Anone] anone *O* originally : anon F3 Lady] Lady, O 13 It is]
 Is *O* originally, F3 Is now W

Here he comes. *Frank*-salute my Lady. *Fra.* I doe
What, madame, I am design'd to by my birth-right, 15
As heire of the light Heart, bid you, most welcome.

Lad. And I beleeeue your most, my prettie boy,
Being so *emphased* by you. *Fra.* Your Ladiship,
If you beleeeue it such, are sure to make it.

Lad. Pretily answer'd! Is your name *Francis*? *Fra.*
Yes. 20

Lad. I loue mine own the better. *Fra.* If I knew yours,
I should make haste to doe so too, good madame.

Lad. It is the same with yours. *F.* Mine then acknow-
ledgeth

The lustre it receiues, by being nam'd, after.

Lad. You will win vpon me in complement. *Fra.* By
silence. 25

Lad. A modest, and a faire well-spoken-child.

Hos. Her Ladiship, shall haue him, soueraigne *Pru*,
Or what I haue beside : diuide my heart,
Betweene you and your Lady. Make your vse of it :
My house is yours, my sonne is yours. Behold, 30
I tender him to your seruice ; *Franke*, become
What these braue Ladies would ha' you. Only this,
There is a chare-woman i' the house, his nurse,
An Irish woman, I tooke in, a beggar,
That waits vpon him ; a poore silly foole, 35
But an impertinent, and sedulous one,
As euer was : will vexe you on all occasions,
Neuer be off, or from you, but in her sleepe ;
Or drinke, which makes it. She doth loue him so,
Or rather doate on him. Now, for her, a shape, 40
As we may dresse her (and I'll helpe) to fit her,
With a tuft-taffata cloake, an old *French* hood,

11 11 14 After 'comes' Enter *Frank* G doe] doe O originally do F3
15 design'd to] desin'd to doe, O originally design'd to do, F3 16
you,] you O originally, F3 17 I] I O originally your] you
F3 18 *emphased*] *emphased*, O originally, F3 Ladiship] Ladyship,
madam W, G ('madame' of 1 20 in the uncorrected copies being tucked in
at the end of l 19) 20 Yes corr O Yes madame O originally Yes,
Madam F3 26 a om F3 39 drinke,] drinke O

Elegant *Trundle*, you may vse your figures.

I can but vrge, it is my Ladies seruice.

Tru. Good Mistrisse *Prudence*, you can vrge inough.

I know you're Secretary to my Lady, 15

And Mistrisse Steward. *Pru.* You'l still be *trundling*,

And ha' your wages stopt, now at the *Audite*.

Tru. Tis true, you're Gentlewoman o'the horse too.

Or what you will beside, *Pru*, I do thinke it

My best to'obey you. *Pru.* And I thinke so too, *Trundle.* 20

Act 2. Scene 4.

Beaufort. Latimer. Host.

Why here's returne inough of both our venters,

If we doe make no more discouery. *Lat.* What?

Then o' this Parasite? *Bea.* O, he's a deinty one.

The Parasite o'the house. *Lat.* Here comes mine Host.

Hos. My Lords, you both are welcome to the Heart. 5

Bea. To the light heart we hope. *Lat.* And mery, I
swear.

We neuer yet felt such a fit of laughter,

As your glad heart hath offerd vs, sin' we entred.

Bea. How came you by this propertie? *Hos.* Who?
my Fly?

Bea. Your Fly if you call him so. *Hos.* Nay, he is that. 10
And will be still. *Beau.* In euery dish and pot?

Hos. In euery cup, and company, my Lords,
A Creature of all liquors, all complexions,
Be the drinke what it will, hee'l haue his sip.

Lat. He's fitted with a name. *Hos.* And he ioyes in't. 15
I had him when I came to take the Inne, here,
Assign'd me ouer, in the Inuentory,

11. 111 19 it.] it. O, F3 20 Exeunt. add G 11 114 Act 2
Scene 4.] Act 2 Scene 4 O SCENE 11 [Another Room in the
Same. | Enter Lord Beaufort and Lord Latimer G 2 What] what O
3 O.] O O originally 4 Here] here O Host] host O originally Enter
Host. add G 6 mery.] mery O originally. marry F3 9 Who]
who O 10 Nay] nay O originally 12 cup] Cup O originally, F3
15 in't.] in't. O

- As an old implement, a peice of houshold-stuffe,
 And so he doth remaine. *Bea.* Iust such a thing,
 20 We thought him. *Lat.* Is he a scholler? *Hos.* Nothing
 lesse.
 But colours for it, as you see, wear's black :
 And speakes a little taynted, fly-blowne *Latin*,
 After the Schoole. *Bea.* Of *Stratford* o' the Bow.
 For *Lillies Latine*, is to him vnknow.
 25 *Lat.* What calling ha's he? *Hos.* Only to call in,
 Enflame the reckoning, bold to charge a bill,
 Bring vp the shot i'the reare, as his owne word is,
Bea. And do's it in the discipline of the house?
 As Corporall o'the field, *Maestro del Campo* !
 30 *Hos.* And visiter generall, of all the roomes :
 He ha's form'd a fine *militia* for the Inne, too.
Bea. And meanes to publish it? *Hos.* With all his titles.
 Some call him Deacon *Fly*, some Doctor *Fly*,
 Some Captaine, some Lieutenant. But my folkes
 35 Doe call him Quarter-master, [*Fly*,] which he is.

Act 2. Scene 5.

Tipto. Host. Fle. Beaufort. Latimer.

- Come Quarter-master *Fly*. *Hos.* Here's one, already,
 Hath got his Titles. *Tip.* Doctor! *Fly.* Noble Colonel !
 No Doctor, yet a poore professor of ceremony,
 Here i' the Inne, retainer to the host,
 5 I discipline the house. *Tip.* Thou read'st a lecture,
 Vnto the family here, when is thy day?

11 iv 20 him] him, O originally 21 see, . . black :] see . . .
 black, O originally, F3 24 vnknow] vn-known O originally un-
 known F3 25, 31 ha's] has' O 25 in,] in, still O originally in
 still, F3 29 Campo] Campo, O originally, F3 30 roomes :] roome,
 O originally Room F3 31 Inne,] Inne O originally 33 Doctor
 Fly,] Doctor Fly O 34 Lieutenant] Lieutenant O 35 Fly,
 om Editor 11 v Act 2 Scene 5] Act 2 Scene 5 O Enter
 colonel *Tipto* and *Fly* G, continuing the scene *Beaufort. Latimer*] L
Bea. L. Lat O originally L. *Beaufort, L. Latimer* F3 3 yet a G.
 yet A O 5 lecture,] lecture O 6 thy] the O originally

Fli. This is the day. *Tip.* I'le heare thee, and ha' thee a
Doctour,

Thou shalt be one, thou hast a Doctors looke !

A face disputative, of *Salamanca*.

Hos. Who's this ? *Lat.* The glorious Colonel *Tipto*, Host. 10

Bea. One talks vpon his tiptoes, if you'l heare him.

Tip. Thou hast good learning in thee, *macte Fly*.

Fly. And I say *macte*, to my Colonel.

Host. Well *macted* of 'hem both. *Bea.* They are match'd
i'faith.

Tip. But *Fly*, why *macte* ? *Fly.* *Quasi magis aucte*, 15
My honourable Colonel. *Tip.* What, a *Critique* ?

Host. There's another accession, *Critique Fly*.

Lat. I feare a taynt here i' the *Mathematiques*.

They say, lines *paralell* doe neuer meet ;

He has met his *paralell* in wit, and schole-craft. 20

Bea. They side, not meet, man, mend your *metaphor*,
And saue the credit of your *Mathematiques*.

Tip. But *Fly*, how cam'st thou to be here, committed
Vnto this Inne ? *Fly.* Vpon suspicion o' drinke, Sir,
I was taken late one night, here, with the Tapster, 25
And the vnder-officers, and so deposited.

Tip. I will redeeme thee, *Fly*, and place thee better,
With a faire Lady. *Fly.* A Lady, sweet Sir *Glorious* !

Tip. A Sou'raigne Lady. Thou shalt be the Bird
To Soueraigne *Pru*, Queene of our sports, her *Fly*, 30
The *Fly* in houshold, and in ordinary ;
Bird of her eare, and she shall weare thee there !
A *Fly* of gold, enamel'd, and a schoole-*Fly*.

Host. The schoole, then, are my stables, or the cellar,
Where he doth study, deeply, at his houres, 35
Cases of cups, I doe not know how spic'd
With conscience, for the Tapster, and the Hostler : as
Whose horses may be cossen'd ? or what lugs
Fil'd vp with froth ? that is his way of learning.

11 v. 7 and ha'] and I'le ha' O originally, F3 10 Host] Host, O
16 What.] What O 21 meet.] meet O 24 Fly] Fly, O om. F3
34 then.] then O

- 40 *Tip.* What antiquated Fether's that, that talkes ?
Fly. The worshipfull host, my patron, Mr. *Good-stock* :
 A merry Greke, and cants in Latine, comely,
 Spins like the parish top. *Tip.* I'll set him vp, then.
 Art thou the *Dominus* ? *Host.* *Fac-totum* here, Sir.
- 45 *Tip.* Host reall o'the house ? and Cap of Maintenance ?
Host. The Lord o'the light Heart, Sir, *Cap a pie* ;
 Whereof the Fether is the Embleme, Colonel,
 Put vp, with the Ace of Hearts ! *Tip.* But why in *Cuerpo* ?
 I hate to see an host, and old, in *Cuerpo*.
- 50 *Host.* *Cuerpo* ? what's that ? *Tip.* Light, skipping hose
 and doublet
 The horse boyes garbe ! poore blank, and halfe blank *Cuerpo*,
 They relish not the grauity of an host,
 Who should be King at Armes, and ceremonies,
 In his owne house ! know all, to the goldweights.
- 55 *Bea.* Why that his *Fly* doth for him here, your Bird.
Tip. But I would doe it my selfe, were I my Host,
 I would not speake vnto a Cooke of quality,
 Your Lordships footman, or my Ladies *Trundle*,
 In *Cuerpo* ! If a Dog but stayd below
- 60 That were a dog of fashion, and well nos'd,
 And could present himselfe ; I would put on
 The *Savoy* chaine about my neck ; the ruffe ;
 And cuffes of *Flanders* ; then the *Naples* hat ,
 With the *Rome* hatband ; and the *Florentine* Agate ;
- 65 The *Mullan* sword ; the cloake of *Genoa* ; set
 With *Brabant* buttons ; all my giuen pieces .
 Except my gloues, the natrues of *Madrid*,
 To entertaine him in ! and complement
 With a tame cony, as with a Prince that sent it.
- 70 *Hos.* The same deeds, though, become not euery man.
 What fits a *Colonel*, will not fit an Host.

Tip. Your *Spanish* Host is neuer seen in *Cuerpo*,

11 v 62 ruffe,] Ruff F3 63 hat,] Hat, F3 65 *Genoa*,]
Genoa F3 70 man] man, O originally man; F3 71 What]
That O originally, F3, G That that 1716, W Host] host, O originally
72 Host] host O originally

Without his *Paramento's*, cloake, & sword. *Fli.* Sir,
He ha's the father of swords within, a long sword
Blade *cornish*, stil'd, of Sir *Rud Hudibras*. 75

Tip. And, why a long sword, bully bird? thy sence?

Fh. To note him a tall-man, and a Master of fence:

Tip. But doth he teach the *Spanish* way of *Don Lewis*?

Fli. No, the Greeke Master he. *Tip.* What cal you him?

Fh. *Euclide*.

Tip. Fart vpon *Euclide*, he is stale, & antique, 80

Gi' me the modernes. *Fli.* Sir he minds no modernes,

Go by, *Hieronimo*! *Tip.* What was he? *Fli.* The *Italian*,

That plaid with Abbot *Antony*, i'the Friars,

And *Blinkin-sops* the bold. *Tip.* I mary, those,
Had fencing names, what are become o' them? 85

Hos. They had their times, and we can say, they were.

So had *Caranza* his. so hath *Don Lewis*.

Tip. *Don Lewis* of *Madrid*, is the sole Master
Now, of the world! *Hos.* But this, o'the other world.

Euclide demonstrates! he! Hee's for all! 90

The only Fencer of name, now in *Elysium*.

Fh. He do's it all, by lines, and angles, *Colonel*,
By parallels, and sections, has his *Diagrammes*!

Bea. Wilt thou be flying, *Fly*? *Lat.* At all, why not?
The ayre's as free for a fly, as for an *Eagle*. 95

Bea. A Buzzard! he is in his contemplation.

Tip. *Euclide* a Fencer, and in the *Elysium*!

Hos. He play'd a prize, last weeke, with *Archimedes*,
And beate him, I assure you. *Tip.* Doe you assure me?

For what? *Hos.* For foure i'the hundred Gi' me fue, 100

And I assure you, againe *Tip.* Host pcremptory,

II v. 73 *Paramento's*,] *Paramento's* O originally, F3 73-5 Sir,
[He . . . sword | Blade *Hudibras* corr O Sir he has the father |
Of swords, within a long sword, Blade *cornish* stil'd | Of Sir *Rud Hugh-*
disbras O originally, F3 76 And, why] And with O originally, F3
79 What] what O 85 what are] what's O originally, F3 what is G
87 *Caranza* his] *Caranza*-his O hath] had O originally, F3 89
world! world] world world O originally, F3 91 Fencer]
fencer O originally 92 *Colonel*,] *Colonel* O originally 96 *Bea*]
Bea O contemplation] contemplation! O originally, F3 97 Fencer]
fencer O originally 99 him,] him O originally, F3 101 Host]
Host, O peremptory] Peremptory O originally, F3

You may be tane : But where ? whence had you this ?

Hos. Vpo' the road, A post, that came from thence,
Three dayes agoe, here, left it with the Tapster.

105 *Fli.* Who is indeed a thorough-fare of newes,
Iack Iug with the great belly, a witty fellow !

Hos. Your Bird here heard him. *Tip.* Did you heare him,
Bird ?

Hos. Speake i'the faith of a flie. *Fli.* Yes, and he told vs,
Of one that was the Prince of *Oranges* fencer,

110 *Tip.* *Stevinus* ? *Fli.* Sir the same, had challeng'd *Euclide*
At thirty weapons, more then *Archimedes*
Ere saw, and engines : most of his owne Inuention.

Tip. This may haue credit, and chimes reason, this !
If any man endanger *Euclide*, Bird,

115 Obserue, (that had the honor to quit *Europe*
This forty yeare) 'tis he. He put downe *Scaliger* !

Fli. And he was a great Master. *Bea.* Not of fence, *Fly.*

Tip. Excuse him, Lord, he went o' the same grounds.

Bea. On the same earth I thinke, with other mortals ?

120 *Tip.* I meane, sweet Lord, the *Mathematiques*. *Basta* !
When thou know'st more, thou wilt take lesse, greene honor.
He had his circles, semicircles, quadrants——

Fli. He wnt a booke o'the quadrature o'the Circle.

Tip. *Cyclometria*, I read—— *Bea.* The title onely.

125 *Lat.* And *Indice*. *Bea.* If it had one : of that, *quære*.
What insolent, halfe-witted things, these are ?

Lat. So are all smatterers, insolent, and impudent.

Bea. They lightly go together. *Lat.* 'Tis my wonder !
Two *Animals* should hawke at all discourse thus !

II. v 102 tane.] tane, O originally, F3 105 thorough-fare] thorough
fare O originally 106 great] broken O originally, F3 107 him,] him O
108 After 'flie' Exit. G 109 Oranges] Orange' G 111 At...
weapons,] A . weapons O originally 112 saw, . . . Inuention]
saw, . Inuention O originally saw, . Invention F3 engines.]
Engines, F3 115-16 (that... yeare)] that .. yeare, O originally, F3
116 'tis] tis O Scaliger] Scaliger O originally, F3 119 mortals]
Mortals O originally, F3 123 Circle] Circle, O originally, F3 125
one] one corr O . one O originally, F3 that, quære] that quære O
originally: that quære, F3 128, 132 'Tis] T's O 128 wonder!]
wonder F3 129 Animals corr O, F3 animals O originally

Flie euery subject to the Marke, or retrieve— 130

Bea. And neuer ha' the lucke to be i' the right !

Lat. 'Tis some folkes fortune ! *Bea.* Fortune's a Bawd,
And a blind Begger : 'tis their vanity !
And shewes most vilely ! *Tip.* I could take the heart, now,
To write vnto *Don Lewis*, into *Spaine*, 135

To make a progresse to the *Elysian* fields,
Next summer— *Bea.* And perswade him die for fame,
Of fencing with a shadow ! Where's mine Host ?
I would he had heard this buble breake, i'fayth.

Act 2. Scene 6.

Host. Tipto. Prudence. Beaufort. Latimer.

Franke. Nurse. Lady. Flie. Lovel.

Make place, stand by, for the Queene Regent, Gentlemen.

Tip. This is thy Queen, that shalbe, Bird, our Soueraign.

Bea. Translated *Prudence* ! *Pru.* Sweet my Lord, hand
off ;

It is not now, as when plaine *Prudence* hu'd,
And reach'd her Ladiship— *Host.* The Chamber-pot. 5

Pru. The looking-glasse, mine Host, loose your house
Metaphore !

You haue a negligent memory, indeed ;
Speake the host's language. Here's a yong Lord,
Will make 't a precedent else. *Lat.* Well acted *Pru.*

Host. First minute of her raigne ! what will she doe 10
Forty yeare hence ? God blesse her ! *Pru.* If you'll kisse,
Or complement, my Lord, behold a Lady,
A stranger, and my Ladyes kinswoman.

Bea. I doe confesse my rudenesse, that had need
To haue mine eye directed to this beauty. 15

Fra. It was so little, as it ask'd a *perspicill*.

Bea. Lady, your name ? *Fra.* My Lord, it is *Lætitia*.

II. v 132 'Tis] T'is O 134 now,] now O now F3 II vi.
Act] Act O Re-enter Host, with Prudence richly dressed, Frank as a lady,
Nurse, and lady Frampul G, continuing the scene 6 Metaphore!]
Metaphore ? O 7 You haue] you'haue O

Bea. *Lætitia!* a faire omen! And I take it.

Let me haue still such *Lettice* for my lips :

20 But that o' your family, Lady? *Fra.* *Silly*, Sir.

Bea. My Ladyes kinswoman? *Fra.* I am so honour'd.

Host. Already, it takes! *Lad.* An excellent fine boy.

Nur. He is descended of a right good stock, Sir.

Bea. What's this? an Antiquary? *Host.* An Antiquity,

25 By th' dresse, you'd sweare! An old Welsh Heralds
widdow :

She's a wild-Irish borne, Sir, and a Hybride,

That lues with this yong Lady, a mile off here,

And studies *Vincent* against *Yorke*. *Bea.* She'l conquer,
If she read *Vincent*. Let me study her.

30 *Host.* She's perfect in most pedigrees, most descents .

Bea. A Baud, I hope, and knowes to blaze a coate.

Host. And iudgeth all things with a single eye.

Fly, come you hither ; No discouery

Of what you see, to your Colonel *Toe*, or *Tip*, here,

35 But keepe all close, tho' you stand i'the way o' preferment,
Seeke it, off from the roade ; no flattery for't :

No licke-foote, paine of loosing your *proboscis* :

My Licorish *Fly*. *Tip.* What sayes old veluet-head ?

Fly. He will present me himselfe, Sir, if you will not.

40 *Tip.* Who? he present? what? whom? An Host? A
Groome?

Diuide the thanks with me? share in my glories?

Lay vp. I say no more. *Hos.* Then silence, Sir,

And heare the sou'raigne. *Tip.* Hostlers? to vsurpe
Vpon my *Sparta'* or *Prouince*, as they say?

45 No broome but mine? *Hos.* Still Colonel, you mutter!

Tip. I dare speake out, as *Cuerpo*. *Fli.* Noble Colonel—

Tip. And carry what I aske— *Hos.* Ask what you
can S^r:

So't be i'the house. *Tip.* I ask my rights & priuiledges,

11 vi 20 *Silly*] *Sylly* W 22 After 'takes!' *Aside to Lady F.* G
26 borne,] borne! O 30 She's] She s O 31 *Aside* add G
32 eye.] eye, O 38 After '*Fly.*' *Aside to Fly.* G 42 silence,] silence O

And though for forme I please to cal't a suit,
I haue not beene accustomed to repulse. 50

Pru. No sweet Sir *Glorious*, you may still command—

Hos. And go without. *Pru.* But yet Sir being the first,
And call'd a suit, you'll looke it shall be such
As we may grant. *Lad.* It else denies it selfe.

Pru. You heare the opinion of the Court. *Tip.* I mind 55
No Court opinions. *Pru.* 'Tis my Ladies, though.

Tip. My Lady is a Spinster, at the Law,
And my petition is of right. *Pru.* What is it?

Tip. It is for this poore learned bird. *Hos.* The *Fly*?

Tip. Professour in the Inne, here, of small matters : 60

Lat. How he commends him ! *Hos.* As, to saue himselfe
in him.

Lad. So do all *Politiques* in their commendations.

Hos. This is a State-bird, and the verier flie ?

Tip. Heare him *problematize* *Pr.* Blesse vs, what's that?

Tip. Or *sylogize*, *elenchize*. *Lad.* Sure, petard's, 65
To blow vs vp *Lat.* Some inginous strong words !

Hos. He meanes to erect a castle i' the ayre,
And make his flie an Elephant to carry it.

Tip. Bird of the Arts he is, and *Fly* by name !

Pru. *Buz.* *Hos.* Blow him off good *Pru*, they'l mar all else. 70

Tip. The Soueraigne's honor is to cherish learning.

Pru. What, in a *Fly* ? *Tip.* In any thing industrious.

Pr. But Flies are busie ! *Lad.* Nothing more troublesom,
Or importune ! *Tip.* Ther's nothing more domestick,
Tame, or familiar then your Flie in *Cuerpo*. 75

Hos. That is when his wings are cut, he is tame indeed,
else

Nothing more impudent, and greedy; licking :

Lad. Or sawcy, good Sir *Glorious*. *Pr.* Leaue your
Aduocate-ship,

Except that we shall call you Orator Flie,
And send you downe to the dresser, and the dishes. 80

Hos. A good flap, that ! *Pru.* Commit you to the steem !

Lad. Or els condemn you to the bottles. *Pr.* And pots.
There is his quarry. *Hos.* He will chirp, far better,
Your bird, below. *Lad.* And make you finer *Musique*.

85 *Pru.* His *buz* will there become him. *Tip.* Come away.
Buz, in their faces : Giue 'hem all the *Buz*,
Dor in their eares, and eyes, *Hum*, *Dor*, and *Buz* !
I will statuminate and vnderprop thee.

If they scorne vs, let vs scorne them——Wee'll finde
90 The thorough-fare below, and *Quære* him,
Leaue these relicts, *Buz* ; they shall see that I,
Spight of their jeares, dare drinke, and with a *Flie*.

Lat. A faire remoue at once, of two impertinents !
Excellent *Pru* ! I loue thee for thy wit,
95 No lesse then State. *Pru.* One must preserue the other.
Lad. Who's here ? *Pru.* O *Lovel*, Madam, your sad
seruant.

Lad. Sad ? he is sullen still, and weares a cloud
About his browes ; I know not how to approach him.

Pru. I will instruct you, madame, if that be all,
100 Goe to him and kisse him. *Lad.* How, *Pru* ? *Pru.* Goe,
and kisse him,

I doe command it. *Lad.* Th'art not wilde, wench ! *Pru.* No,
Tame, and exceeding tame, but still your Sou'raigne.

Lad. Hath too much brauery made thee mad ? *Pru.*
Nor proud.

Doe, what I doe enioyne you. No disputing
105 Of my prerogatiue, with a front, or frowne ;
Doe not detrect : you know th'authority
Is mine, and I will exercise it, swiftly,
If you prouoke me. *Lad.* I haue wouen a net
To snare my selfe in ! Sir I am enioyn'd
110 To tender you a kisse ; but doe not know
Why, or wherefore, onely the pleasure royall

11. vi 92 *Exeunt Tipto and Fly.* add G After 95 *Enter Lovel.* G
97 sullen] sullen F3 106 detrect] detract F3 109 After 'Sir'
To *Lovel.* G

Will haue it so, and vrget— Doe not you
Triumph on my obedience, seeing it forc't thus.
There 'tis. *Lov.* And welcome. Was there euer kisse
That relish'd thus ! or had a sting like this, 115
Of so much *Nectar*, but, with *Aloës* mixt.

Pru. No murmuring, nor repining, I am fixt.

Lov. It had, me thinks, a *quintessence* of either,
But that which was the better, drown'd the bitter.
How soone it pass'd away ! how vnrecovered ! 120
The distillation of another soule
Was not so sweet ! and till I meet againe,
That kisse, those lips, like relish, and this taste,
Let me turne all, consumption, and, here waste.

Pru. The royall assent is past, and cannot alter. 125

Lad. You'l turne a Tyran. *Pru.* Be not you a Rebell,
It is a name is alike-odious.

Lad. You'l heare me ? *Pru.* No, not o' this argument.
Would you make lawes, and be the first that break 'hem ?
The example is pernicious in a subiect, 130
And of your quality, most. *Lat.* Excellent Princesse !

Host. Iust Queene ! *Lat.* Braue Sou'raigne ! *Host.* A
she-Traian ! this !

Bea. What is't ? *Proceede*, incomparable *Pru* !
I am glad I am scarce at leasure to applaud thee.

Lat. It's well for you, you haue so happy expressions. 135

Lad. Yes, cry her vp, with acclamations, doe,
And cry me downe, runne all with soueraignty
Prince *Power* will neuer want her *Parasites*.

Pru. Nor *Murmure* her pretences. Master *Lovel*,
For so your libell here, or bill of complaint, 140
Exhibited, in our high Court of Sou'raignty,
At this first hower of our raigne, declares
Against this noble Lady, a dis-respect
You haue conceu'd, if not receiu'd, from her.

11 vi 114 After "'tis ' Kisses him G 116 *Aside*, add G 124
all.] all F3 *Aside*, add G 128 o'] on G 132 Sou'raigne !]
Sou'raigne O 133 *Proceede*,] *Proceede* O

- 145 *Host.* Receiued, so the charge lies in our bill.
Pru. We see it, his learned Councell, leaue your planing.
 We that doe loue our iustice, aboue all
 Our other Attributes ; and haue the nearnesse,
 To know your extraordinary merit ;
- 150 As also to discerne this Ladyes goodnesse ;
 And finde how loth shee'd be, to lose the honour,
 And reputation, she hath had, in hauing
 So worthy a seruant, though but for few minutes——
 Do here enioyne. *Hos.* Good ! *Pru.* Charge, will, & command
- 155 Her Ladiship, pain of our high displeasure
 And the committing an extreame contempt,
 Vnto the Court, our crowne and dignity.
Host. Excellent Soueraigne ! And egregious *Pru* !
Pru. To entertaine you for a payre of howres,
- 160 (Choose, when you please, this day) with all respects,
 And valuation of a principall seruant,
 To giue you all the titles, all the priuiledges,
 The freedoms, fauours, rights, she can bestow.
Hos. Large, ample words, of a braue latitude !
- 165 *Pru.* Or can be expected, from a Lady of honor,
 Or quality, in discourse, accesse, addresse (*Hos.* Good.)
Pru Not to giue care, or admit conference
 With any person but your selfe. Nor there,
 Of any other argument, but loue,
- 170 And the companion of it, gentile courtship.
 For which your two howres seruice, you shall take
 Two kisses. *Hos.* Noble ! *Pru* For each howre, a kisse,
 To be tane freely, fully, and legally ;
 Before vs ; in the Court here, & our presence. *Hos.* Rare !
- 175 *Pru* But those howres past, and the two kisses paid,
 The binding caution is, neuer to hope
 Renewing of the time, or of the suit,
 On any circumstance. *Hos.* A hard condition !
Lat. Had it beene easier, I should haue suspected

The sou'raignes iustice. *Hos.* O you are seruant, 180
My Lord, vnto the Lady, and a Riual:

In point of law, my Lord, you may be challeng'd.

Lat. I am not ieaious! *Host.* Of so short a time
Your Lor(d)ship needs not, and being done, *in foro.*

Pru. What is the answer? *Host.* He craues respite,
madame, 185

To aduise with his learned Councell. *Pru.* Be you he,
And goe together quickly. *Lad.* You are, no Tyran?

Pru. If I be madam, you were best appeale me!

Lat. *Beaufort*— *Bea.* I am busie, pr'ythee let me alone.
I haue a cause in hearing too. *Lat.* At what Barre? 190

Bea. Lou(e)'s Court o' Requests! *Lat.* Bring't into the
Souerainty

It is the nobler Court, afore Iudge *Pru.*

The only learned mother of the Law!

And Lady o' conscience, too! *Bea.* 'Tis well enough
Before this mistresse of Requests, where it is. 195

Host. Let 'hem not scorne you. Beare vp master *Lovel*,
And take your howres, and kisses, They are a fortune.

Lov. Which I cannot approue, and lesse make vse of.

Host. Still i' this cloud! why cannot you make vse of?

Lov. Who would be rich to be so soone vndone? 200
The beggars best is wealth, he doth not know:

And, but to shew it him, inflames his want:

Host. Two howers at height? *Lov.* That ioy is too too
narrow,

Would bound a loue, so infinite as mine.

And being past, leaues an eternall losse. 205

Who so prodigiously affects a feast,

To forfeit health, and appetite, to see it?

Or but to taste a spoone-full, would forgoe

All gust of delicacy euer after?

Host. These, yet, are houres of hope. *Lov.* But all houres
following 210

- Yeares of despaire, ages of misery !
 Nor can so short a happinesse, but spring
 A world of feare, with thought of loosing it ;
 Better be neuer happy, then to feele
 215 A litt(ly) of it, and then loose it euer.
Host. I doe confesse, it is a strict inunction ;
 But, then the hope is, it may not be kept.
 A thousand things may interuene. We see
 The winde shift often, thrice a day, sometimes ;
 220 Decrees may alter vpon better motion,
 And riper hearing. The best bow may start,
 And th'hand may vary. *Pru* may be a sage
 In Law, and yet not soure ; sweet *Pru*, smooth *Pru*,
 Soft, *debonaire*, and amiable *Pru*,
 225 May doe as well as rough, and rigid *Pru* ;
 And yet maintayne her, venerable *Pru*,
Maiestique Pru, and *Serenissimous Pru*.
 Trie but one hower first, and as you like
 The loose o'that, draw home and prove the other.
 230 *Lov.* If one howre could, the other happy make,
 I should attempt it. *Hos.* Put it on : and doe.
Lov. Or in the blest attempt that I might die !
Hos. I mary, there were happinesse indced ;
 Transcendent to the Melancholy, meant.
 235 It were a fate, aboue a monument,
 And all inscription, to die so. A Death
 For Emperours to enioy ! And the Kings
 Of the rich East, to pawne their regions for ;
 To s(h)ow their treasure, open all their mines,
 240 Spend all their spices to embalme their corps,
 And wrap the inches vp in sheets of gold,
 That fell by such a noble destiny !
 And for the wrong to your friend, that feare's away,
 He rather wrongs himselfe, following fresh light,
 245 New eies to sweare by. If Lord *Beaufort* change,

It is no crime in you to remaine constant.

And vpon these conditions, at a game

So vrg'd vpon you. *Pru.* Sir your resolution——

Hos. How is the Lady affected? *Pru.* Sou'raignes vse
not

To aske their subiects suffrage where 'tis due ; 250

But where conditionall. *Host.* A royall Sou'raigne !

Lat. And a rare States-woman. I admire her bearing
In her new regiment. *Host.* Come choose your houres,
Better be happy for a part of time,
Then not the whole : and a short part, then neuer. 255

Shall I appoint 'hem, pronounce for you? *Lov.* Your
pleasure.

Host. Then he designs his first houre after dinner ;
His second after supper. Say yee? Content?

Pru. Content. *Lad.* I am content. *Lat.* Content. *Fra.*
Content.

Bea. What's that? I am content too. *Lat.* You haue
reason, 260

You had it on the by, and we obseru'd it.

Nur. Trot I am not content : in fait' I am not.

Host. Why art not thou content, Good *Shelee-nien*?

Nur. He tauk so desperate, and so debausht,
So baudy like a Courtier, and a Lord, 265
God blesse him, one that tak'th Tobacco. *Host.* Very well
mixt.

What did he say? *Nur.* Nay, nothing to the purposh,
Or very little, nothing at all to purposh.

Host. Let him alone, Nurse. *Nur.* I did tell him of *Serly*
Was a great family come out of *Ireland*, 270
Descended of *O Neale*, *Mac Con*, *Mac Dermot*,
Mac Murrogh, but he mark'd not. *Host.* Nor doe I,
Good Queene of Heralds, ply the bottle, and sleepe.

Act 3. Scene 1.

Tipto. Flie. Iug. Peirce. Iordan. Ferret. Trundle. <Peck.>

I like the plot of your *Miltia*, well !

It is a fine *Miltia*, and well order'd !

And the diuision's neat ! 'Twill be desir'd

Only, the'expressions were a little more *Spanish* :

5 For there's the best *Miltia* o' the world !

To call 'hem *Tertias*. *Tertia* of the kitchin,

The *Tertia* of the cellar, *Tertia* of the chamber,

And *Tertia* of the stables. *Fly*. That I can, Sir,

And find out very able, fit commanders,

10 In euery *Tertia*. *Tip*. Now you are i' the right !

As i' the *Tertia* o' the kitchin, your selfe

Being a person, elegant in sawces,

There to command, as prime *Maestro del Campo*,

Chiefe Master of the palate, for that *Tertia* :

15 Or the Cooke vnder you, 'cause you are the Marshall ;

And the next officer i' the field, to the Host.

Then for the cellar, you haue young *Anone*,

Is a rare fellow, what's his other name ?

Fly. *Pierce*, Sir. *Tip* Sir *Pierce*, I'll ha' him a Cavalier.

20 Sir *Pierce Anon*, will perce vs a new hogs-head !

And then your thorow-fare, *Iug* here, his *Alferez* :

An able officer, gi[u]'me thy beard, round *Iug*,

I take thee by this handle, and doe loue

One of thy inches ! I' the chambers, *Iordan*, here !

25 He is the *Don, del Campo* o' the beds

And for the stables, what's his name ? *Fly*. Old *Peck*.

Tip. *Maestro del Campo*, *Peck* ! his name is *curt*,

A monosyllabe, but commands the horse well.

Fly. O, in an *Inne*, Sir, we haue other horse,

30 Let those troopes rest a while Wine is the horse,

That wee must charge with here. *Tip*. Bring vp the troopes,

Or call, sweet *Fly*, 'tis an exact *Miltia*,

III 1] *A Lower Room in the Inn* | Enter col *Tipto, Fly, and Iug. G*
9 commanders,] commanders O 26 Old] old O 32 call,] call O

And thou an exact professor, *Lipsius Fly*,
Thou shalt be cal'd, and *Iouse* : *Iack Ferret*, welcome,
Old Trench-master, and *Colonel* o' the *Pyoners*, 35
What canst thou bolt vs now ? a Coney ? or two
Out of *Thom* : *Trundles* burrow, here, the Coach ?
This is the master of the carriages !

How is thy driuing *Thom* : good, as 'twas ?
Tru. It serues my Lady, and our officer *Pru*. 40
Twelue mile an houre ! *Thom* has the old trundle still.

Tip. I am taken with the family, here, fine fellowes !
Viewing the muster roll. *Tru*. They are braue men !

Fer. And of the *Fly*-blowne discipline all, the Quarter-
master !

Tip. The *Fly*'s a rare bird, in his profession ! 45
Let's sip a priuate pinte with him, I would haue him
Quit this light signe of the light heart, my bird .
And lighter house. It is not for his tall
And growing grauity so Cedar-like,
To be the second to an Host in *Cuerpo*, 50
That knowes no *elegancies*—vse his owne
Dictamen, and his *Genius*, I would haue him
Fle high, and strike at all. Heer's yong *Anone*, too.

Pei. What wine is't Gentlemen, white or claret ? *Tip*.
White,

My briske *Anone*. *Pei*. I'll draw you *Iuno*'s milke 55
That died the Lilies, Colonel. *Tip*. Do so *Peirce*.

Pec. A plague of all Iades, what a clap he has gi'n me ?
Fl. Why how now Cossen ? *Tip*. Who is that ? *Fer*.
The Hostler

Fl. What ayl'st thou Cossen *Peck* ? *Pec*. O me, my
hanches !

As sure as you liue, Sir, he knew perfectly 60

III 1 34 After 'Iouse' Enter Ferret and Trundle G 39 'twas]
twas O 42 fellowes!] fellowes? O 51 elegancies—] elegancies, O
53 After 'all' Enter Pierce G 54-5 White.] White O White, |
My . milke G's arrangement claret? | Tip White . . Anone | Pei
He milke O 56 After 'Colonel' Exit G After 'Peirce.' Enter
Peck. G 58 Who is] Who's O Fer . . Hostler a separate line
in O 59 After 'Peck?' Takes him aside G

I meant to Cossin him. He did leere so on me,
 And then he sneerd. As who would say, take heed S^rah,
 And when he saw our halfe-pecke, which you know
 Was but an old court-dish, Lord how he stamp't !
 65 I thought, 't had beene for ioy. When suddainly
 He cuts me a backe caper with his heeles,
 And takes me iust o'the crouper. Downe come I
 And my whole ounce of oates ! Then he neighed out,
 As if he had a Mare by the tayle. *Fli.* Troth Cossin,
 70 You are to blame to vse the poore dumbe Christians,
 So cruelly, defraud 'hem o' their *dimensum*.
 Yonder's the Colonels horse (there I look'd in)
 Keeping our Ladies Eue ! The diuell a bit
 He ha's got, sin'e he came in yet ! There he stands,
 75 And lookes and lookes, but 'tis your pleasure, Cosse,
 He should looke leane enough. *Pec.* He ha's hay before
 him.

Fli. Yes, but as grosse as hempe, and assoone will choake
 him,
 Vnlesse he eat it butter'd. H'had foure shoes,
 And good ones, when he came in : It is a wonder,
 80 With standing still he should cast three. *Pec.* Troth Quarter-
 Master,

This trade is a kind of mystery, that corrupts
 Our standing manners quickly : Once a weeke,
 I meet with such a brush to mollifie me.
 Sometimes a brace, to awake my Conscience,
 85 Yet still, I sleepe securely. *Fli.* Cossin *Peck*,
 You must vse better dealing, fayth you must.

Pec. Troth, to giue good example, to my successors,
 I could be well content to steale but two girths,
 And now and then a saddle-cloth, change a bridle,
 90 For exercise : and stay there. *Fli.* If you could,
 There were some hope, on you, Cosse. But the fate is,

111 1 62 say,] say O 71 *dimensum*] *dimensum*, O 74 sin'e]
 sin' F3 75 'tis] t'is O 76 *Pec.* . . him a separate line in O
 89 saddle-cloth] *hyphen faint in O* 90 could,] could O 91 is,] is O

You're drunke so early, you mistake whole Saddles :
Sometimes a horse. *Pec.* I there's—— *Fli.* The wine,
come Cosse,

He talk with you anone. *Pec.* Doe, loose no time,
Good Quarter-Master. *Tip.* There are the horse, come,
Flie.

95

Fli. Charge, in Boyes, in ; Lieutenant o' the ordinance,
Tobacco, & pipes. *Tip.* Who's that ? Old *Jordan*, good !
A comely vessell, and a necessary.

New-scour'd he is : Here's to thee, Martiall *Fly.*

In milke, my yong *Anone* sayes. *Pei.* Cream o' the grape ! 100

That drop't from *Iuno's* breasts, and sprung the Lilly!

I can recite your fables, *Fly.* Here is, too,

The blood of *Venus*, mother o' the Rose !

Ior. The dinner is gone vp. *Iug.* I heare the whistle.

Ior. I, and the fidlers. We must all goe waite. 105

Pei. Pox o'this waiting, Quarter Master *Fly.*

Fly. When Chambermaids are soueraignes, waite their
Ladies.

Fly scornes to breath—— *Pec.* Or blow vpon them, he.

Pei. Old Parcel *Peck* ! Art thou there ? how now ?
lame ?

Pec. Yes faith : it is ill halting afore criples, 110

I ha' got a dash of a Iade, here, will stick by me.

Pei. O you haue had some phant'sie, fellow *Peck* ;

Some reuelation—— *Pec.* What ? *Pei.* To steale the hay,

Out o' the racks againe : *Fly.* I told him so,

When the ghests backs were turn'd. *Pei.* Or bring his
peck,

115

The bottome vpwards, heap'd with oates ; and cry,

Here's the best measure vpon all the roade ! when

III. 1 93 After 'there's' Re-enter *Pierce* with wine G 93-5 Verse
re-arranged by W in O Sometimes . . there's—— | *Fh.* The . anone |
Pec. Doe . . . Master. | *Tip.* There . . . *Flie* 94 After 'anone'
They come forward G 95 Good] good O *Flie*] *Fli* O 96 After 'in.'
Enter Jordan. G 97 that ? . . good !] that ? *Fly.* Old *Jordan* *Tip*
Good W conj. 99 Martiall] marshal G 100 After 'sayes'
Drinks G 102 *Fly*] *Fly.* O 103 Music within add G 106
Master] Master, O 108 Or] or O 115 peck,] peck O

You know the ghest, put in his hand, to feele,
 And smell to the oates, that grated all his fingers
 120 Vpo' the wood— *Pec.* Mum! *Pei.* And found out your
 cheat.

Pec. I ha' bin i'the cellar, *Peirce.* *Pei.* You were then,
 there,

Vpo' your knees; I doe remember it:
 To ha' the fact conceald. I could tell more,
 Soping of saddles, cutting of horse tales,
 125 And cropping—pranks of ale, and hostelry—

Fly. Which he cannot forget, he sayes, yong *Knight*:
 No more then you can other deeds of darknesse,
 Done i' the cellar. *Tip.* Well said, bold professor.

Fer. We shall ha' some truth explain'd. *Pei.* We are all
 mortall,

130 And haue our visions. *Pec.* Truly it seemes to me
 That euery horse has his whole peck, and tumbles
 Vp to the eares in littour, *Fly.* When, indeed,
 There's no such matter; not a smell of prouander.

Fer. Not so much straw as would tie vp a horse-taile!

135 *Fly.* Nor any thing i'the rack, but two old cobwebs!
 And so much rotten hay, as had beene a hens nest!

Tru. And yet he's euer apt to sweepe the mangers!

Fer. But puts in nothing. *Pei.* These are fits, and fancies,
 Which you must leaue, good *Peck.* *Fly.* And you must pray
 140 It may be reueal'd to you, at some-times,

Whose horse you ought to cosen; with what conscience;
 The how; and when; a Parsons horse may suffer—

Pei. Who's master's double benefic'd, put in that.

Fly. A little greasing i'the teeth; 'tis wholesome:
 145 And keepes him in a sober shuffle. *Pei.* His saddle too
 May want a stirrop *Fly.* And, it may be sworne,
 His learning lay o' one side, and so broke it.

Pec. They haue euer oates i' their cloake-bags, to affront
 vs.

Fly. And therefore 'tis an office meritorious,

III. 1 118 know . . . ghest,] know, the guest G 132 indeed,] indeed O

To tith such soundly. *Pei.* And a graziers may, 150
Fer. O they are pinching puckfists ! *Tru.* And suspicious.
Pei. Suffer before the masters face, sometimes.
Fly. He shall thinke he sees his horse eate halfe a bushell,
Pei. When the slight is, rubbing his gummes with salt,
Till all the skin come off, he shall but mumble, 155
Like an old woman that were chewing brawne,
And drop 'hem out againe. *Tip.* Well argued, Cauulier.
Fly. It may doe well : and goe for an example :
But Cosse, haue care of vnderstanding horses,
Horses with angry heeles, Nobility horses, 160
Horses that know the world ; let them haue meat
Till their teeth ake ; and rubbing till their ribbes
Shine like a wenches forehead. They are Diuels else
Will looke into your dealings. *Pec.* For mine own part,
The next I cossen o' the pampred breed, 165
I wish he may be found'red. *Fli.* Foun-der-ed.
Prolate it right. *Pec.* And of all foure, I wish it,
I loue no crouper complements. *Pei.* Whose horse was it ?
Pec. Why, M^r *Bursts.* *Pei.* Is *Bat Burst* come ? *Pec.* An
howre
He has beene heere. *Tip.* What *Burst* ? *Pei.* Mas. *Bartol-*
mew Burst. 170
One that hath beene a Citizen, since a Courtier,
And now a Gamester. Hath had all his whirls,
And bouts of fortune, as a man would say,
Once a *Bat*, and euer a *Bat* ! a Rere-mouse,
And Bird o' twilight, he has broken thrice. 175
Tip. Your better man, the *Geno'way* Prouerbe say's,
Men are not made of steele. *Pei.* Nor are they bound
Alwayes to hold. *Fli.* Thrice honourable Colonel !
Hinges will crack— *Tip.* Though they be Spanish
iron.

Pei. He is a merchant still, Aduenturer, 180

III. 1. 150 may,] may O 157 argued, Cauulier] argued Cauulier, O
166 Founder-ed G Foun-de-red O 169-70 Verse re-arranged by
G. in O, Pec. Why . . . come ? | Pec. An . . . heere. | Tip. What . . .
Burst 170 Mas] Mas, O : query, omst 'Mas.'

At in, and in : and is our thorough-fares friend.

Tip. Who? *Iugs?* *Pei.* The same : and a fine gentleman

Was with him! *Pec.* Mr *Huffle.* *Pei.* Who? *Hodge Huffle?*

Ti. What's he? *Pei.* A cheater, & another fine gentleman,

185 A friend o'the Chamberlaynes! *Iordans!* Mr *Huffle.*

He is *Bursts* protection. *Fli.* Fights, and vapors for him.

Pei. He will be drunk so ciuilly—— *Fli.* So discreetly——

Pei. And punctually! iust at his houre. *Fli.* And then, Call for his *Iordan*, with that *hum* and state,

190 As if he piss'd the *Politiques!* *Pei.* And sup

With his tuft-taffata night-geere, heere, so silently!

Fli. Nothing but *Musique!* *Pei.* A dozen of bawdy songs.

Tip. And knowes the Generall this? *Fl.* O no, Sr. *Dormit,*

Dormit Patronus, still, the master sleepes.

195 They'll steale to bed. *Pei.* In priuate Sir, and pay

The Fiddlers with that modesty, next morning.

Fli. Take a *disiune* of muscadell, and egges!

Pei. And packe away i' their trundling cheats, like *Gipsies!*

Tru Mysteries, mysteries, *Ferret* *Fer.* I, we see, *Trundle*,
200 What the great Officers, in an Inne, may doe,

I doe not say the Officers of the Crowne,

But the light heart. *Tip* I'll see the *Bat*, and *Huffle.*

Fer. I ha' some busines Sir, I craue your pardon——

Tip. What? *Fer.* To be sober. *Tip.* Pox, goe get you gone then.

205 *Trundle* shall stay. *Tru.* No, I besech you Colonel,
Your Lordship ha's a minde to bee drunke priuate,

III 1 183 *Huffle?* *Huffle* O originally 195 pay] pay, O 197
disiune] *dejeune W* 198 *Gipsies?* *Gipsies?* O 199 I.] I O
200 Inne.] Inne O 201 Crowne.] Crowne O 204 After 'sober.'
Exit. G 205 No.] No O

With these braue Gallants ; I will step aside
Into the stables, and salute my Mares.

Pei. Yes doe : and sleepe with 'hem, let him go—base
whip-stocke.

Hee's as drunke as a fish now, almost as dead.

210

Tip. Come, I will see the flicker mouse, my Flie.

Act 3. Scene 2.

Prudence vs her'd by the *Host*, takes her seat of Iudica-
ture, *Nurse*, *Franke*, the two Lords *Beaufort*, and
Latimer, assist of the Bench : The *Lady* and
Louel are brought in, and sit on the
two sides of the stagg, confront-
ing each the other.

⟨*Jug. Jordan*⟩ *Ferret. Trundle.* ⟨*Musicians.*⟩

Pru. Heere set the hower ; but first produce the parties
And cleere the court. The time is now of price.

Hos. *Jug*, get you down, and *Trundle* get you vp,
You shall be Crier. *Ferret* here, the Clearke.

Jordan, smell you without, till the Ladies call you ;

5

Take down the Fiddlers too, silence that noyse,

Deepe, i' the cellar, safe. *Pru.* Who keepes the watch ?

Hos. Old *Sheelinn* heere, is the Madamc Tel-clocke.

Nur. No fait and trot, sweet Maister, I shall sleep ;

I fait, I shall. *Bea* I pr'y thee, doe then, *Schrich-*

Owle.

10

She brings to mind the fable o' the Dragon,

That kept the *Hesperian* fruit. Would I could charme
her.

Hos. *Trundle* will do it with his *hum*. Come *Trundle*.
Precede him *Ferret*, i' the forme.

III 1 208 *Exit* add G 211 *Exeunt* add G III 11 SCENE II |
Another Room in the Same, furnished as a Tribunal, etc | Music Enter
the Host, ushering Prudence, who takes her seat of judicature, assisted by
Lord Beaufort and Lord Latimer, the Nurse, Frank, Jug, Jordan, Trundle,
and Ferret G 7 After 'safe.' Exeunt Jug, Jordan, and Musicians G

15 *Fer. Oyez, oyez, oyez.*

Whereas there hath beene awarded,
By the Queene Regent of Loue,
In this high court of soueraignty,
Two speciall howers of addresse,

20 To *Herebert Lovel*, appellant,
Against the Lady *Frampul*, defendant,
Herebert Lovel, Come into the Court,
Make challenge to thy first hower,
And saue thee, and thy bayle.

Tru. Oyez, &c.

Whereas, &c.
By the Qu. &c.
In this high, &c.
Two speciall, &c.
To *Herebert*, &c.
Against the, &c.
Herebert Lov. &c.
Make, &c.
And saue, &c.

(*Enter Lovel.*)

25 *Hos. Loe*, louting where he comes into the Court !
Clarke of the sou'raignty take his apparance.
And how accoutred, how design'd he comes !

Fer. 'Tis done. Now Crier, call the Lady *Frampul*,
And by the name of,

30 *Francis*, Lady *Frampul*, defendant,
Come into the Court,
Make answer to the award,
And saue thee, and thy bayle.

Tru. Francis, &c.
Come into the, &c.
Make answer, &c.
And saue thee, &c.

Enter Lady.

Hos. She makes a noble, and a iust apparance.

35 Set it downe likewise, and how armd she comes.

Pru Vsher of Loues Court, giue 'hem their oath,
According to the forme, vpon Loue's *Missal*.

Hos. Arise, and lay your hands, vpon the Booke.

Herebert Lovel Appellant, and Lady *Frances Frampul*,
40 Defendant, you shall sweare vpon the Liturgie of Loue,
Ouid de arte amandi, that you neither haue, ne will haue, nor
in any wise beare about you, thing, or things, pointed, or
blunt, within these lists, other than what are naturall, and

III II 15, 50 *Oyez, oyez, oyez*] *O yes, O yes, O yes* F3 *Oyez, &c*] *O yez, &c.* O 16 *As Ferret proclaims, Trundle repeats after him, at the breaks here, and through the rest of this scene.* G 20 *Herebert*] *Herbert W, G*
21 defendant,] defendant some copies of O After 24 *Enter Lovel, and*
ranges himself on the one side G 28 'Tis] T's O, F3 33 St dir.
Enter] *Enter* O Lady] Lady O *Enter Lady Frampul, and takes her*
place on the other side G 36 'hem] them both G oath,] oath. O
42 wise] *The 1 faint or missing in O*

allow'd by the Court : No enchanted Armes, or weapons,
Stones of vertue, *Herbe of Grace*, Charme, Character, Spel, 45
Philtre, or other power, then *Loues* only, and the iustnesse
of your cause. So helpe you Loue, his Mother, and the con-
tents of this Booke : Kisse it. Returne vnto your seats.
Crier bid silence.

Tru. Oyez. Oyez. Oyez.

50

Fe. I'the name o'the Soueraigne of *Tru.* I'the &c.

Loue

Notice is giuen by the Court,
To the Appellant, and Defendant,
That the first houre of addresse proceeds.
And *Loue* saue the Soueraigne.

Notice is &c.
To the Ap. &c.
That the &c.
And *Loue* &c. 55

Tru. Euery man, or woman keep silence paine of im-
prisonment.

Pru. Do your endeouours, in the name of *Loue*.

Lov. To make my first approaches, then, in loue.

Lad. Tell vs what *Loue* is, that we may be sure
There's such a thing, and that it is in nature. 60

Lov. Excellent Lady, I did not expect
To meet an Infidell ! much lesse an Atheist !
Here in *Loue's* lists ! of so much vnbeleefe !
To raise a question of his being—— *Host.* Well-charg'd !

Lov. I rather thought, and, with religion, thinke, 65
Had all the character of loue beene lost,
His lines, demensions, and whole signature
Raz'd, and defac'd, with dull humanity :
That both his nature, and his essence might
Haue found their mighty instauration here, 70
Here where the confluence of faire, and good,
Meets to make vp all beauty. For, what else
Is *Loue*, but the most noble, pure affection
Of what is truly beautifull, and faire ?
Desire of vnion with the thing beloued ? 75

III. II. 46 iustnesse] iustnesse O 48 After 'it' *Lov.* kisses the
book. G 49 silence] silence, O 55 *Loue* &c.] loue &c O
58 loue] Love F3 66 character] characters W

(*Beau.* Haue the assistants of the Court their votes,
And writ of priuiledge, to speake them freely ?

Pru. Yes, to assist ; but not to interrupt.

Bea. Then I haue read somewhere, that man and woman
80 Were, in the first creation, both one piece,
And being cleft asunder, euer since,
Loue was an appetite to be reioyn'd.

As for example—— *Nur. Cramo-cree* ! what meansh' tou ?

Bea. Only, to kisse, and part. *Hos.* So much is lawfull.

85 *Lat.* And stands with the prerogatiue of loues Court !

Lov. It is a fable of *Plato's*, in his Banquet,
And vtter'd, there, by *Aristophanes*.

Hos. 'Twas well remembred here, and to good vse)
But on with your description, what *Loue* is.

90 Desire of vnion with the thing belou'd.

Lov. I meant a definition. For I make
The efficient cause, what's beautifull, and faire.
The formall cause, the appetite of vnion.
The finall cause, the vnion it selfe.

95 But larger, if you'l haue it, by description,
It is a flame, and ardor of the minde,
Dead, in the proper corps, quick in anothers :
Trans-ferres the Louer into the Loued.

The he, or she, that loues, engraues, or stamps

100 Th'*Idea* of what they loue, first in themselues :
Or, like to glasses, so their mindes take in
The formes of their belou'd, and them reflect.
It is the likenesse of affections,
Is both the parent, and the nurse of loue.

105 Loue is a spirituall coupling of two soules,
So much more excellent, as it least relates
Vnto the body ; circular, eternall ;
Not fain'd, or made, but borne : And then, so pretious,
As nought can value it, but it selfe. So free,

110 As nothing can command it, but it selfe.

And in it selfe, so round, and liberall,
As where it fauours, it bestowes it selfe.

(*Bea.* And, that doe I; here my whole selfe, I tender,
According to the practise o'the Court.

Nur. I, 'tish a naughty practish, a lewd practish, 115
Be quiet man, dou shalt not leep her, here.

Bea. Leape her? I lip her, foolish Queene at Armes,
Thy blazon's false . wilt thou blasphemne thine office?)

Lov. But, we must take, and vnderstand this loue
Along still, as a name of dignity; 120
Not pleasure. (*Hos.* Mark you that, my light yong Lord?)

Lov. True loue hath no vnworthy thought, no light,
Loose, vn-becoming appetite, or straine,
But fixed, constant, pure, immutable.

(*Bea.* I relish not these *philosophicall* feasts; 125
Giue me a banquet o' sense, like that of *Ouid* :
A forme, to take the eyc; a voyce, mine eare;
Purc *aromatiques*, to my sent; a soft,
Smooth, deinty hand, to touch, and, for my taste,
Ambrosiack kisses, to melt downe the palat) 130

Lov. They are the earthly, lower forme of louers,
Are only taken with what strikes the senses!
And loue by that loose scalc. Although I grant,
We like, what's faire and gracefull in an obiect,
And (true) would vse it, in the all we tend to, 135
Both of our ciuill, and domestick deedes.

In ordering of an army, in our style,
Apparell, gesture, building, or what not?
All arts, and actions doe affect their beauty.
But put the case, in trauayle I may meet 140
Some gorgeous Structure, a braue Frontispice,
Shall I stay captiue i' the outer court,
Surpris'd with that, and not aduance to know
Who dwels there, and inhabiteth the house?

111 11 114 To Frank add G 115 I, 'tish W I'tish O Ay,
'tish G 121 To lord B add G 128 *aromatiques*] Aromatick
1716, W sent] Scent F3 135 the] them F3

- 145 There is my friendship to be made, within ;
 With what can loue me againe : not, with the walles,
 Does, windo'es, architrabes, the frieze, and coronice.
 My end is lost in louing of a face,
 An eye, lip, nose, hand, foot, or other part,
 150 Whose all is but a statue, if the mind
 Moue not, which only can make the returne.
 The end of loue is, to haue two made one
 In will, and in affection, that the mindes
 Be first inoculated, not the bodies.
- 155 *Bea.* Gi' me the body, if it be a good one.
Fra. Nay, sweet my Lord, I must appeale the Soueraigne
 For better quarter, If you hold your practise :
Tru. Silcnce, paine of imprisonment : Heare the Court.
Lov. The bodies loue is fraile, subiect to change,
- 160 And alter(s) still, with it : The mindes is firme,
 One, and the same, proceedeth first, from weighing,
 And well examining, what is faire, and good ;
 Then, what is like in reason, fit in manners ;
 That breeds good will : good will desire of vnion.
- 165 So knowledge first, begets beneuolence,
 Beneuolence breeds friendship, friendship loue.
 And where it starts or steps aside from this,
 It is a mere degenerous appetite,
 A lost, oblique, deprau'd affection,
- 170 And beares no marke, or character of Loue.
Lad. How am I changed ! By what alchimy
 Of loue, or language, am I thus translated !
 His tongue is tip'd with the *Philosophers stone*,
 And that hath touch'd me th(o)rough euery vaine !
- 175 I feele that transmutation o' my blood,
 As I were quite become another creature,
 And all he spcakes, it is proiection !
Pru. Well fain'd, my Lady : now her parts begin !
Lat. And she will act 'hem subtilly. *Pru* She fails me else.

111 u. 155 *Kisses Frank.* add G
 166 loue] loues O originally, F3

160 alters G · alter O
 174 thorough] thro' my W

Lov. Nor doe they trespasse within bounds of pardon, 180
 That giuing way, and licence to their loue,
 Di-uest him of his noblest ornaments,
 Which are his modesty, and shamefac'tnesse :
 And so they doe, that haue vnfit designes,
 Vpon the parties, they pretend to loue. 185
 For, what's more monstrous, more a prodigie,
 Then to heare me protest truth of affection
 Vnto a person that I would dishonor ?
 And what's a more dishonor, then defacing
 Anothers good, with forfeiting mine owne ? 190
 And drawing on a fellowship of sinne ?
 From note of which, though (for a while) we may
 Be both kept safe, by caution, yet the conscience
 Cannot be cleans'd. For what was hitherto
 Cal'd by the name of loue, becomes destroyd 195
 Then, with the fact : the innocency lost,
 The bating of affection soone will follow :
 And Loue is neuer true, that is not lasting,
 No more then any can be pure, or perfect,
 That entertaines more than one obiect. *Dixi.* 200
Lad. O speake, and speake for euer ! let min(e) eare
 Be feasted still, and filled with this banquet !
 No sense can euer surfet on such truth !
 It is the marrow of all louers tenents !
 Who hath read *Plato*, *Heliodore*, or *Tatius*, 205
Sydney, *D'Vrfe*, or all Loues *Fathers*, like him ?
 He's there the Master of the Sentences,
 Their Schoole, their Commentary, Text, and Glosse,
 And breathes the true diuinity of Loue !
Pru. Excellent actor ! how she hits this passion ! 210
Lad. Where haue I luv'd, in heresie, so long
 Out o' the Congregation of Loue,
 And stood irregular, by all his Canons ?

III II 183 shamefac'tnesse] Shamfac'dness F3
 sinne, O 201 mine eare G : min'eare O
 18 O, F3 : He's W, G

191 sinne ?]
 207 He's] He,

- Lat.* But doe you thinke she playes? *Pru.* Vpo' my
Sôuerainty,
215 Marke her anon. *Lat.* I shake, and am halfe iealous.
Lad. What penance shall I doe, to be receu'd,
And reconciled, to the Church of Loue?
Goe on procession, bare-foot, to his Image,
And say some hundred penitentiall verses,
220 There, out of *Chaucers Troilus, and Cresside*?
Or to his mothers shrine, vow a Waxe-candle
As large as the Towne May-pole is, and pay it!
Enioyne me any thing this Court thinks fit,
For I haue trespass'd, and blasphem'd Loue.
225 I haue, indeed, despis'd his *Deity*,
Whom (till this miracle wrought on me) I knew not.
Now I adore Loue, and would kisse the rushes
That beare this reuerend Gentleman, his Priest,
If that would expiate—— but, I feare it will not.
230 For, tho' he be somewhat strooke in yeares, and old
Enough to be my father, he is wise,
And onely wise men loue, the other couet.
I could begin to be in loue with him,
But will not tell him yet, because I hope
235 T'enioy the other houre, with more delight,
And proue him farther. *Pru.* Most *Socratick* Lady!
Or, if you will, *Ironick* ' gi' you ioy
O' you<r> *Platonick* loue here, M^r *Lovel*.
But pay him his first kisse, yet, i' the Court,
240 Which is a debt, and due: For the houre's run.
Lad. How swift is time, and shily steales away
From them would hug it, value it, embrace it?
I should haue thought it scarce had run ten minutes,
When the whole houre is fled Here, take your kisse, Sir,
245 Which I most willing tender you, in Court.
(*Bea.* And we doe imitate——) *Lad.* And I could wish,

III 11 217 reconciled] reconcil'd O 220 and] and O, F3
230 strooke] struck F3 237 will.] will O 238 your F3
245 Kisses Lov. add G 246 After ' imitate ' Kisses Frank. G

It had bene twenty—so the Soueraignes
Poore narrow nature had decreed it so—
But that is past, irreuocable, now :
She did her kind, according to her latitude— 250

Pru. Beware, you doe not coniure vp a spirit
You cannot lay. *Lad.* I dare you, doe your worst,
Shew me but such an iniustice : I would thanke you
To alter your award. *Lat.* Sure she is serious !
I shall haue another fit of icalousie ! 255

I feele a grudging ! *Host.* Cheare vp, noble ghest,
We cannot guesse what this may come to, yet ;
The braine of man, or woman, is vncertaine !

Lou Tut, she dissembles ! All is personated,
And counterfeit comes from her ! If it were not, 260
The *Spanish* Monarchy, with both the *Indies*,
Could not buy off the treasure of this kisse,
Or halfe giue balance for my happinesse

Host. Why, as it is yet, it glads my light Heart
To see you rouz'd thus from a sleepy humor, 265
Of drouzy, accidentall melancholy ;

And all those braue parts of your soule awake,
That did before seeme drown'd, and buried in you !
That you expresse your selfe, as you had back'd
The *Muses* Horse ! or got *Bellerophons* armes ! 270

What newes with *Fly* ? *Fly.* Newes, of a newer Lady,
A finer, fresher, brauer, bonnier beauty,
A very *bona-Roba*, and a Bouncer !

In yeallow, glistening, golden Satten. *Lad. Pru.*
Adiourne the Court. *Pru.* Cry *Trundle*— *Tru.* Oyez, 275
Any man, or woman, that hath any personal attendance to
giue vnto the Court, Keepe the second houre, and Louc saue
the Sou'raigne.

III 11 After 270 Enter *Fly* G
attendance | To . . . houre, | And

276-8 As verse in O, Any . . .
278 Excunt add G

Act 4. Scene 1.

Jug. Barnabe. Iordan.

O *Barnabe* ! *Ior.* Welcome *Barnabe* ! Where hast thou
beene ?

Bar. I' the foule weather. *Jug.* Which has wet thee, *Ban.*

Bar. As drie as a chip ! Good *Jug*, a cast o' thy name,
As well as thy office ; two iugges ! *Jug.* By, and by.

5 *Ior.* What Lady's this thou hast brought here ? *Bar.* A
great Lady !

I know no more . one, that will trie you, *Iordan.*

Shee'll finde your gage, your circle, your capacity.

How do's old *Staggers* the Smith ? and *Tree*, the Sadler ?

Keep they their penny-club, stil ? *Ior.* And th' old *catch* too,

10 Of whoop *Barnaby*—— *Bar.* Doe they sing at me ?

Ior. They're reeling at it, in the parlour, now :

Bar. Ile to 'hem . Gi' mee a drinke first. *Ior.* Where's
thy hat ?

Bar. I lost it by the way—— Gi' me another.

Jug. A hat ? *Bar.* A drinke. *Jug.* Take heed of taking
cold, *Ban*——

15 *Bar.* The wind blew't off at *High-gate*, and my Lady
Would not endure mee, light, to take it vp,
But made me driue bare-headed i' the raine.

Ior. That she might be mistaken for a Countesse ?

Bar. Troth, like inough ! She might be an o're-grown
Dutchesse,

20 For ought I know. *Jug.* What ! with one man ! *Bar.* At a
time,

They cary no more, the best of 'hem. *Io.* Nor the brauest.

Bar. And she is very braue ! *Ior.* A stately gowne !

And peticote, she has on ! *Bar.* Ha' you spr'd that, *Iordan* ?

IV. 1 SCENE 1 | *A Room in the Inn* | Enter *Jug, Barnaby, and Jor-*
dan. G 2 *Ban*] *Ban* O *Bar* 1716, W : *Barnaby* G 4 *Exit.*
add G After 11 *Re-enter Jug with wine.* G 12 After 'first'
Drinks G Where's] Wheres O 14 After 'drinke' *Drinks.* G
Ban F3 *Ban* O . *Bar.* 1716, W 15 blew 't off] blew toff O
originally

You're a notable peerer, an old *Rabbi*,
 At a smocks-hem, boy. *Iug.* As he is *Chamberlane*, 25
 He may doe that, by his place. *Ior.* What's her Squire?
Bar. A toy, that she allowes eight-pence a day.
 A slight Man-net, to port her, vp, and downe.
 Come shew me to my play-fellowes, old *Staggers*,
 And father *Tree*. *Ior.* Here, this way, *Barnabe*. 30

Act 4. Scene 2.

Tipto. *Burst.* *Huffle.* *Fly.*

Come, let vs take in *fresco*, here, one quart.
Bur. Two quarts, my man of war, let'vs not be stinted.
Huf. Aduance three *iordans*, varlet o' the house.
Tip. I do not like your *Burst*, Bird; He is sawcy:
 Some Shop-keeper he was? *Fly.* Yes, Sir. *Tip.* I knew it. 5
 A broke-wing'd Shop-keeper? I nose 'hem, streight.
 He had no Father, I warrant him, that durst own him;
 Some foundling in a stall, or the Church porch;
 Brought vp i'the *Hospitall*; and so bound Prentise;
 Then Master of a shop; then one o'th' Inquest; 10
 Then breakes out Bankrupt; or starts Alderman:
 The originall of both is a Church-porch——
Fli. Of some, my Colonel. *Tip.* Good fayth, of most
 O' your shop Citizens, th'are rude Animals!
 And let 'hem get but ten mile out a towne, 15
 Th'out-swagger all the *wapen-take*. *Fli.* What's that?
Tip. A *Saxon* word, to signifie the *hundred*.
Bur. Come let vs drinke, Sir *Glorious*, some braue health
 Vpon our tip-toos. *Tip.* To the health o' the *Bursts*.
Bu. Why *Bursts*? *Ti.* Why *Tipto's*? *Bu.* O, I cry you
 mercy! 20

Tip. It is sufficient. *Huf.* What is so sufficient?

Tip. To drinke to you is sufficient. *Huf.* On what terms?

IV. 1. 26 What's] Whats O IV. 11. SCENE II | The Court of the Inn |
 Enter Tipto, Burst, Huffle, and Fly. G I let vs] let'vs O 2 let'vs]
 let's W 9 i'the] i'the O 10 o'th'] o'th O 13 most] most I O
 15 towne,] towne O 16 out-swagger] out swagger O 20 O,] O' O

- Tip.* That you shall giue security to pledge me.
Huf. So you will name no *Spaniard*, I will pledge you.
- 25 *Tip.* I rather choose to thirst : and will thirst euer,
 Then leaue that creame of nations, vn-cry'd vp.
 Perish all wine, and gust of wine. *Huf.* How, spill it ?
 Spill it at me ? *Tip.* I wreck not, but I spilt it.
Fli. Nay pray you be quiet, noble bloods. *Bur.* No
Spaniards,
- 30 I crie, with my cossen *Huffle.* *Huf.* *Spaniards* ? *Pilchers* ?
Tip. Do not prouoke my patient blade. It sleep's,
 And would not heare thee · *Huffle*, thou art rude,
 And dost not know the *Spanish* composition.
Bur. What is the *Recipe* ? Name the *ingredients*.
- 35 *Tip.* Valor. *Bur.* Two ounces ! *Tip.* Prudence. *Bur.*
 Half a dram !
Tip. Iustice. *Bur.* A peny weight ! *Tip.* Religion.
Bur. Three scruples ! *Tip.* And of *grauiddá*. *Bur.* A
 face-full !
Tip. He carries such a dose of it in his lookes,
 Actions, and gestures, as it breeds respect,
- 40 To him, from *Sauages*, and reputation
 With all the sonnes of men. *Bur.* Will it giue him credit
 With Gamesters, Courtiers, Citizens, or Tradesmen ?
Tip. Hee'll borrow money on the stroke of his beard !
 Or turne off his *Mustaccio* ! His meere *cuello*,
- 45 Or Ruffe about his necke, is a Bill of *Exchange*
 In any Banke, in *Europe* ! Not a Marchant
 That sees his gate, but straight will furnish him
 Vpon his pase ! *Huf.* I haue heard the *Spanish* name
 Is terrible, to children in some Countries ;
- 50 And vs'd to make them eat—their bread and butter :
 Or take their worm-seed. *Tip.* *Huffle*, you doe shuffle :

iv n 27 After 'wine.' Throws the wine at him G How,] How O :
 How | F3 28 wreck] wreck F3 spilt] spill W 35-7 Re-
 arranged in F3 : *Tip* . . . Ounces ! | *Tip* . . . Dram ! | *Tip* . . . weight !
 | *Tip* . . . Scruples ! | *Tip* . . . -full ! 37 *grauiddá*] *grauida'd* O ·
Graviddá F3 45 necke,] necke O After 51 Enter Stuff, and
Pinnacia his wife richly habited. G

- to them : *Stuffe, Pinnacia.*
- Bur.* Slid heer's a Lady ! *Huf.* And a Lady gay !
- Tip.* A well-trimm'd Lady ! *Huf.* Let's lay her a boord.
- Bur.* Let's haile her first. *Tip.* By your sweet fauour,
Lady,
- Stu.* Good Gentlemen be ciuill, we are strangers. 55
- Bur.* And you were *Flemings*, Sir ! *Huf.* Or *Spaniards* !
- Tip.* The'are here, haue beene at *Seul* i' their dayes,
And at *Madrid* too ! *Pin.* He is a foolish fellow,
I pray you minde him not, He is my *Protection.*
- Tip.* In your protection, he is safe, sweet Lady. 60
- So shall you be, in mine. *Huf.* A share, good Coronell.
- Tip.* Of what ? *Huf.* Of your fine Lady ! I am *Hodge*,
My name is *Huffle.* *Tip.* Huffling *Hodge*, be quiet.
- Bur.* And I pray you, be you so, *Glorious Coronel*,
Hodge Huffle shall be quiet. *Huf.* A Lady gay, gay. 65
- For she is a Lady gay, gay, gay. For she's a Lady gay.
- Tip.* Bird o'the *Vespers*, *Vespertilio* Burst ;
You are a Gentleman, o' the first head,
But that head may be broke, as all the Body is——
- Burst*, if you tie not vp your *Huffle*, quickly. 70
- Huf.* Tie dogs, not man *Bur.* Nay pray thee, *Hodge*, be
still.
- Tip.* This steele here rides not, on this thigh, in vaine.
- Huf.* Shew'st thou thy steele, & thigh, thou *glorious* Dirt,
Then *Hodge* sings *Sampson*, and no ties shall hold.
- Peirce. Iug. Iorden. {To them.*
- Per.* Keepe the peace gentlemen what do you mean ? 75
- Tip.* I will not discompose my selfe, for *Huffle.*
- Pin.* You see what your entreaty, and pressure still
Of gentlemen, to be ciuill, doth bring on ?
A quarrell ? and perhaps man-slaughter ? You
Will carry your goose about you, stil ? your planing Iron ? 80
- iv 11 52 heer's] heers O 53, 54 Let's] Lett's O 53 a boord]
aboard F3 65 Huf] Huf [singing] G 67 *Vespertilio*] *Vespertilio*, O
71 man] men W *Bur* F3 *Hur* O 74 Thev fight add G
After 74 st dir them] them O originally After 76 Exeunt all (but
Stuff and *Pin*) fighting. G

Your tongue to smooth all ? is not here fine stuffe ?

Stu. Why wife ? *Pin.* Your wife ? ha' not I forbidden you that ?

Doe you thinke I'll call you husband i' this gowne,
Or any thing, in that iacket, but *Protection* ?

85 Here tie my shooe ; and shew my vellute petticoate,
And my silke stocking ! why doe you make me a Lady,
If I may not doe like a Lady, in fine clothes ?

Stu. Sweet heart, you may doe what you will, with me.

Pin. I ; I knew that at home ; what to doe with you ;
90 But why was I brought hither ? to see fashions ?

Stu. And weare them too, sweet heart, but this wild
Company—

Pin. Why doe you bring me in wild Company ?
You'd ha' me tame, and cuill, in wild Company ?
I hope I know, wild Company are fine Company,
95 And in fine company, where I am fine my selfe,
A Lady may doe any thing, deny nothing
To a fine party, I haue heard you say't.

—————*To them Peirce.*

Pei. There are a Company of Ladies aboue
Desire your Ladships Company, and to take
100 The surety of their lodgings, from the affront
Of these halfe-beasts, were heere een now, the *Centaures*.

Pin. Are they fine Ladies ? *Pei.* Some very fine Ladies.

Pin. As fine as I ? *Pei.* I dare vse no comparisons,
Being a seruant, sent— *Pin.* Spoke, like a fine fellow !
105 I would thou wert one ; I'de not then deny thee
But, thank thy Lady.

—————*To them Host*

Hos. Madam, I must craue you
To afford a Lady a visit, would excuse
Some harshnesse o' the house, you haue receiu'd
From the brute ghests. *Pin.* This's a fine old man !

iv n. 85 vellute] Velvet F3 87 clothes ?] clothes O 96
thing.] thing. O 101 Centaures.] Centaures, O 106 thy] my F3
After ' Lady ' Exit *Pierce*. | Enter *Host* G

I'd goe with him an' he were a little finer ! 110

Stu. You may sweet heart, it is mine *Host.* *Pin.* Mine *Host !*

Host. Yes *madame*, I must bid you welcom. *Pin.* Do then.

Stu. But doe not stay. *Pin.* I'll be aduis'd by you, yes !

Act 4. Scene 3.

—To them *Latimer.* *Beaufort.* *Lady.* *Pru.* *Frank.*

Host. *Pinnacia.* *Stuffe.*

What more then *Thracian* Barbarisme was this !

Bea. The battayle o' the *Centaures*, with the *Lapithes* !

Lad. There is no taming o' the *Monster* drinke.

Lat. But what a *glorious* beast our *Tipto* shew'd !

He would not discompose himselfe, the *Don* ! 5

Your *Spaniard*, nere, doth discompose himselfe.

Bea. Yet, how he talkt, and ror'd i' the beginning !

Pru. And ran as fast, as a knock'd Marro'bone.

Bea. So they did all at last, when *Lovel* went downe,

And chas'd 'hem 'bout the Court. *Lat.* For all's *Don Lewis* ! 10

Or fencing after *Euclide* ! *Lad.* I nere saw

A lightning shoot so, as my seruant did,

His rapier was a *Meteor*, and he wau'd it

Ouer 'hem, like a *Comet* ! as they fled him !

I mark'd his manhood ! euery stoope he made 15

Was like an Eagles, at a flight of Cranes !

(As I haue read somewhere) *Bea.* Brauely exprest :

Lat. And like a Louer ! *Lad.* Of his valour, I am !

He seem'd a body, rarifi'd, to ayre !

Or that his sword, and arme were of a peece, 20

They went together so ! Here, comes the Lady.

Bea. A bouncing *Bona-roba* ! as the *Flie* sayd.

Fra. She is some Giantesse ! Ile stand off,

IV. II. III Mine] mine O IV III. Scene] Scene O SCENE III.
[A Room in the Same | Enter Lord Latimer, Lord Beaufort, Lady
Framptul, Prudence, Frank, and Nurse. G 10 'hem 'bout] hem
bout O After 21 Enter Host, with Pinnacia G

- For feare she swallow me. *La.* Is not this our Gown, *Pru?*
 25 That I bespoke of *Stuffe?* *Pru.* It is the fashion!
Lad. I, and the Silke! Feele, sure it is the same!
Pru. And the same Peticote, lace, and all! *Lad.* Ile
 sweare it.
 How came it hither? make a bill of inquiry.
Pru. Yo'haue a fine sute on, Madam! and a rich one!
 30 *Lad.* And of a curious making! *Pru.* And a new!
Pin. As new, as Day. *Lat.* She answers like a fish-wife.
Pin. I put it on, since Noone, I doe assure you
Pru. Who is your Taylor? *Lad.* 'Pray you, your
 Fashioners name.
Pin. My Fashioner is a certaine man o' mine owne,
 35 He's i' the house: no matter for his name.
Host. O, but to satisfie this beuy of Ladies:
 Of which a brace, here, long'd to bid you well-come.
Pin. He's one, in truth, I tittle my *Protection*:
 Bid him come vp. *Host.* Our new Ladies *Protection*!
 40 What is your Ladiships stile? *Pin.* Countesse *Pinnacia*.
Host. Countesse *Pinnacias* man, come to your Lady.
Pru. Your Ladiships Taylor! mas *Stuffe*! *Lad.* How
Stuffe?
 He the *Protection*! *Hos.* *Stuffe* lookes like a remnant.
Stu. I am vndone, discouerd! *Pru.* 'Tis the suit,
 Madame,
 45 Now, without scruple! and this, some deuise
 To bring it home with. *Pin.* Why, vpon your knees?
 Is this your Lady Godmother? *Stu.* Mum, *Pinnacia*.
 It is the Lady *Frampol*: my best customer.
Lad. What shew is this, that you present vs with?
 50 *Stu.* I doe beseech your Ladiship, forgue me.
 She did but say the suit on. *Lad.* Who? Which she?
Stu. My wife forsooth. *Lad.* How? *Mistresse Stuffe?*
 Your wife!

iv m 39 *Host*] *Host* [calls] G 40 *Pinnacia*] *Pinnaccia* O
 After 41 *Enter Stuff.* G 42 mas] mas, O Mass, F3. master G
 44 After 'discouer'd!' Falls on his knees G 'Tis] Tis O 47 Your
 Lady] lady your W

Is that the riddle? *Pru.* We all look'd for a Lady,
A Dutchesse, or a Countesse at the least.

Stu. She is my owne lawfully begotten wife, 55
In wedlocke. We ha' beene coupled now seuen yeares.

Lad. And why thus masqu'd? You like a footman, ha!
And she your Countesse! *Pin.* To make a foole of himselfe
And of me too. *Stu.* I pray thee, *Pinnace*, peace.

Pin. Nay it shall out, since you haue cald me wife, 60
And openly dis-Ladied me! though I am dis-Countess'd,
I am not yet dis-countenanc'd. These shall see. *Hos.*
Silence!

Pi. It is a foolish tricke Madame, he has;
For though he be your Taylour, he is my beast.
I may be bold with him, and tell his story. 65

When he makes any fine garment will fit me,
Or any rich thing that he thinkes of price,
Then must I put it on, and be his *Countesse*,
Before he carry it home vnto the owners.

A coach is hir'd, and foure horse, he runnes 70
In his veluet Iackat thus, to *Rumford*, *Croyden*,
Hounslow, or *Barnet*, the next bawdy road:

And takes me out, carries me vp, and throw's me
Vpon a bed. *Lad.* Peace thou immodest woman:
She glories in the braucry o' the vice. 75

Lat. 'Tis a queint one! *Bea.* A fine *species*,
Of fornicating with a mans owne wife,
Found out by (what's his name?) *Lat.* M^r *Nic.* *Stuffe!*

Host. The very figure of preoccupation
In all his customers best clothes. *Lat.* He lies 80
With his owne *Succuba*, in all your names.

Bea. And all your credits. *Host.* I, and at all their costs.

Lat. This gown was then bespoken, for the *Soueraigne*?

Bea. I marry was it. *Lad.* And a maine offence,
Committed 'gainst the *soueraignty*: being not brought 85

rv iii 57 masqu'd] mas'qd O 61 -Countess'd.] -Countess'd] O
62 Silence] silence O 70 horse] Horses F3 76 'Tis] Tis O
84 Lad] Lat F3

Home i' the time. Beside, the prophanation,
Which may call on the censure of the Court.

Host. Let him be blanketed. Call vp the Quarter-master.
Deliuier him ore, to *Flie*. *Stu.* O good my Lord.

90 *Host.* Pillage the Pinnace. *Lad.* Let his wife be stript.

Bea. Blow off her vpper deck. *Lat.* Teare all her tackle.

Lad. Pluck the polluted robes ouer her eares ;

Or cut them all to pieces, make a fire o'them :

Pru. To rags, and cinders, burn th'idolatrous vestures.

95 *Hos.* *Flie*, & your fellowes, see that the whole censure

Be thoroughly executed. *Fly.* Wee'l tosse him, brauely,

Till the stuffe stinke againe. *Host.* And send her home,

Diuested to her flannell, in a cart.

Lat. And let her Footman beat the bason afore her.

100 *Fli.* The Court shall be obei'd. *Hos.* *Fly*, & his officers

Will doe it fiercely. *Stu.* Mercifull queene *Pru.*

Pru. I cannot help you. *Bea.* Go thy wayes *Nic.* *Stuffe*,
Thou hast nickt it for a fashioner of Venery !

Lat. For his owne hell ! though he run ten mile for't.

105 *Pru.* O here comes *Lovel*, for his second houre.

Bea. And after him, the tipe of *Spanish* valour.

Act 4. Scene 4.

Lady. *Lovel.* *Tipto.* *Latimer.* *Beaufort.* *Pru.*

Franke. *Nurse.* *Host.*

Seruant, what haue you there ? *Lou.* A meditation,

Or rather a vision, Madam, and of Beauty,

Our former subiect. *Lad.* Pray you let vs heare it.

Lov. *It was a beauty that I saw*

5 *So pure, so perfect, as the frame*

Of all the vniverse was lame,

To that one figure, could I draw,

Or giue least line of it a law !

iv iii 89 After '*Flie*' Enter *Fly*. G 96 Wee'l] Weel O brauely,]

brauely O 102 After 'you.' Exit *Fly*, with *Stuff* and *Pinnacia* G

iv. iv. Enter *Lovel* with a paper, followed by *Tipto*. G, continuing the

scene 2 Beauty.] Beauty O

A skeine of silke without a knot !
A faire march made without a halt ! 10
A curious forme without a fault !
A printed booke without a blot.
All beauty, and without a spot.

Lad. They are gentle words, and would deserue a note,
 Set to 'hem, as gentle. *Lov.* I haue tri'd my skill, 15
 To close the second houre, if you will heare them,
 My boy by that time will haue got it perfect.

Lad. Yes, gentle seruant. In what calme he speakes,
 After this noise, and tumult, so vnrou'd,
 With that serenity of countenance, 20
 As if his thoughts did acquiesce in that
 Which is the obiect of the second houre,
 And nothing else. *Pru.* Well then summon the Court.

Lad. I haue a sute to the Soueraigne of loue,
 If it may stand with the honour of the Court, 25
 To change the question but from loue, to valour,
 To heare it said, but, what true valour is,
 Which oft begets true loue. *Lat.* It is a question
 Fit for the Court, to take true knowledge of,
 And hath my iust assent. *Pru.* Content. *Bea.* Content. 30
Fra. Content. I am content, giue him his oath.

Host. *Herebert Lovel*, Thou shalt sweare vpon the testa-
 ment of loue, To make answer to this question propounded
 to thee by the Court, What true valour is. And therein to
 tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. 35
 So help thee loue, and thy bright sword at need.

Lov. So help me loue and my good sword at need.
 It is the greatest vertue, and the safety
 Of all mankind, the obiect of it is danger.
 A certaine meane 'twixt feare, and confidence . 40
 No inconsiderate rashnesse, or vaine appetite
 Of false encountring formidable things ;
 But a true science of distinguishing
 What's good or euill. It springs out of reason,

14 14. 10 march] m arch O 15 skill,] skill O 27 heare] heare, O

- 45 And tends to perfect honesty, the scope
Is alwayes honour, and the publique good :
It is no valour for a priuate cause.
- Bea.* No ? not for reputation ? *Lov.* That's mans Idoll,
Set vp 'gainst God, the maker of all lawes,
50 Who hath commanded vs we should not kill ;
And yet we say, we must for reputation.
What honest man can either feare his owne,
Or else will hurt anothers reputation ?
Feare to doe base, vnworthy things, is valour,
55 If they be done to vs, to suffer them,
Is valour too. The office of a man
That's truly valiant, is considerable
Three wayes : The first is in respect of *matter*,
Which still is danger ; in respect of *forme*,
60 Wherein he must preserue his dignity ;
And in the *end*, which must be euer lawfull.
- Lat.* But men, when they are heated, and in passion,
Cannot consider. *Lov.* Then it is not valour.
I neuer thought an angry person valiant :
65 Vertue is neuer ayded by a vice.
What need is there of anger, and of tumult ?
When reason can doe the same things, or more ?
- Bea.* O yes, 'tis profitable, and of vse,
It makes vs fierce, and fit to vndertake.
- 70 *Lov.* Why so will drink make vs both bold, and rash.
Or phrensie if you will, doe these make valiant ?
They are poore helps, and vertue needs them not.
No man is valianter by being angry,
But he that could not valiant be without :
75 So, that it comes not in the aid of vertue,
But in the stead of it. *Lat.* He holds the right.
- Lov.* And 'tis an odious kinde of remedy,
To owe our health to a disease. *Tip.* If man
Should follow the *dictamen* of his passion,

He could not scape—— *Bea.* To discompose himselfe. 80
Lat. According to *Don Lewis* ! *Host.* Or *Caranza* !
Lov. Good Colonel *Glorious*, whilst we treat of valour,
Dismiss your selfe. *Lat.* You are not concern'd. *Lov.* Go
drink,
And congregate the Hostlers, and the Tapsters,
The vnder-officers o' your regiment ; 85
Compose with them, and be not angry valiant ! *Tipto goes out.*
Bea. How do's that differ from true valour ? *Lov.* Thus.
In the *efficient*, or that which makes it,
For it proceeds from passion, not from iudgement :
Then brute beasts haue it, wicked persons, there 90
It differs in the *subiect* : in the *forme*,
'Tis carried rashly, and with violence :
Then i' the *end*, where it respects not truth,
Or publique honesty ; but mere reuenge.
Now confident, and vndertaking valour, 95
Swayes from the true, two other wayes ; as being
A trust in our owne faculties, skill, or strength,
And not the right, or conscience o' the *cause*,
That workes it : Then i'the *end*, which is the victory,
And not the honour. *Bea.* But the ignorant valour 100
That knowes not why it undertakes, but doth it
T(o)escape the infamy merely—— *Lov.* Is worst of all :
That valour lies, i'the eyes o' the lookers on ;
And is cal'd valour with a witnesse. *Bea.* Right :
Lov. The things true valour is exercis'd about, 105
Are pouerty, restraint, captiuitie,
Banishment, losse of children, long disease :
The least is death. Here valour is beheld,
Properly seene ; about these it is present :
Not triuall things, which but require our confidence. 110
And, yet to those, we must obiect our selues,
Only for honesty : if any other
Respect be mixt, we quite put out her light.
And as all knowledge, when it is remou'd
Or separate from iustice, is cal'd craft, 115

- Rather then wisdom : so a minde affecting,
 Or vnder-taking dangers, for ambition,
 Or any selfe pretext, not for the publike,
 Deserues the name of daring, not of valour.
- 120 And ouer-daring is as great a vice,
 As ouer-fearing. *Lat.* Yes, and often greater.
Lov. But as <it> is not the mere punishment,
 But cause, that makes a martyr, so it is not
 Fighting, or dying ; but the manner of it
- 125 Renders a man himselfe. A valiant man
 Ought not to vndergoe, or tempt a danger,
 But worthily, and by selected wayes :
 He vnder-takes with reason, not by chance.
 His valour is the salt to his other vertues,
- 130 They are all vnseason'd without it. The waiting maids,
 Or the concomitants of it, are his patience,
 His magnanimity, his confidence,
 His constancy, security, and quiet ;
 He can assure himselfe against all rumour !
- 135 Despaire of nothing ! laughs at contumelies !
 As knowing himselfe aduanced in a height
 Where iniury cannot reach him, nor aspersion
 Touch him with soyle ! *Lad.* Most manly vttered all !
 As if *Achilles* had the chaire in valour,
- 140 And *Hercules* were but a Lecturer !
 Who would not hang vpon those lips for euer !
 That strike such musique ? I could run on them ;
 But modesty is such a schoole mistresse,
 To keepe our sexe in awe. *Pru.* Or you can faine !
- 145 My subtile and dissembling Lady mistresse.
Lat. I feare she meanes it, *Pru.* in too good earnest !
Lov. The purpose of an iniury, 'tis to vex
 And trouble me : now, nothing can doe that,

iv iv 122 it F3 123 cause, that] cause that, O 124 but]
hut O 136 himselfe] himselfe, O 144-5 faine ! | My so
G in O and F3 faine ! my | Subtile 147 iniury.] iniury O
148 nothing] nothing' O the apostrophe is a misreading of the comma
after 'iniury' in l 147

To him that's valiant. He that is affected
 With the least iniury, is lesse then it. 150
 It is but reasonable, to conclude
 That should be stronger, still, which hurts, then that
 Which is hurt. Now no wickednesse is stronger,
 Then what opposeth it : Not Fortunes selfe,
 When she encounters vertue, but comes off 155
 Both lame, and lesse ! why should a wise man then,
 Confesse himselfe the weaker, by the feeling
 Of a fooles wrong ? There may an iniury
 Be meant me, I may choose, if I will take it.
 But we are, now, come to that delicacie, 160
 And tendernesse of sense, we thinke an insolence
 Worse then an iniury, beare words worse then deeds ;
 We are not so much troubled with the wrong,
 As with the opinion of the wrong ! like children,
 We are made afraid with visors ! Such poore sounds 165
 As is the lie, or common words of spight,
 Wise lawes thought neuer worthy a reuenge ;
 And 'tis the narrownesse of humane nature,
 Our pouerty, and beggery of spirit,
 To take exception at these things. He laugh'd at me ! 170
 He broke a iest ! a third tooke place of me !
 How most ridiculous quarrels are all these ?
 Notes of a queasie, and sick stomach, labouring
 With want of a true iniury ! the maine part
 Of the wrong, is, our vice of taking it. 175
Lat. Or our interpreting it to be such.
Lov. You take it rightly. If a woman, or child
 Gue me the lie, would I be angry ? no,
 Not if I were i' my wits, sure I should thinke it
 No spice of a disgrace No more is theirs, 180
 If I will thinke it, who are to be held
 In as contemptible a ranke, or worse.
 I am kept out a Masque, sometime thrust out,
 Made wait a day, two, three, for a great word,

- 185 Which (when it comes forth) is all frown, and forehead !
 What laughter should this breed, rather then anger !
 Out of the tumult, of so many errors,
 To feele, with contemplation, mine owne quiet ?
 If a great person doe me an affront,
- 190 A Giant of the time, sure, I will beare it
 Or out of patience, or necessity !
 Shall I doe more for feare, then for my iudgement ?
 For me now to be angry with *Hodge Huffle*,
 Or *Burst* (his broken charge) if he be sawcy,
- 195 Or our owne type of *Spanish* valour, *Tipto*,
 (Who were he now necessited to beg,
 Would aske an almes, like *Conde Olhuares*)
 Were iust to make my selfe, such a vaine *Animal*
 As one of them. If light wrongs touch me not,
- 200 No more shall great ; if not a few, not many
 There's nought so sacred with vs but may finde
 A sacrilegious person, yet the thing is
 No lesse diuine, 'cause the prophane can reach it.
 He is shot-free, in battayle, is not hurt,
- 205 Not he that is not hit So he is valiant,
 That yeelds not vnto wrongs ; not he that scapes 'hem :
 They that do pull downe Churches, and deface
 The holiest Altars, cannot hurt the God-head.
 A calme wise man may shew as much true valour,
- 210 Amid'st these popular prouocations,
 As can an able Captaine shew security,
 By his braue conduct, through an enemies country.
 A wise man neuer goes the peoples way,
 But as the Planets still moue contrary
- 215 To the worlds motion ; so doth he, to opinion :
 He will examine, if those accidents
 (Which common fame cals injuries) happen to him
 Deseruedly, or no ? come they deseruedly,
 They are no wrongs then, but his punishments :

iv iv 190 beare] bearc O
 beg.] beg O

203 'cause] cause O

196 necessited] necessitated F3

If vnderdeservedly, and he not guilty, 220
The doer of them, first, should blush, not he.

Lat. Excellent! *Bea.* Truth, and right! *Fra.* An Oracle
Could not haue spoken more! *Lad.* Beene more beleue'd!

Pru. The whole Court runnes into your sentence, Sir!
And see, your second houre is almost ended. 225

Lad. It cannot be! O clip the wings of time,
Good *Pru*, or make him stand still with a charme.
Distill the gout into it, cramps, all diseases
T(o)'arrest him in the foot, and fix him here:
O, for an engine, to keepe backe all clocks! 230
Or make the Sunne forget his motion!

If I but knew what drinke the Time now lou'd,
To set my *Trundle* at him, mine owne *Barnabe*!

Pru. Why? I'll consult our *Shelee-nien To-mas*.

Nur. *Er grae Chreest.* *Bea.* Wake her not *Nur.* *Tower*
een Cuppan 235

D'vsque bagh doone. *Pru.* *Vsque bagh's* her drinke.
But 'twi' not make the time drunke. *Host.* As't hath her,
Away with her, my Lord, but marry her first. *Pru,*

Pru. I, that'll be sport anone too, for my Lady.
But she hath other game to fly at yet: 240
The houre is come, your kisse *Lad.* My seruants song,
first.

Pru. I say the kisse, first; and I so enioyn'd it:
At your owne perill, doe, make the contempt.

Lad. Well Sir, you must be pay'd, and legally.

Pru. Nay nothing, Sir, beyond *Lov.* One more—I except. 245
This was but halfe a kisse, and I would change it.

Pru. The Court's dissolu'd, remou'd, and the play ended.
No sound, or aire of *Loue* more, I decree it.

Lov From what a happinesse hath that one word
Throwne me, into the gulfe of misery? 250

IV. IV. 234 *Shelee-nien*] *Shelee nien*, O *Shakes her*, add G 235 *Cup-*
pan] *Cuppaw* G 238 After 'first' *Exit Lord B with Frank.* G
first *Pru.*] first, *Pru.* F3: Ay, G, omitting 'Pru' 239 I, that'll be]
That will be G 244 *Kisses Lovel.* add G 247 *Pru*] *Pur*
O, F3

- To what a bottomlesse despaire? how like
 A Court remoouing, or an ended Play
 Shewes my abrupt precipitate estate,
 By how much more my vaine hopes were encreas'd
 255 By these false houres of conuersation?
 Did not I prophesie this, of my selfe,
 And gaue the true prognosticks? O my braine!
 How art thou turned! and my blood congeald!
 My sinewes slackned! and my marrow melted!
 260 That I remember not where I haue bin,
 Or what I am? Only my tongue's on fire;
 And burning downward, hurles forth coales, & cinders,
 To tell, this temple of loue, will soone be ashes!
 Come Indignation, now, and be my mistresse,
 265 No more of *Loues* ingratefull tyranny,
 His wheele of torture, and his pits of bird-lime,
 His nets of nooses, whirle-pooles of vexation,
 His mills, to grind his seruants into powder——
 I will goe catch the wind first in a sieue,
 270 Weigh smoak, and measure shadowes, plough the water,
 And sow my hopes there, ere I stay in *Loue*.
Lat. My iealousie is off, I am now secure.
Lov Farewell the craft of crocodiles, womens piety,
 And practise of it, in this art of flattering,
 275 And fooling men. I ha' not lost my reason,
 Though I haue lent my selfe out, for two howres,
 Thus to be baffuld by a Chambermaid,
 And the good Actor, her Lady, afore mine Host,
 Of the light Heart, here, that hath laught at all——
 280 *Host.* Who, I? *Lov.* Laugh on, Sir, Ile to bed, and
 sleepe,
 And dreame away the vapour of *Loue*, if th'house
 And your leere drunkards let me. *Lad. Pru. Pru.* Sweet
 Madame.

iv. iv. 253 Shewes] Shewes, O 257 O] o O : o' F3 265
 tyranny,] tyranny. O 272 *Aside and exit* add G 280 Who,]
 Who O 282 After 'me' *Exeunt all but Lady F. Prudence, and*
Nurse G

- Lad.* Why would you let him goe thus? *Pru.* In whose power
Was it to stay him, prop'rer then my Ladies!
- Lad.* Why, in your Ladies? Are not you the Soueraigne? 285
- Pru.* Would you, in conscience, Madame, ha' me vex
His patience more? *Lad.* No, but apply the cure,
Now it is vex't. *Pru.* That's but one bodies worke.
Two cannot doe the same thing handsomely.
- Lad.* But had not you the authority, absolute? 290
- Pru.* And were not you i' rebellion, Lady *Frampul*,
From the beginning? *Lad.* I was somewhat froward,
I must confesse, but frowardnesse sometime
Becomes a beauty, being but a visor
Put on. You'll let a Lady weare her masque, *Pru.* 295
- Pru.* But how do I know, when her Ladiship is pleas'd
To leaue it off, except she tell me so?
- Lad.* You might ha' knowne that by my lookes, and
language,
Had you beene or regardant, or obseruant.
One woman, reads anothers character, 300
Without the tedious trouble of deciphering,
If she but gue her mind to't; you knew well,
It could not sort with any reputation
Of mine, to come in first, hauing stood out
So long, without conditions, for mine honor. 305
- Pru.* I thought you did expect none, you so jeer'd him,
And put him off with scorne—— *Lad.* Who, I, with scorn?
I did expresse my loue, to idolatry rather,
And so am iustly plagu'd, not vnderstood.
- Pru.* I sweare, I thought you had dissembled, Madam, 310
And doubt, you do so yet. *Lad.* Dull, stupid, wench!
Stay i' thy state of ignorance still, be damn'd,
An idiot Chambermayd! Hath all my care,
My breeding thee in fashion, thy rich clothes,

iv. iv 285 your G: her O
Frampul F3: *Frampal* O
deciphering .. to't, O, F3

287 No, Editor: Not O, F3 291
301-2 deciphering. . . to't, W:

- 315 Honours, and titles wrought no brighter effects
 On thy darke soule, then thus? Well! go thy wayes,
 Were not the Tailors wife, to be demolish'd,
 Ruin'd, vncas'd, thou shouldst be she, I vow.
Pru. Why, take your spangled properties, your gown,
 320 And scarfes. *Lad. Pru, Pru*, what doest thou meane?
Pru. I will not buy this play-boyes brauery,
 At such a price, to be vpbraided for it,
 Thus, euery minute. *Lad.* Take it not to heart so.
Pru. The Taylors wife? There was a word of scorn!
 325 *Lad.* It was a word fell from me, *Pru*, by chance.
Pru. Good Madame, please to vndeceau your selfe,
 I know when words do slip, and when they are darterd
 With all their bitternesse: vncas'd? demolish't?
 An idiot-Chambermaid, stupid, and dull?
 330 Be damn'd for ignorance? I will be so.
 And thinke I doe deserue it, that, and more,
 Much more I do. *Lad.* Here comes mine Host! No crying!
 Good *Pru.* Where is my seruant *Lovel*, Host?
Hos. Yo' ha' sent him vp to bed, would you would follow
 him!
 335 And make my house amends! *Lad.* Would you aduise it?
Hos. I would I could command it. My light heart
 Should leape till midnight. *Lad.* Pray thee be not sullen,
 I yet must ha' thy counsell. Thou shalt weare, *Pru*,
 The new gowne, yet. *Pru.* After the Taylours wife?
 340 *Lad.* Come, be not angrie, or grieu'd. I haue a proiect.
Hos. Wake *Sheleenien Thomas*! Is this your Heraldrie?
 And keeping of records, to loose the maine?
 Where is your charge? *Nur. Gra chreest!* *Hos.* Goe aske
 th'oracle
 O'the bottle, at your girdle, there you lost it:
 345 You are a sober setter of the watch.

iv. iv. 320 After 'scarfes' *Tearing off her gown* G 329 idiot-]
 1d1ot— O. Idiot—F3 333 After 'Pru' *Re-enter Host.* G
 334 Yo' ha' F3: Yo ha O would] would, O 340. *Exeunt Lady*
 F. and Pru. add G 342 loose] lose F3 345 *Exeunt.* add G

Act 5. Scene 1.

Host. Fly.

Come *Fly*, and legacie, the Bird o'the heart :
 Prime insect of the Inne, Professor, Quarter-master,
 As euer thou deserued'st thy daily drinke,
 Padling in sacke, and licking i'the same,
 Now shew thy selfe an implement of price, 5
 And helpe to raise a nap to vs, out of nothing.
 Thou saw'st 'hem married? *Fly.* I doe thinke, I did,
 And heard the words, I *Philip*, take thee, *Læticæ*,
 I gaue her too, was then the father *Flæ*,
 And heard the Priest do his part, far as fūe nobles 10
 Would lead him i' the lines of matrimonie.

Host. Where were they married? *Fly.* I'th' new stable.

Hos. Ominous!

I ha' knowne many a church beene made a stable,
 But not a stable made a church till now :
 I wish 'hem ioy. *Fly*, was he a full priest? 15

Fly. He belly'd for it, had his veluet sleeues,
 And his branch'd cassock, a side sweeping gowne,
 All his formalities, a good cramm'd diuine!
 I went not farre to fetch him, the next Inne,
 Where he was lodg'd, for the action. *Hos.* Had they a
 licence? 20

Fly. Licence of loue, I saw no other, and purse,
 To pay the duties both of Church, and house,
 The angels flew about. *Host* Those birds send luck :
 And mirth will follow. I had thought to ha' sacrific'd,
 To merriment to night, i' my light Heart, *Fly*, 25
 And like a noble Poet, to haue had
 My last act best : but all failes i' the plot.
Lovel is gone to bed ; the Lady *Frampull*

v 1 Act] Act O SCENE I | A Room in the Inn | Enter Host and
 Fly G 2 Inne] Inne O 8 I Philip] I, Philip G . Philip, I O
 12 Two lines in F3, divided after 'married' I'th'] I'th O stable.]
 stable, O

- And Soueraigne *Pru* falne out : *Tipto*, and his Regiment
 30 Of mine-men, al drunk dumbe, from his who(o)p *Barnaby*,
 To his hoope *Trundle* : they are his two Tropicks.
 No proiect to reare laughter on, but this,
 The marriage of Lord *Beaufort*, with *Lætitia*.
 Stay ! what's here ! The sattin gowne redeem'd !
 35 And *Pru* restor'd in't, to her Ladyes grace !
Fly. She is set forth in't ! rig'd for some imployment !
Hos. An Embassy at least ! *Fly.* Some treaty of state !
Host. 'Tis a fine tack about ! and worth the obseruing.

Act 5. Scene 2.

Lady. Prudence. Host. Fly.

- Sweet *Pru*, I, now thou art a Queene indeed !
 These robes doe royally ! and thou becom'st 'hem !
 So they doe thee ! rich garments only fit
 The partyes they are made for ! they shame others.
 5 How did they shew on good'y *Taylors* back !
 Like a Caparison for a Sow, God saue vs !
 Thy putting 'hem on hath purg'd, and hallow'd 'hem
 From all pollution, meant by the *Mechanicks*.
Pru Hang him poore snip, a secular shop-wit !
 10 H'hath nought but his sheeres to claime by, & his measures,
 His prentise may as well put in, for his needle,
 And plead a stitch. *Lad* They haue no taint in 'hem,
 Now, o' the Taylor. *Pru.* Yes, of his wiues hanches,
 Thus thicke of fat ; I smell 'hem, o' the say.
 15 *Lad.* It is restoratiue, *Pru* ! with thy but chafing it,
 A barren Hindes grease may worke miracles.
 Finde but his chamber doore, and he will rise
 To thee ! or if thou pleasest, faine to be
 The wretched party her selfe, and com'st vnto him
 20 *In forma pauperis*, to craue the aide
 Of his Knight errant valour, to the rescue

v i. 30 whoop] Whoop F3 38 They stand aside add G
 v 11 Enter lady Frampul, and Prudence magnificently dressed G, con-
 tinuing the scene 7 'hem on] hem on O 13 Now,] Now O

Of thy distressed robes I name but thy gowne,
And he will rise to that ! *Pru.* Ile fire the charme first,
I had rather dye in a ditch, with Mistresse *Shore*,
Without a smock, as the pitifull matter has it, 25
Then owe my wit to cloathes, or ha' it beholden.

Host. Still spirit of *Pru* ! *Fly.* And smelling o'the *Soueraigne* !

Pru. No, I will tell him, as it is, indeed ;
I come from the fine, froward, frampull Lady,
One was runne mad with pride, wild with selfe-loue, 30
But late encountring a wise man, who scorn'd her,
And knew the way to his owne bed, without
Borrowing her warming-pan, she hath recouer'd
Part of her wits : so much as to consider
How farre she hath trespass'd, vpon whom, and how. 35
And now sits penitent and solitary,
Like the forsaken Turtle, in the volary
Of the light Heart, the cage, she hath abus'd,
Mourning her folly, weeping at the height
She measures with her eye, from whence she is falne, 40
Since she did branch it, on the top o'the wood.

Lad. I pr'y thee *Pru*, abuse me enough, that's vse me
As thou think'st fit, any course way, to humble me,
Or bring me home againe, or *Lovel* on :
Thou doest not know my suffrings, what I feele, 45
My fires, and feares, are met : I burne, and freeze,
My liuer's one great coale, my heart shrunke vp
With all the fiuers, and the masse of blood
Within me, is a standing lake of fire,
Curl'd with the cold wind of my gelid sighs, 50
That driue a drift of sleete through all my body,
And shoot a *February* through my veines.
Vntil I see him, I am drunke with thirst,
And surfeted with hunger of his presence.
I know not whêr I am, or no, or speake, 55

v. 11 29 frampull] *Frampul* F3 43 think'st] thinkest O 48
fiuers] fibers 1716 : fibres W

Or whether thou doest heare me. *Pru.* Spare expressions.
 Ile once more venture for your Ladiship,
 So you will vse your fortunes reuerendly.

Lad. Religiously, deare *Pru*, *Loue* and his *Mother*,
 60 Ile build them seuerall Churches, Shrines, and Altars,
 And ouer head, Ile haue, in the glasse windowes,
 The story of this day be painted, round,
 For the poore Layety of loue to read,
 Ile make my selfe their booke, nay their example,
 65 To bid them take occasion by the forelock,
 And play no after-games of *Loue*, hereafter.

Host. And here your Host, and's *Fly*, witnes your vows.
 And like two lucky birds, bring the presage
 Of a loud iest: Lord *Beaufort* married is. *Lad.* Ha!

70 *Fli.* All to be married. *Pru.* To whom, not your sonne?

Host. The same, *Pru.* If her Ladiship could take truce
 A little with her passion, and giue way
 To their mirth now running. *Lad.* Runn's it mirth, let't
 come,

It shall be well receiu'd, and much made of it.

75 *Pru.* We must of this, It was our owne conception.

Act 5. Scene 3.

———*Latimer. To them.*

Roome for green rushes, raise the Fidlers, Chamberlain,
 Call vp the house in armes. *Hos.* This will rouze *Lovel*.

Fly. And bring him on too. *Lat.* *Sheelee-neen* <*Thomas*>
 Runns like a Heyfar, bitten with the Brieze,
 5 About the court, crying on *Fly*, and cursing.

Fly. For what, my Lord? *Lat.* Yo'were best heare that
 from her,

v. 11 58 reuerendly] reverently G 63 read,] read. F3 67 *Hosf*
Host [coming forward with *Fly*] G 69 Lord *Beaufort* married is]
 Lord *Beaufort*'s married G 71 same,] same O, F3 73 let't]
 let's F3 v 111. Enter Lord *Latimer*. G, continuing the scene
 1 Fidlers,] Fidler's F3 3 *Sheelee-neen* *Thomas* G: *Sheelee-neen*.
 O, F3 (cf iv. 1v 234, 341, v. v. 28)

It is no office, *Fly*, fits my relation.

Here come the happy couple! Ioy, Lord *Beaufort*.

Fly. And my yong Lady too. *Hos*. Much ioy, my Lord!

Act 5. Scene 4.

Beaufort. *Franke*. *Seruant(s)*. {To them.

I thanke you all, I thanke thee, Father *Fly*.

Madam, my Cossen, you looke discompos'd,

I haue beene bold with a sallad, after supper,

O' your owne lettice, here: *Lad*. You haue, my Lord.

But lawes of hospitality, and faire rites, 5

Would haue made me acquainted. *Bea*. I' your owne house,

I doe acknowledge: Else, I much had trespass'd.

But in an Inne, and publique, where there is licence

Of all community: a pardon o' course

May be su'de out. *Lat*. It will, my Lord, and carry it. 10

I doe not see, how any storme, or tempest

Can helpe it, now. *Pru*. The thing being done, and past,

You beare it wisely, and like a Lady of iudgement.

Bea. She is that, secretary *Pru*. *Pru*. Why secretary? 15

My wise Lord? is your braine lately married?

Bea. Your raigne is ended, *Pru*, no soueraigne now:
Your date is out, and dignity expir'd.

Pru. I am annul'd, how can I treat with *Lovel*,
Without a new commission? *Lad*. Thy gown's commission.

Host. Haue patience, *Pru*, expect, bid the Lord ioy. 20

Pru. And this braue Lady too. I wish them ioy.

Pei. Ioy. *Ior*. Ioy. *Iug*. All ioy. *Hos*. I, the house full
of ioy.

Fly. Play the bells, Fidlers, crack your strings with ioy.

Pru. But Lady *Letice*, you shew'd a neglect
Vn-to-be-pardon'd, to'ards my Lady, your kinswoman, 25

Not to advise with her. *Bea*. Good politique *Pru*,

Vrge not your state-aduice, your after-wit;

v m 8 After 'couple!' Enter lord Beaufort, Frank, Ferret, Jordan,
and Jug, Fiddlers, Seruants, etc. G v iv. G continues the scene.
Seruants] Sernant O 15 braine] braine too G conj. 23 Music. add G

- 'Tis neare vpbraiding. Get our bed ready, Chamberlain,
 And Host, a Bride-cup, you haue rare conceipts,
 30 And good ingredients, euer an old Host
 Vpo' the road, has his prouocatiue drinks.
Lat. He is either a good Baud, or a Physician.
Bea. 'Twas well he heard you not, his back was turn'd.
 A bed, the *Geniall* bed, a brace of boyes
 35 To night I play for. *Pru.* Giue vs points, my Lord.
Bea. Here take 'hem, *Pru*, my cod-piece point, and all,
 I ha' claspes, my *Letice* armes, here take 'hem boyes.
 What, is the chamber ready? speake, why stare you
 On one another? *Ior.* No Sir. *Bea.* And why no?
 40 *Ior.* My master has forbid it. He yet doubts
 That you are married. *Bea.* Aske his vicar generall,
 His *Fly*, here. *Fly.* I must make that good, they are
 married.
Host. But I must make it bad, my hot yong Lord.
 Gi' him his doublet againe, the aier is peircing;
 45 You may take cold, my Lord. See whom you ha' married,
 Your hosts sonne, and a boy. *Fly.* You are abus'd.
Lad. Much ioy, my Lord. *Pru.* If this be your *Lætitia*,
 Shee'l proue a counterfeit mirth, and a clip'd Lady.
Ser. A boy, a boy; my Lord has married a boy.
 50 *Lat.* Raise all the house in shout, and laughter, a boy!
Host. Stay, what is here! peace rascals, stop your throats.

Act 5. Scene 5.

———*Nurse.* { *To them.*

- That magot, worme, that insect! O my child,
 My daughter! where's that *Fly*? Ile fly in his face,
 The vermin, let me come to him. *Fly.* Why *Nurse Shelee*?
Nur. Hang thee thou *Parasite*, thou sonne of crums,
 5 And ortes, thou hast vndone me, and my child,

v iv 37 *Throws off his doublet, etc* add G 38 What, F3. What O
 you] you! O 46 a boy] aboy O *Pulls off Frank's head-dress.* G
 v v. Act . . . them] *Enter Nurse hastily* G, continuing the scene

My daughter, my deare daughter. *Ho.* What meanes this ?

Nur. O Sir, my daughter, my deare child is ruin'd,
By this your *Fly*, here, married in a stable,
And sold vnto a husband. *Host.* Stint thy cry,
Harlot, if that be all, did'st thou not sell him 10
To me for a boy ? and brought'st him in boyes rags,
Here to my doore, to beg an almes of me ?

Nur. I did good M^r, and I craue your pardon.
But 'tis my daughter, and a girle. *Host.* Why sayd'st thou
It was a boy, and sold'st him then, to me 15
With such entreaty, for ten shillings, Carlin ?

Nur. Because you were a charitable man
I heard, good M^r, and would breed him well,
I would ha' giu'n him you, for nothing, gladly.
Forgiue the lie o' my mouth, it was to saue 20
The fruit o' my wombc. A parents needs are vrgent.
And few doe know that tyrant o're good natures.
But you relieu'd her, and me too, the Mother,
And tooke me into your house to be the nurse,
For which heauen heape all blessings on your head, 25
Whilst there can one be added. *Host.* Sure thou speakst
Quite like another creature, then th'hast liu'd,
Here, i'the house, a *Shelee-neen Thomas*,
An *Irish* beggar. *Nur.* So I am, God helpe me.

Host. What art thou ? tell. The match is a good match, 30
For ought I see ring the bells once againe.

Bea. Stint, I say, Fidlers. *Lad.* No going off, my Lord.

Bea. Nor comming on, sweet Lady, things thus standing !

Fly. But what's the haynousnesse of my offence ?

Or the degrees of wrong you suffer'd by it ? 35
In hauing your daughter match't thus happily,
Into a noble house, a braue yong blood,
And a prime peere o'the Realme ? *Bea.* Was that your plot,
Fly ?

Gi' me a cloak, take her againe among you.

v v 30 tell] tell, O : Tell F3 31 againe] a game O *Musick* add G
32 off.] off O 33 on.] on O

- 40 Ile none of your light-Heart fosterlings, no Inmates,
Supposititious fruits of an Host's braine,
 And his *Fly's* hatching, to be put vpon me.
 There is a royall Court o'the *Star-chamber*,
 Will scatter all these mists, disperse these vapours,
- 45 And cleare the truth. Let beggers match with beggers.
 That shall decide it, I will try it there.
Nur. Nay then my Lord, it's not enough, I see,
 You are licentious, but you will be wicked.
 Yo' are not alone content to take my daughter,
- 50 Against the law ; but hauing taken her,
 You would repudiate, and cast her off,
 Now, at your pleasure, like a beast of power,
 Without all cause, or colour of a cause,
 That, or a noble, or an honest man,
- 55 Should dare t'except against, her pouerty.
 Is pouerty a vice ? *Bea.* Th'age counts it so.
Nur. God helpe your Lordship, and your peeres that
 think so,
 If any be : if not, God blesse them all,
 And helpe the number o'the vertuous,
- 60 If pouerty be a crime. You may obiect
 Our beggery to vs, as an accident,
 But neuer deeper, no inherent basenesse.
 And I must tell you, now, yong Lord of durt,
 As an incensed mother, she hath more,
- 65 And better blood, running i' those small veines,
 Then all the race of *Beauforts* haue in masse,
 Though they distill their drops from the left rib
 Of *Iohn o' Gaunt.* *Host.* Old mother o' records,
 Thou know'st her pedegree, then : whose daughter is she ?
- 70 *Nur.* The daughter and coheire to the Lord *Frampull*,
 This Ladies sister ! *Lad.* Mine ? what is her name ?
Nur. *Lætitia.* *Lad.* That was lost ? *Nur.* The true
Lætitia.

v. v. 43 -chamber,] -chamber O
 55 Query, read against her pouerty,

47 it's] 'Its O see,] see O
 68 o'] o' O 72 Lad.] Lad O

Lad. Sister, O gladnesse ! Then you are our mother ?

Nur. I am, deare daughter. *Lad.* On my knees, I blesse
The light I see you by. *Nur.* And to the author 75
Of that blest light, I ope my other eye,
Which hath almost, now, seuen yeare beene shut,
Darke, as my vow was, neuer to see light,
Till such a light restor'd it, as my children,
Or your deare father, who (I heare) is not. 80

Bea. Giue me my wife, I owne her now, and will haue
her.

Host. But you must aske my leaue first, my yong Lord,
Leaue is but light. *Ferret,* goe bolt your Master,
Here's geare will startle him. I cannot keepe
The passion in me, I am eene turn'd child, 85
And I must weepe. *Fly,* take away mine host,
My beard, and cap here, from me, and fetch my Lord.
I am her father, Sir, and you shall now
Aske my consent, before you haue her. Wife !
My deare and louing wife ! my honor'd wife ! 90
Who here hath gain'd but I ? I am Lord *Frampull,*
The cause of all this trouble ; I am he
Haue measur'd all the Shires of *England* ouer :
Wales, and her mountaines, seene those wilder nations,
Of people in the *Peake,* and *Lancashire* ; 95
Their Pipers, Fidlers, Rushers, Puppet-masters,
Iuglers, and Gipseys, all the sorts of Canters,
And Colonies of beggars, Tumblers, Ape-carriers,
For to these sauages I was addicted,
To search their natures, and make odde discoueries ! 100
And here my wife, like a she *Mandeuile,*
Ventred in disquisition, after me.

Nur. I may looke vp, admire, I cannot speake
Yet, to my Lord. *Host.* Take heart, and breath, recouer,
Thou hast recouer'd me, who here had coffin'd 105

v. v 83 goe] Goe O 84 After 'him' Exit *Ferret* G 86 Pulls
off his disguise. add G 87 Exit *Fly* add G 92 trouble ;]
trouble ? O After 102 Re-enter *Fly* with lord *Frampull's* robes. G

- My selfe alieue, in a poore hostelry,
 In pennance of my wrongs done vnto thee,
 Whom I long since gaue lost. *Nur.* So did I you,
 Till stealing mine owne daughter from her sister,
 110 I lighted on this errour hath cur'd all.
- Bea.* And in that cure, include my trespasse, Mother,
 And Father, for my wife—— *Host.* No, the Star-chamber.
- Bea.* Away with that, you sowre the sweetest lettice
 Was euer tasted. *Host.* Gi' you ioy, my Sonne,
 115 Cast her not off againe. O call me Father,
Lovel, and this your Mother, if you like :
 But take your Mistris, first, my child ; I haue power
 To giue her now, with her consent, her sister
 Is giuen already to your brother *Beaufort.*
- 120 *Lov.* Is this a dreame now, after my first sleepe ?
 Or are these phant'sies made i'the light Heart ?
 And sold i'the new Inne ? *Host.* Best goe to bed,
 And dreame it ouer all. Let's all goe sleepe,
 Each with his Turtlc. *Fly,* prouide vs lodgings,
 125 Get beds prepar'd yo' are master now o' the Inne,
 The Lord o' the light Heart, I giue it you.
Fly, was my fellow *Gipsey.* All my family,
 Indeed, were *Gipseys,* Tapsters, Ostlers, Chamberlaines,
 Reduced vessels of ciuility.
- 130 But here stands *Pru,* neglected, best deseruing
 Of all that are i' the house, or i' my Heart,
 Whom though I cannot helpe to a fit husband,
 Ile helpe to that will bring one, a iust portion :
 I haue two thousand pound in banke, for *Pru,*
 135 Call for it when she will. *Bea.* And I as much.
- Host.* There's somewhat yet, foure thousand pound !
 that's better,
 Then sounds the proucrbe, *foure bare legs in a bed.*
- Lov.* Me, and her mistresse, she hath power to coyne
 140 *Yp,* into what she will. *Lad.* Indefinite *Pru.*
- Lad.* But I must doe the crowning act of bounty !
 [v. v 107 thee,] thee O 115 After ' againe.' Enter *Lovel.* G

Host. What's that, my Lord? *Lat.* Giue her my selfe,
which here

By all the holy vowes of *loue* I doe.

Spare all your promis'd portions, she is a dowry

So all-sufficient in her vertue and manners,

That fortune cannot adde to her. *Pru.* My Lord, 145

Your praises, are instructions to mine eares,

Whence, you haue made your wife, to lue your seruant.

Host. Lights, get vs scuerall lights. *Lov.* Stay, let my
M^{rs}

But heare my vision sung, my dreame of beauty,

Which I haue brought, prepar'd, to bid vs ioi, 150

And light vs all to bed, 'twill be instead

Of ayring of the sheets with a sweet odour.

Host. 'Twill be an incense to our sacrifice

Of *loue* to night, where I will woo afresh,

And like *Mecænas*, hauing but one wife, 155

Ile marry her, euery houre of life, hereafter.

They goe out, with a Song.

v v 142 doe] doe, O do F3 148 Stay,] Stay O 155
Mecænas] Mæcenas W

Epilogue.

- P** *Layes in themselves haue neither hopes, nor feares,*
Their fate is only in their hearers eares :
If you expect more then you had to night,
The maker is sick, and sad. But doe him right,
5 *He meant to please you : for he sent things fit,*
In all the numbers, both of sense, and wit,
If they ha' not miscarried ! if they haue,
All that his faint, and faltring tongue doth craue,
Is, that you not impute it to his braine.
10 *That's yet unhurt, although set round with paine,*
It cannot long hold out. All strength must yeeld.
Yet rudgement would the last be, i' the field,
With a true Poet. He could haue hal'd in
The drunkards, and the noyses of the Inne,
15 *In his last Act ; if he had thought it fit*
To vent you vapours, in the place of wit :
But better 'twas, that they should sleepe, or spew,
Then in the Scene to offend or him, or you.
This he did thinke ; and this doe you forgiue :
20 *When e're the carcasse dies, this Art will liue.*
And had he lu'd the care of King, and Queene,
His Art in something more yet had beene seene ;
But Maiors, and Shriffes may yearely fill the stage :
A Kings, or Poets birth doe aske an age.

EPILOGUE 20 e're F3 ere O 23 Shriffes] Sheriffs F3 shneves W
 24 doe] doth G

Another Epilogue there was, made for
the Play in the Poets defence, but the
Play liu'd not, in opinion, to
haue it spoken.

A Iouiall Host, and Lord of the new Inne,
Clep't the light Heart, with all that past therein,
Hath beene the subiect of our Play to night,
To giue the King, and Queene, and Court delight :
But, then we meane, the Court about the stayres, 5
And past the guard ; men that haue more of eares,
Then eyes to iudge vs : Such as will not hisse
Because the Chambermaid was named Cis.
We thinke, it would haue seru'd our Scene as true,
If, as it is, at first we'had call'd her Pru, 10
For any mystery we there haue found,
Or magick in the letters, or the sound.
She only meant was, for a girle of wit,
To whom her Lady did a Prouince fit :
Which she would haue discharg'd, and done, as well, 15
Had she beene christned Ioyce, Grace, Doll, or Nell.

SECOND EPILOGUE. 15 and done,] and, done O

*The iust indignation the Author
tooke at the vulgar censure of his
Play, by some malicious spectators,
begat this following Ode to
himselfe.*

Come leaue the lothed stage,
And the more lothsome age :
Where pride, and impudence (in faction knit)
Vsurpe the chaire of wit !
5 Indicting, and arrainging euery day
Something they call a Play.
Let their fastidious, vaine
Commission of the braine
Run on, and rage, sweat, censure, and condemn :
10 They were not made for thee, lesse, thou for them.
Say, that thou pour'st them wheat,
And they will acornes eat ·
'Twere simple fury, still, thy selfe to waste
On such as haue no taste !
15 To offer them a surfet of pure bread,
Whose appetites are dead !
No, giue them graines their fill,
Huskes, draffe to drinke, and swill.
If they loue lees, and leaue the lusty wine,
20 Enuy them not, their palate's with the swine.
No doubt some mouldy tale,
Like *Pericles* ; and stale

ODE TO HIMSELF An earlier text of this, written in 1629 when Jonson was smarting under the failure of the play, is in Benson's Quarto edition of the *Poems*, 1640, and Duodecimo edition, 1640 (Q, D), in Ashmole MS 38 of the Bodleian, on pages 80, 81, printed by Tenant (A) ; and in a Haslewood MS collated in Dyce's copy (H) The iust . . . following om Q, D, H The title in A is Ben Johnsons, Ode to hym selfe 3 (in faction knit)] in faction knit, Q, D · In faction knitt A : (together knit) H 9 condemn Q, D · condem'n O · Condeme A · Jonson probably wrote condem' to preserve the rhyme with them 10 made] born H 11 thou om Q, D 12 will] would Q, D 14 such as] them that H 20 not, G not, A not O, Q, D, A palate's] palate's, O : pallat's Q, D : Pallattes A · Palat's F3 21 some] a Q, D, H : A A 22 and] or H

As the Shrieues crusts, and nasty as his fish-
 scraps, out <of> euery dish,
 Throwne forth, and rak't into the common tub, 25
 May keepe vp the *Play-club* :
 There, sweepings doe as well
 As the best order'd meale.
 For, who the relish of these ghests will fit,
 Needs set them, but, the almes-basket of wit. 30
 And much good do't you then :
 Braue *plush*, and *veluet*-men ;
 Can feed on orts : And safe in your stage-clothes,
 Dare quit, vpon your oathes,
 The stagers, and the stage-wrights too (your peeres) 35
 Of larding your large eares
 With their foule *comick* socks ;
 Wrought vpon twenty blocks :
 Which, if they are torne, and turn'd, & patch't enough,
 The gamesters share your guilt, and you their stuffe. 40
 Leaue things so prostitute,
 And take the *Alcaick* Lute ;
 Or thine owne *Horace*, or *Anacreons* Lyre ;
 Warme thee, by *Pindares* fire .
 And though thy nerues be shrunke, and blood be cold, 45
 Ere yeares haue made thee old ;
 Strike that disdaine-full heate
 Throughout, to their defeate :
 As curious fooles, and enuious of thy straine,
 May, blushing, sweare no palsey's in thy braine. 50

ODE 23 fish-] Fish, Q. fish, D, A. fish— G scraps,] Scrapps
 A. Scraps Q, D scrap'd H 24 of Q, D, A, H 27 There,]
 Broomes Q, A. Brooms D Broome and his H 28 As meale]
 There, as his Masters meale Q, D. Thear as his Masters Meale A Ther,
 as his masters meale H 31 you] yee Q ye D 33 stage-]
 scoene Q, D braue A 35 -wrights, too (your peeres)] -wrights,
 to your peyces A 36 larding] stuffing Q, D, A, H 37 their
 foule] rage of Q, D. rags of A. raggs of H 39 they are torne,
 and turn'd] they're torne, and foule Q, D, A (they are) they are but
 torne, and foule H 40 guilt] gilt Q, D 43 *Anacreons*]
Anacrians A 42 the] th' Q, D 46 haue] hath A 50 May,
 blushing, sweare] May blushing sweare, Q, D May Blushing Sweare; A

But, when they heare thee sing
 The glories of thy *King*,
 His zeale to *God*, and his iust awe o're men ;
 They may, blood-shaken, then,
 55 Feele such a flesh-quake to possesse their powers :
 As they shall cry, like ours
 In sound of peace, or warres,
 No Harpe ere hit the starres ;
 In tuning forth the acts of his sweet raigne :
 60 And raysing *Charles* his chariot, 'boue his *Waine*.

The end.

ODE 53 o're] of *Q, D, A* 54 may, blood-shaken, then,] may be
 blood-shaken, then *Q, D* 56 As . . ours] That no tun'd Harpe
 like ours, *Q, D* : As noe tund harpe like ours, *A* . Cause no tun'd harp
 like ours *H* 58 No . . starres,] Shall truly hit the Starres : *Q, D*
 (stars) Shall truly hitt the starres . *A* . Shall truly hit the stars *H*
 59 In . . . acts When they shall read the Acts *Q, D, H* (acts,) : When
 they shall reade, the Actes *A* his sweet] *Charles* his *Q, D, A*
 60 And chariot,] And see his Chariot triumph *Q, D, H* (chariot):
 And see his Chariott, Triumphe *A* 'boue] o'er *H* *Waine*]
 Wayne B J Q Finis Ben Johnson. add *A*

APPENDIX XII

THE ADAPTATIONS FROM 'THE NEW INN' IN 'LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE'

The textual correspondence between these two plays has already been discussed.¹ The text of the parallel passages is given here from the Beaumont and Fletcher Folio of 1647. Fletcher set the scene of the play in Barcelona, and it opens at an inn on the road to it, where Diego the Host is lectured on his lack of etiquette by Incubo, bailiff of Castel Bianco. The Host has complained of the lack of custom.

Inc. Gossip, I have found
The root of all ; kneel, pray, it is thy self
Art cause thereof : each person is the founder
Of his own fortune, good, or bad ; but mend it,
Call for thy cloak, and rapier.

Die. How ?

Inc. Do, call,
And put 'em on in haste : Alter thy fortune,
By appearing worthy of her : Dost thou think
Her good face ere wil know a man in cuerpo ?
In single body, thus ? in hose, and doublet ?
The horse-boyes garb ? base blank, and half blank cuerpo ?
Did I, or Mr Dean of Civil² our neighbor
Ere reach our dignities in cuerpo, thinkst thou,
In squirting hose, and doublet ? Signior, no,
There went more to't : there were cloaks, gowns, cassocks
And other paramentos ; Call, I say,
His cloak, and rapier here. *Enter Hostesse.*

Hostes. What means your worship ?

Inc. Bring forth thy husbands Sword : so, hang it on,
And now his cloak, here, cast it up ; I mean
Gossip, to change your luck, and bring you guests.

Hostes. Why ? is there charm in this ?

Inc. Expect ; now walk,
But not the pace of one that runs on errands ;
For want of gravity in an Host, is odious :
You may remember Gossip, if you please,

¹ Appendix VIII in vol II, pp. 198-200.

² i.e. Seville.

(Your wife being then th'Infanta of the Gipsies,¹
 And your self governing a great mans Mules then)
 Me a poor Squire at Madrid attending
 A Master of Ceremonies ; But a man, beleeve it,
 That knew his place to the gold weight, and such
 Have I heard him oft say, ought every Host
 Within the Catholique kings dominions
 Be in his own house.

Die. How ?

Inc. A Master of Ceremonies :

At least vice-master, and to do nought in cuerpo,
 That was his maxime ; I wil tell thee of hum :
 He would not speak with an Ambassadors Cook,
 See a cold bake-meat from a forreign part
 In cuerpo : had a dog but staid without,
 Or beast of quality, as an English cow,
 But to present it self, he would put on
 His Savoy chain about his neck, the ruff
 And cuffs of Holland, then the Naples hat
 With the Rome hat-band, and the Florentine agat,
 The Millain Sword, the Cloak of Genua, set
 With Flemish buttons, all his given peeces
 To entertain 'em in, and complement
 With a tame Coney, as with the Prince that sent it.

With the above compare *The New Inn*, Act II, scene v,
 lnes 48-69.

The second passage, also in the opening scene of *Love's Pilgrimage*, is a discussion between the Host and Lazaro, the ostler of the inn.

Die. Lazaro

Enter Lazaro.

How do the horses?

Laz. Would you go and see Sir,
 A — of all Jades, what a clap h'as given me :
 As sure as you live master he knew perfectly
 I couzend him on's Oats . he lookt upon me
 And then he sneerd, as who should say take heed sirrah :
 And when he saw our half peck, which you know
 Was but an old Court dish : lord how he stampit :
 I thought 't had been for joy, when suddenly

¹ Cf *The Staple of News*, 2nd Intermean, ll. 32-4, 'Why not the . . . Infanta o' the Gipsies ? as well as . . . King of Gipsies ?'

He cuts me a back caper with his heels
And takes me just o'th' crupper : down came I
And all my ounce of Oates : Then he neigh'd out
As though he had had a Mare by'th taile.

Die. Faith Lazaro

We are to blame to use the poor dumb serviters
So cruelly.

Laz. Yonder's this other gentlemans horse
Keeping our Lady eve : the devill a bit
Has got since he came in yet : there he stands
And looks, and looks, but 'tis your pleasure sir
He shall look lean enough : has hay before him,
But 'tis as big as hemp, and will as soon choak him,
Unless he eate it butter'd : he had four shoos
And good ones when he came : 'tis a strange wonder
With standing still he should cast three.

Die. O Lazaro

The devils in this trade : truth never knew it
And to the devill we shall travell Lazaro
Unless we mend our manners : once every week
I meet with such a knock to molefie me
Sometimes a dozen to awake my conscience,
Yet still I sleep securely.

Laz. Certain Master

We must use better dealing.

Die. 'Faith for mine own part

Not to give ill example to our issues,
I could be well content to steal but two girths,
And now and then a saddle cloth : change a bridle
Onely for exercise.

Laz. If we could stay there

There were some hope on's Master : but the devill is
We are drunk so early we mistake whole Saddles
Sometimes a horse ; and then it seems to us too
Every poore Jade has his whole peck, and tumbles
Up to his ears in clean straw, and every bottle
Shews at the least a dozen ; when the truth is Sir
There's no such matter, not a smell of provinder,
Not so much straw, as would tye up a horse tail,
Nor any thing ith' rack, but two old cobwebs
And so much rotten hay as had been a hens nest.

Die. Well, these mustakings must be mended Lazaro,

These apparitions, that abuse our senses,
And make us ever apt to sweep the manger
But put in nothing ; these fancies must be forgot
And we must pray it may be reveal'd to us
Whose horse we ought in conscience to couzen,
And how, and when : A Parsons horse may suffer
A little greazing in his teeth, 'tis wholesome ;
And keeps him in a sober shuffle : and his Saddle
May want a stirrop, and it may be sworn
His learning lay on one side, and so brok it :
Has ever Oates in's cloak-bag to prevent us
And therefore 'tis a meritorious office
To tythe him soundly.

Laz. And a Grazier may,
For those are pinching puckfoysts, and suspicious :
Suffer a myst before his eyes sometimes too,
And think hee sees his horse eat half a bushel :
When the truth is, rubbing his gums with salt,
Till all the skin come off : he shal but mumble
Like an old woman, that were chewing brawn,
And drop em out again.

Die. That may do wel too,
And no doubt tis but venial . But good *Lazaro*
Have you a care of understanding horses,
Horses with angry heels, gentlemens horses,
Horses that know the world : let them have meat
Till their teeth ake , and rubbing till their ribbs
Shine like a wenches forehead , they are devils.

Laz And look into our dealings . as sure as we live
These Courtiers horses, are a kind of Welsh prophets,
Nothing can be hid from 'em : For mine own part
The next I cozen of that kind, shal be founderd,
And of all four too : Ile no more such complements
Upon my crupper.

Die. Steal but a litle longer
Till I am lam'd too, and wee'l repent together,
It wil not be above two daies.

Laz. By that time
I shal be wel again, and all forgot Sir.

Dieg. Why then ile stay for thee.

Exit.

Compare *The New Inn*, Act III, scene i, lines 57-168.

THE MAGNETIC LADY

THE TEXT

The first official record of *The Magnetic Lady* is in the lost office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, the Master of the Revels, who licensed it on 12 October 1632. The entry, preserved by Malone,¹ is as follows :

Received of Knight,² for allowing of Ben Johnsons play called Humours Reconcil'd, or the Magnetick Lady, to bee acted, this 12th of Octob. 1632, 2l. o. o.

There is a second entry, of great interest, a year later :³

Upon a second petition of the players to the High Commission court, wherein they did mee right in my care to purge their plays of all offense, my lords Grace of Canterbury⁴ bestowed many words upon mee, and discharged mee of any blame, and layd the whole fault of their play called The Magnetick Lady, upon the players. This happened the 24 of Octob. 1633, at Lambeth. In their first petition they would have excused themselves on mee and the poett.

Of the first petition nothing is known, but the 'offense' must have been the insertion of oaths ; for example in Act 1, scene iv, line 17 'Od sheild !' and in scene v, line 26,

Let her. *Rut.* Death, she cannot speake reason——

the players probably gave the full-blooded 'God shield !' and 'God's death'. Herbert was touchy on such points : in Davenant's play of *The Wits*, acted at Court on 28 January, 1634, he struck out 'faith' and 'sight', but King Charles intervened and told him they were 'asseverations, and no oaths'. He submitted, but entered, 'under favour', a quiet protest in the office-book.⁵

The only entry of the play on the Stationers' Register is the belated transfer by its original publisher Thomas Walkley to Humphrey Moseley on 20 November 1658.⁶

The play was first printed in the 'Third Volume' of the 1640 Folio. It opens the section of new plays which includes

¹ Variorum *Shakespeare*, 1821, vol iii, p 231

² The book-keeper of the Blackfriars playhouse

³ Variorum *Shakespeare*, 1821, vol iii, p. 233

⁴ Archbishop Laud.

⁵ Malone, *op cit*, vol iii, p 235

⁶ Eyre and Rivington, *Transcript*, vol 11, p 206

A Tale of a Tub and the fragment of *The Sad Shepherd*. Walkley's difficulties over publishing his portion of the Folio have already been described.¹

In this play section of the Folio *The Magnetic Lady* is printed on signatures A to H in fours, pages 1-64. The collation is in detail—A 1 recto, Title-page, with the verso blank; A 2 recto, the scene and the characters, with the verso blank; A 3 recto to H 4 recto, the text of the play; H 4 verso, the epilogue.

The play was not well printed, and sixty-one corrections have been traced in the eleven copies we have collated. Of these only three are of textual importance. In Act I, scene v, line 12, Polish's malapropism of '*Armenians*' for '*Arminians*' was originally repeated in Rut's correction of her blunder:

And find out the *Armenians*. Rut. The *Armenians*.

Pol. I say the *Armenians*.

In Act II, scene iii, line 12, where Rut is prescribing for Placentia after her swoon, he was made to say at first 'Give heaven', a misreading of two copies which would have defied emendation; fortunately the other copies read 'Give her vent'. A minor correction is 'sale in open market' for 'in open sale market' in Act II, scene vi, line 23. The other changes adjust the spelling and punctuation. Even so there are many lapses. Examples of spellings impossible for Jonson are '*Logorythmes*' (I. vi. 35), '*Perimiter*' (Induction, l. 110, III iv. 98), and '*Protesis*' (Ist Chorus, l. 8). '*Paralaxe*' (I vi. 39) and '*carract*' (I. vii. 38) are seventeenth-century spellings, though it is doubtful if Jonson used them. Words are lost in the text—for example,

But the dispersed issue of <the> first one (II. vi. 59).

And therefore have the <fairer> hopes before you (III. iv. 73).

And had <cried> up for honour to her blood (IV. ii. 20).²

¹ See pp. 145-6

² In III i 28 'For thrusting) and 'gainst him Mrs Polish', 'thrusting in' is a likelier correction than Gifford's 'against'

Needle's name is omitted before his speech in v. i. 11, and Lady Loadstone's before hers in v. x. 136. Stupid blunders which the printer might easily have corrected are 'Mrs. Needle' (II. ii. 35), 'his his' (II. vi. 123) 'de defac'd' (III. iv. 16), 'graones' (III. v. 8), 'to her, to her' (v. v. 43), and 'houre' for 'honoure' (v. x. 140).

Whalley and Gifford emended a number of errors: Whalley, for instance, substituted 'reparation' for 'reputation' in III. iv. 21. There still remains an obscurity, if not a corruption, in the text of iv. vii. 44-6, where Chair, the midwife, is dilating on the necessity of women keeping their 'smock-secrets' to themselves.

No Theaters are more cheated with apparances,
Or these shop-lights, then th'Ages, and folke in them,
That seeme most curious.

What is the point of 'th'Ages'? Such a correction as 'th' Age is' is very doubtful with the plural 'folk in *them*' immediately following.

Finally, there are irregularities in the lists of characters prefixed to three scenes. In the second scene of the third Act, after the stage has been cleared by the hurried departure of all the characters in the first scene, the two speakers are indicated in the usual way, '*Compasse. Ironside,*' but a pointless note 'To them after' is inserted in the margin. After a dialogue of fifteen lines Compass takes Ironside off. 'This way to my lodging,' he says, and the stage is clear once more. Then, without numbering a new scene, the Folio continues

*Rut. Lady. Polish. Keepe, carrying Placentia over the Stage.
Plesance. Item.*

At line 10 'Here Mr. *Compasse* comes', though his name is not in the heading. After disposing of Ironside he has returned from his lodging.

A possible explanation of the confusion is this. Jonson originally wrote as a scene heading:

Compasse. Ironside.

To them after.

*Rut. Lady. Polish. Keepe, carrying Placentia over the stage.
Pleasance. Item.*

The scene began with Compass's rebuke to Ironside for quarrelling at the dinner, throwing wine in Silkworm's face, and frightening the ladies. Ironside owed Lady Loadstone an apology, but he was in no mood to make it. So Compass very properly got him out of the house before Lady Loadstone entered. Jonson thus made a completely new scene, but forgot to mark it as such and to delete 'To them after' in the heading.

In the fifth scene of the fourth Act the names of the only speakers '*Pleasance. Compasse*' are in the heading, but Palate enters at line 21, to be at once dismissed by Compass to join Ironside at his lodging; Palate goes off without a word, but his presence in the scene should have been noted. Practice also enters at line 24, but as he is the first speaker in the sixth scene which begins one line later, it was not necessary to mention him earlier.

In the eighth scene of the fourth Act the preliminary list of the characters is hopelessly confused. The Folio prints
*Interest, with his Foot-boy. To them Compasse. Ironside.
Silkeworme. Palate Pleasance. To them the
Lady: and after Practise.*

But Lady Loadstone, for whom Interest inquires, enters at the fifth line, in which she is directly addressed, and Compass soon follows her. At any rate he hears the accusation that he is the father of the new-born bastard and Interest's malicious suggestion that Lady Loadstone should join him as a god-parent.

In 1914 Dr. W. H. Peck edited the play for the Yale Studies in English, no. xlvii. He collated the copy in the Yale University Library with Professor J. M. Berdan's copy and noted two variants.

THE
MAGNETICK
LADY

OR,

HVMORS
RECONCILD.

A COME DY compos'd

By

BEN: JOHNSON.

*Iam lapides suis ardor agit ferrumq; tenetur,
Illecebris. — Claud. de Magnet.*

LONDON,
Printed M. CD. XL.

The title-page of the Folio, 1640

THE SCENE, LONDON

The Persons that act.

LADY Loadstone,	The Magnetick Lady.	
M ^{rs} Polish,	Her Gossip, and she-Parasite.	
M ^{rs} Placentia,	Her Neice.	
Pleasance,	Her Waiting-woman.	
M ^{rs} . Keepe,	The Neices Nourse.	5
MOTHER Chaire,	The Midwife.	
M ^r Compasse,	A Scholler, Mathematick.	
CAPTAIN Ironside,	A Souldier.	
PARSON Palate,	Prelate of the Parish.	
DOCTOR Rut,	Physician to the house	10
Tim Item,	His Apothecary.	
SIR Diaph. Silkworm,	A Courtier.	
M ^r . Practise,	A Lawyer.	
SIR Moath Interest,	An Vsurer, or Money-baud.	
M ^r Bias,	A Vi-politique, or Sub-secretary.	15
M ^r . Needle,	The Ladies Steward, and Taylor.	

CHORVS by way of Induction.

(M^r Probee, M^r Damplay, A Boy of the house.)

THE PERSONS THAT ACT]	8 <i>Ironside.</i>] Ironside, his brother, G
12 <i>Diaph</i>] <i>Diaph</i> F. DIAPHANOUS W	13 A Lawyer] A Lawyer F
15 <i>Bias</i> , corr. F. <i>Bias</i> F originally	After 16 G adds <i>Servant to Sir</i>
<i>Moath, Sergeants, &c</i>	

THE INDUCTION; OR, CHORUS.

Two Gentlemen entring upon the Stage,

M^r PROBEE and M^r DAMPLAY.

A Boy of the house,

meets them.

Boy. What doe you lack, Gentlemen? what is't you lack? any fine Phansies, Figures, Humors, Characters, Idæas, Definitions of Lords, and Ladies? Waiting-women, Parasites, Knights, Captaines, Courtiers, Lawyers? what
5 doe you lack?

Pro. A pretty prompt Boy for the Poetique Shop.

Dam. And a bold! where's one o' your Masters, Sirrah, the Poet?

Boy. Which of 'hem? Sir, wee have divers that drive
10 that trade, now: Poets, Poet'accios, Poetasters, Poet-ito's——

Dam. And all Haberdashers of small wit, I presume: wee would speake with the Poet o' the day, *Boy*.

Boy. Sir, hee is not here. But, I have the dominion of
15 the Shop, for this time, under him, and can shew you all the variety the Stage will afford for the present.

Pro. Therein you will expresse your owne good parts,
Boy.

Dam. And tye us two, to you, for the gentle office.

20 *Pro.* Wee are a paire of publique persons (this Gentleman, and my selfe) that are sent, thus coupled unto you, upon state-busines.

THE INDUCTION *Stage,*] *Stage F* 7-8 Sirrah . . . Poet? a new
line in F 9 Sir,] Sir F 21 you,] you F

Boy. It concernes but the state of the Stage, I hope !

Dam. O, you shall know that by degrees, *Boy.* No man leaps into a busines of state, without fourding first the state 25 of the busines.

Pro. Wee are sent unto you, indeed, from the people.

Boy. The people ! which side of the people ?

Dam. The Venison side, if you know it, *Boy.*

Boy. That's the left side. I had rather they had beene the 30 right.

Pro. So they are. Not the *Fæces*, or grounds of your people, that sit in the oblique caves and wedges of your house, your sinfull sixe-penny Mechanicks—

Dam. But the better, and braver sort of your people ! 35 Plush and Velvet-outsides ! that stick your house round like so many eminences—

Boy. Of clothes, not understandings ? They are at pawne. Well, I take these as a part of your people though ; what bring you to me from these people ? 40

Dam. You have heard, *Boy*, the ancient Poets had it in their purpose, still to please this people.

Pro. I, their chiefe aime was—

Dam. *Populo ut placerent* : (if hee understands so much.) 45

Boy. *Quas fecissent fabulas.* I understand that, sin' I learn'd *Terence*, i' the third forme at *Westminster* : go on Sir.

Pro. Now, these people have imployed us to you, in all their names, to intreat an excellent Play from you.

Dam. For they have had very meane ones, from this shop 50 of late, the Stage as you call it.

Boy. Troth, Gentlemen, I have no wares, which I dare thrust upon the people with praise. But this, such as it is, I will venter with your people, your gay gallant people : so as you, againe, will undertake for them, that they shall know 55 a good *Play* when they heare it ; and will have the conscience, and ingenuity beside, to confesse it.

Prob. Wee'll passe our words for that : you shall have a brace of us to ingage our selves.

60 *Boy.* You'l tender your names, *Gentlemen*, to our booke then ?

Dam. Yes, here's Mr. *Probee* ; A man of most powerfull speech, and parts to perswade.

Pro. And M^r *Damplay*, will make good all hee under-
65 takes.

Boy. Good M^r *Probee*, and M^r *Damplay* ! I like your securities : whence doe you write your selves ?

Pro. Of *London*, Gentlemen : but Knights brothers, and Knights friends, I assure you.

70 *Dam.* And Knights fellow's too. Every Poet writes Squire now.

Boy. You are good names ! very good men, both of you ! I accept you.

Dam. And what is the Title of your *Play*, here ? *The*
75 *Magnetick Lady* ?

Boy. Yes, Sir, an attractive title the Author has given it.

Pro. A *Magnete*, I warrant you.

Dam. O, no, from *Magnus*, *Magna*, *Magnum*.

Boy. This Gentleman hath found the true magnitude—

80 *Dam.* Of his portall, or entry to the worke, according to *Vitruvius*.

Boy. Sir, all our worke is done without a Portall—or *Vitruvius*. In *Foro*, as a true Comœdy should bee. And what is conceald within, is brought out, and made present

85 by report.

Dam. Wee see not that alwayes observ'd, by your Authors of these times : or scarce any other.

Boy. Where it is not at all knowne, how should it be observ'd ? The most of those your people call *Authors*,
90 never dreamt of any *Decorum*, or what was proper in the *Scene* ; but grope at it, i' the darke, and feele, or fumble for

THE INDUCTION 67 securities corr F: Securities, F originally
78 *Magnum* corr. F: *Magnum* ! F originally 79 Gentleman]
Gentleman, F 82 Sir,] Sir F 83 In] In F

it ; I speake it, both with their leave, and the leave o' your people.

Dam. But, why *Humors reconcil'd* ? I would faine know.

Boy. I can satisfie you there, too : if you will. But, 95 perhaps you desire not to be satisfied.

Dam. No ? why should you conceive so, *Boy* ?

Boy. My conceit is not ripe, yet : Ile tell you that anon. The *Author*, beginning his studies of this kind, with *every man in his Humour* ; and after, *every man out of his Humour* : 100 and since, continuing in all his *Playes*, especially those of the *Comick* thred, whereof the *New-Inne* was the last, some recent humours still, or manners of men, that went along with the times, finding himselfe now neare the close, or shutting up of his Circle, hath phant'sied to himselfe, in *Idæa*, 105 this *Magnetick Mistris*. A Lady, a brave bountifull House-keeper, and a vertuous Widow : who having a young Neice, ripe for a man and marriageable, hee makes that his Center attractive, to draw thither a diversity of Guests, all persons of different humours to make up his *Perimeter*. And this hee 110 hath call'd *Humors reconcil'd*.

Pro. A bold undertaking ! and farre greater, then the reconciliation of both Churches, the quarrell betweene humours having beene much the ancients, and, in my poore opinion, the root of all Schisme, and Faction, both in Church 115 and Common-wealth.

Boy. Such is the opinion of many wise men, that meet at this shop still ; but how hee will speed in it, wee cannot tell, and hee himselfe (it seems) lesse cares. For hee will not be intreated by us, to give it a *Prologue*. He has lost too much 120 that way already, hee sayes. Hee will not woo the gentile ignorance so much. But carelesse of all vulgar censure, as not depending on common approbation, hee is confident it shall super-please judicious Spectators, and to them he leaves it to worke with the rest, by example, or otherwise. 125

THE INDUCTION 94 know] know ? F 96 you] y ou F 99-100
every . Humour] every man in his Humour F 100 every . . .
Humour] every man out of his Humour F 106 Lady.] Lady F
110 Perimeter] Perimeter F 125 worke . rest.] worke, . rest F

Dam. Hee may be deceived in that, *Boy*: Few follow examples now, especially, if they be good.

Boy. The *Play* is ready to begin, *Gentlemen*, I tell you, lest you might defraud the expectation of the people, for
 130 whom you are Delegates! Please you take a couple of Seates, and plant your selves, here, as neere my standing as you can: Fly every thing (you see) to the marke, and censure it; freely. So, you interrupt not the *Series*, or thred of the Argument, to breake or pucker it, with unnecessary questions.
 135 For, I must tell you, (not out of mine owne *Dictamen*, but the *Authors*,) A good *Play*, is like a skeene of silke: which, if you take by the right end, you may wind off, at pleasure, on the bottome, or card of your discourse, in a tale, or so; how you will: But if you light on the wrong end, you will pull all
 140 into a knot, or elfe-lock; which nothing but the sheers, or a candle will undoe, or separate.

Dam. Stay! who be these, I pray you?

Boy. Because it is your first question, (and these be the prime persons) it would in civility require an answer: but
 145 I have heard the Poet affirme, that to be the most unlucky *Scene* in a *Play*, which needs an Interpreter; especially, when the *Auditory* are awake: and such are you, hee presumes. *Ergo*.

143 (and these] and (these F

145 I have] Ihave F

THE MAGNETICK LADY:
OR,
HUMORS RECONCIL'D.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Compassse, Ironside.

C*Om.* Welcome good Captaine *Ironside*, and brother ;
You shall along with me. I'm lodg'd hard by,
Here at a noble Ladies house i'th' street,
The Lady *Loadstones* (one will bid us welcome)
Where there are Gentlewomen, and male Guests, 5
Of severall humors, cariage, constitution,
Profession too : but so diametrall
One to another, and so much oppos'd,
As if I can but hold them all together,
And draw 'hem to a sufferance of themselves, 10
But till the Dissolution of the Dinner ;
I shall have just occasion to beleeve
My wit is magisteriall ; and our selves
Take infinite delight, i' the successe.

Iro. Troth, brother *Compassse*, you shall pardon me ; 15
I love not so to multiply acquaintance
At a meales cost, 'twill take off o' my freedome
So much : or bind me to the least observance.

Com. Why *Ironside*, you know I am a Scholler,
And part a Souldier ; I have beene employed, 20
By some the greatest States-men o' the kingdome,
These many yeares : and in my time convers'd
With sundry humors, suiting so my selfe

I. i] ACT I SCENE I. | *The Street before Lady Loadstone's House* | *Enter Compassse, and captain Ironside, meeting.* G

To company, as honest men, and knaves,
 25 Good-fellowes, Hypocrites, all sorts of people,
 Though never so divided in themselves,
 Have studied to agree still in the usage,
 And handling of me (which hath beene faire too.)

Iro. Sir, I confesse you to be one well read
 30 In men, and manners; and that, usually,
 The most ungovern'd persons, you being present,
 Rather subject themselves unto your censure,
 Then give you least occasion of distaste,
 By making you the subject of their mirth :
 35 But (to deale plainely with you, as a brother)
 When ever I distrust i' my owne valour :
 Ile never beare me on anothers wit,
 Or offer to bring off, or save my selfe
 On the opinion of your Iudgement, gravitie,
 40 Discretion, or what else. But (being away)
 You're sure to have lesse wit-worke, gentle brother,
 My humour being as stubborne, as the rest,
 And as unmannageable. *Com.* You doe mistake
 My Caract of your friendship, all this while !
 45 Or at what rate I reckon your assistance,
 Knowing by long experience, to such Animals,
 Halfe-hearted Creatures, as these are, your Foxe, there,
 Vnkenneld with a Cholerick, ghastly aspect,
 Or two or three comminatory Termes,
 50 Would run their feares to any hole of shelter,
 Worth a dayes laughter ! I am for the sport :
 For nothing else. *Iro.* But, brother, I ha' seene
 A Coward, meeting with a man as valiant
 As our *St. George* (not knowing him to be such,
 55 Or having least opinion that hee was so)
 Set to him roundly, I, and swindge him soundly :
 And i' the vertue of that errour, having
 Once overcome, resolv'd for ever after

1 1 29 Sir,] Sir F
 tance F

41 lesse] lesse- F
 49 Or] On G

45 assistance, assis-

To erre ; and thinke no person, nor no creature
 More valiant then himselfe. *Com.* I thinke that too. 60
 But, Brother, (could I over-intreat you)
 I have some little plot upon the rest,
 If you would be contented, to endure
 A sliding reprehension, at my hands,
 To heare your selfe, or your profession glanc'd at 65
 In a few sleighting termes : It would beget
 Me such a maine Authority, o' the by :
 And doe your selfe no dis-repute at all !
Iro. Compasse, I know that universall causes
 In nature produce nothing ; but as meeting 70
 Particular causes, to determine those,
 And specifie their acts. This is a piece
 Of *Oxford* Science, staies with me ere since
 I left that place ; and I have often found
 The truth thereof, in my private passions . 75
 For I doe never feele my selfe perturb'd
 With any generall words 'gainst my profession,
 Vnlesse by some smart stroke upon my selfe
 They doe awake, and stirre me : Else, to wise
 And well-experienc'd men, words doe but signifie ; 80
 They have no power ; save with dull Grammarians,
 Whose soules are nought, but a *Syntaxis* of them.
Com. Here comes our *Parson*, *Parson Palate* here,
 A venerable youth ! I must salute him,
 And a great Clerke ! hee's going to the Ladies, 85
 And though you see him thus, without his Cope,
 I dare assure you, hee's our Parish Pope !
 God save my reverend Clergy, *Parson Palate*.

1. 1 61 over-intreat] over intreat F 62 rest], rest F 66 termes]
 terme F originally 75 my] ym F originally my own G conj.
 80 well-experienc'd] well experienc'd F but] not W conj 83 here,]
 here F 87 dare] do W After 87 Enter *Palate*. G

ACT I. SCENE II.

*Palate, Compasse, Ironside.**Pal.* The witty Mr. *Compasse* ! how is't, with you ?

Com. My Lady staes for you, and for your Councell,
 Touching her Neice Mrs. *Placentia Steele* !
 Who strikes the fire of full fourteene, to day,
 5 Ripe for a husband. *Pal.* I, she chimes, shee chimes.
 Saw you the Doctor *Rut*, the house Physician ?
 He's sent for too. *Com.* To Councell ? 'time yo' were
 there.

Make haste, and give it a round quick dispatch :

That wee may goe to dinner betimes, *Parson* :

10 And drinke a health or two more, to the busines.

Iro. This is a strange put-off ! a reverend youth,

You use him most surreverently me thinkes !

What call you him ? *Palate Please* ? or *Parson Palate* ?*Com.* All's one, but shorter ! I can gi' you his Character.

15 Hee, is the Prelate of the Parish, here ;

And governes all the Dames ; appoints the cheere ;

Writes downe the bills of fare ; pricks all the Guests ;

Makes all the matches and the marriage feasts

Within the ward ; drawes all the parish wils ;

20 Designes the Legacies ; and strokes the Gills

Of the chiefe Mourners ; And (who ever lacks

Of all the kindred) hee hath first his blacks.

Thus holds hee weddings up, and burials,

As his maine tithing ; with the Gossips stals,

25 Their pewes ; He's top still, at the publique messe ;

Comforts the widow, and the fatherlesse,

In funerall Sack ! Sits 'bove the Alderman !

For of the Ward-mote *Quest*, he better can

The mysterie, then the Levitick Law .

1 11] *G continues the scene*chimes, *F*add *G*lacks) *F*

10 health

13 What

22 kindred)]

*corr F**What ?*kindred, *F*3 Steele] Steele *F*health, *F* originallyWhat ? *F* originally28 can] can, *F*

5 chimes]

Exit *Palate*.

21 lacks]

That peece of Clark-ship doth his Vestry awe. 30
 Hee is as he conceives himselfe, a fine
 Well-furnish'd, and apparaled Divine.
Iro. Who made this EPIGRAMME, you? *Com.* No, a great
 Clarke
 As any'is of his bulke, (*Ben. Ionson*) made it.
Iro. But what's the other Character, *DOCTOR Rut?* 35
Com. The same man made 'hem both: but his is shorter,
 And not in rime, but blanks. Ile tell you that, too.
Rut is a young Physician to the family:
 That, letting God alone, ascribes to nature
 More then her share; licentious in discourse, 40
 And in his life a profest Voluptary;
 The slave of money, a Buffon in manners;
 Obscene in language; which he vents for wit;
 Is sawcy in his Logicks, and disputing,
 Is any thing but civill, or a man. 45
 See here they are! and walking with my Lady,
 In consultation, afore the doore;
 Wee will slip in, as if we saw 'hem not.

ACT I. SCENE III.

Lady, Palate, Rut.

Lad. I, 'tis his fault, she's not bestow'd,
 My brother *Interests.* *Pal.* Who, old Sir *Moath?*
Lad. Hee keeps off all her Suitors, keepes the portion,
 Still in his hands: and will not part withall,
 On any termes *Pal. Hinc illæ lachrymæ;* 5
 Thence flowes the cause o' the maine grievance. *Rut.* That,
 It is a maine one! how much is the portion?
Lad. No petty summe. *Pal.* But sixteene thousand pound.

1 11 32 Well-furnish'd] Well furnish'd F 34 bulke.] bulke F
Ben Ionson] *Benj. Johnson* F3 41 Voluptary] Voluptuary F3
 After 45 Re-enter *Palate* with *Rut* and *lady Loadstone*, in discourse
 After 48 *Iron.* and *Com* go into the house G 1 III] G continues
 the scene I 'tis] tis F 4 withall] with all F 6 That,]
 That F. That I—— G

Rut. He should be forc'd, Madam, to lay it downe.
 10 When is it payable? *Lad.* When she is married.

Pal. Marry her, marry her, Madam. *Rut.* Get her married.
 Loose not a day, an houre—— *Pal.* Not a minute.

Pursue your project reall. *Mr. Compasse*

Advis'd you, too. He is the perfect Instrument,
 15 Your Ladiship should saile by. *Rut.* Now, *Mr. Compasse*
 Is a fine witty man; I saw him goe in, now.

Lad. Is hee gone in? *Pal.* Yes, and a Fether with him,
 Hee seemes a Souldier. *Rut.* Some new Sutor, Madam.

Lad. I am beholden to him: hee brings ever
 20 Variety of good persons to my table,
 And I must thanke him, though my brother *Interest*
 Dislike of it a little. *Pal.* Hee likes nothing
 That runs your way. *Rut.* Troth, and the other cares not.
 Hee'll goe his owne way, if he thinke it right.

25 *Lad.* Hee's a true friend! and ther's *Mr. Practise*,
 The fine young man of Law, comes to the house:
 My brother brooks him not, because he thinkes
 He is by me assigned for my Neice:
 Hee will not heare of it. *Rut.* Not of that eare:

30 But yet your Ladiship doth wisely in it——

Pal. 'Twill make him to lay downe the portion sooner,
 If he but dreame you'l match her with a Lawyer.

Lad. So *Mr. Compasse* sayes. It is betweene
 The Lawyer, and the Courtier, which shall have her.

35 *Pal.* Who, Sir *Diaphanous Silke-worme*? *Rut.* A fine
 Gentle-man,

Old *Mr. Silke-wormes* Heire. *Pal.* And a neat Courtier,
 Of a most elegant thred. *Lad.* And so my Gossip
Polish assures me. Here she comes! good *Polish*
 Welcome in troth! How do'st thou gentle *Polish*?

40 *Rut.* Who's this? *Pal.* Dame *Polish*, her shee-Parasite,
 Her talking, soothing, sometime governing Gossip.

I in 13 *Compasse*] *Compasse*, F 15 Now, om G 19 beholden]
 beholding F3 26 Law,] Law F 35 *Pal* F3 · *Bal* F Gentle-
 man,] Gentle-man F 37 thred] thred F 38 After 'comes!'
 Enter mistress *Polish*. G 40 After 'this?' *Aside to Palate*. G

ACT I. SCENE IV.

Polish, Lady, Palate, Rut.

Pal. Your Ladiship is still the Lady *Loadstone*
That drawes, and drawes unto you, Guests of all sorts .
The Courtiers, and the Souldiers, and the Schollers,
The Travellers, Physicians, and Divines,
As Doctor *Ridley* writ, and Doctor *Barlow* ; 5
They both have wrote of you, and Mr. *Compassse*.

Lad. Wee meane, they shall write more, ere it be long.

Pol. Alas, they are both dead, and 't please you ; But,
Your Ladiship meanes well, and shall meane well,
So long as I live. How does your fine Neice ? 10
My charge, Mistris *Placentia Steele* ?

Lad. Shee is not well. *Pol.* Not well ? *Lad.* Her Doctor
sayes so.

Rut. Not very well ; shee cannot shoot at Buts,
Or manage a great Horse, but shee can cranch
A sack of small coale ! eat you lime, and haire, 15
Soap-ashes, Loame, and has a dainty spice
O' the greene sicknesse ! *Pol.* 'Od sheild ! *Rut.* Or the
Dropsie !

A toy, a thing of nothing. But my Lady, here,
Her noble Aunt. *Pol.* Shee is a noble Aunt !
And a right worshipfull Lady, and a vertuous ; 20
I know it well ! *Rut.* Well, if you know it, peace.

Pal. Good sister *Polish*, heare your betters speake.

Pol. Sir, I will speake, with my good Ladies leave,
And speake, and speake againe ; I did bring up
My Ladies Neice, Mrs. *Placentia Steele*, 25
With my owne Daughter (who's *Placentia* too)
And waits upon my Lady, is her woman :
Her Ladiship well knowes M^{rs}. *Placentia*
Steele (as I said) her curious Neice, was left

1. iv. ACT] ACT. F G continues the scene 5 Barlow.] Bar-
low ? F 6 wrote] wnt G 13 Buts.] Buts. F 18 here,]
here F 22 Polish,] Polish F 23, 50 Sir.] Sir F

- 30 A Legacie to me ; by Father, and Mother,
 With the Nurse, *Keepe*, that tended her : her Mother
 Shee died in Child-bed of her, and her Father
 Liv'd not long after : for he lov'd her Mother !
 They were a godly couple ! yet both di'd,
- 35 (As wee must all.) No creature is immortall ;
 I have heard our Pastor say : no, not the faithfull !
 And they did die (as I said) both in one moneth.
Rut. Sure shee is not long liv'd, if she spend breath thus.
Pol. And did bequeath her, to my care, and hand,
- 40 To polish, and bring up. I moulded her,
 And fashion'd her, and form'd her ; she had the sweat
 Both of my browes and braines, my Lady knows it,
 Since she could write a quarter old. *Lad.* I know not
 That she could write so early, my good Gossip.
- 45 But I doe know she was so long your care,
 Till she was twelve yeare old ; that I call'd for her,
 And tooke her home, for which I thanke you *Polish*,
 And am beholden to you. *Rut.* I sure thought
 She had a Lease of talking, for nine lives——
- 50 *Pal.* It may be she has. *Pol.* Sir, sixteene thousand pound
 Was then her portion ! for she was, indeed,
 Their only child ! and this was to be paid
 Vpon her marriage, so she married still
 With my good Ladies liking here, her Aunt :
- 55 (I heard the Will read) Mr. *Steele* her father,
 The world condemn'd him to be very rich,
 And very hard, and he did stand condemn'd
 With that vaine world, till, as 'twas 'prov'd, after,
 He left almost as much more to good uses
- 60 In Sir *Moath Interests* hands, my Ladies brother,
 Whose sister he had married : He holds all
 In his close gripe. But Mr. *Steele*, was liberall,
 And a fine man ; and she a dainty Dame,
 And a religious, and a bountifull——

ACT I. SCENE V.

To them.

Compassse, Ironside.

You knew her Mr. *Compassse*? *Com.* Spare the torture,
I doe confesse without it. *Pol.* And her husband,
What a fine couple they were? and how they liv'd?
Com. Yes.

Pol. And lov'd together, like a paire of Turtles? *Com.*
Yes.

Pol. And feasted all the Neighbours? *Com.* Take her off, 5
Some body that hath mercy. *Rut.* O he knowes her,
It seemes! *Com.* Or any measure of compassion:
Doctors, if you be Christians, undertake
One for the soule, the other for the body!

Pol. She would dispute with the Doctors of Divinity 10
At her owne table! and the Spittle Preachers!

And find out the *Armenians*. *Rut.* The *Arminians*?

Pol. I say the *Armenians*. *Com.* Nay, I say so too!

Pol. So Mr. *Polish* called 'hem, the *Armenians*!

Com. And *Medes*, and *Persians*, did he not? *Pol.* Yes, 15
he knew 'hem,

And so did Mistris *Steele*! she was his Pupill!

The *Armenians*, he would say, were worse then Papists!

And then the *Persians*, were our Puritanes,

Had the fine piercing wits! *Com.* And who, the *Medes*?

Pol. The middle men, the Luke-warne Protestants! 20

Rut. Out, out. *Pol.* Sir, she would find them by their
branching:

Their branching sleeves, brancht cassocks, and brancht
doctrine,

Beside their Texts. *Rut.* Stint Karlin, Ile not heare:

Confute her, Parson. *Pol.* I respect no Persons,

1 v Enter Compass and Ironside from the house. G, continuing the
scene 5 off,] off F 12 The *Arminians*? corr F The *Ar-*
menians? F originally, F3 20 Protestants!] Protestants? F
21, 29 Sir,] Sir F 23 Karlin, . . heare] Karlin heare, F
24 her,] her F Persons] Parsons F3

- 25 Chaplins, or Doctors, I will speake. *Lad.* Yes, so't be reason,
 Let her. *Rut.* Death, she cannot speake reason.
Com. Nor sense, if we be Masters of our senses !
Iro. What mad woman ha' they got, here, to bate ?
Pol. Sir, I am mad, in truth, and to the purpose ;
 30 And cannot but be mad ; to heare my Ladies
 Dead sister sleighted, witty Mrs. *Steele* !
Iro. If shee had a wit, Death has gone neere to spoile it,
 Assure your selfe. *Pol.* She was both witty, and zealous,
 And lighted all the Tinder o' the truth,
 35 (As one said) of Religion, in our Parish :
 Shee was too learned to live long with us !
 She could the Bible in the holy tongue :
 And reade it without pricks : had all her *Masoreth* ;
 Knew *Burton*, and his Bull ; and scribe *Prin-Gent* !
 40 *Præsto-be-gon* : and all the Pharisees. *Lad.* Deare Gossip,
 Be you gone, at this time, too, and vouchsafe
 To see your charge, my Neice. *Pol.* I shall obey
 If your wise Ladiship thinke fit : I know,
 To yeild to my Superiors. *Lad.* A good woman !
 45 But when she is impertinent, growes earnest,
 A litle troublesome, and out of season :
 Her love, and zeale transport her. *Com.* I am glad,
 That any thing could port her hence. Wee now
 Have hope of dinner, after her long grace.
 50 I have brought your Ladiship a hungry Guest, here,
 A Souldier, and my brother Captaine *Ironsides* :
 Who being by custome growne a Sanguinarie,
 The solemne, and adopted sonne of slaughter :
 Is more delighted i' the chase of an enemy,
 55 An execution of three daies, and nights ;
 Then all the hope of numerous succession,
 Or happinesse of Issue could bring to him.

1 v 30 mad,] mad, F₃
 Pryne, gent. G
 nights, F₃

36 learned] learn'd F
 44 After ' Superiors.' *Exit.* G

39 *Prin-Gent*]
 55 nights ;]

Rut. Hee is no Suitor then ? *Pal.* So <i>t should seeme.

Com. And, if hee can get pardon at heavens hand,
For all his murthers, is in as good case 60
As a new christned Infant : (his imployments
Continu'd to him, without Interruption ;
And not allowing him, or time, or place
To commit any other sinne, but those)
Please you to make him welcome for a meale, Madam. 65

Lad. The noblenesse of his profession makes
His welcome perfect : though your course description
Would seeme to sully it. *Iro.* Never, where a beame
Of so much favour doth illustrate it,
Right knowing Lady. *Pal.* She hath cur'd all well. 70
Rut. And hee hath fitted well the Complement.

ACT I. SCENE VI.

To them.

Sir Diaphanous Practise.

Com. No ; here they come ! the prime *Magnetick* Guests
Our Lady *Loadstone* so respects · the Artick !
And th'Antartick ! *Sir Diaphanous Silke-worme !*
A Courtier extraordinary ; who by diet
Of meates, and drinckes ; his temperate exercise ; 5
Choise musick ; frequent bathes , his horary shifts
Of Shirts and Wast-coats ; meanes to immortalize
Mortality it selfe ; and makes the essence
Of his whole happinesse the trim of Court.

Dia. I thanke you Mr. *Compass*, for your short 10
Encomiastick. *Rut.* It is much in little, Sir.

Pal. Concise, and quick : the true stile of an Orator.

Com. But Mr. *Practise* here, my Ladies Lawyer !
Or man of Law : (for that's the true writing)
A man so dedicate to his profession, 15
And the preferments goe along with it ;

1. v 58 After 'then ?' *Aside to Pal G* So it] So't F 1. vi] Enter
Sir Diaphanous Silkworm and Practise. G, continuing the scene
14 that's] that is W

As scarce the thundring bruit of an invasion,
 Another eighty eight, threatning his Countrey
 With ruine ; would no more worke upon him,

20 Then *Syracusa's* Sack, on *Archimede* :

So much he loves that Night-cap ! the Bench-gowne !
 With the broad Guard o'th' back ! These shew a man
 Betroth'd unto the study of our Lawes !

Pra. Which you but thinke the crafty impositions,
 25 Of subtile Clerks, feats of fine understanding,

To abuse Clots, and Clownes with, Mr. *Compassse*,
 Having no ground in nature, to sustaine it,
 Or light, from those cleare causes : to the inquiry
 And search of which, your Mathematicall head,

30 Hath so devow'd it selfe. *Com.* Tut, all men are
 Philosophers, to their inches. There's within,
 Sir *Interest*, as able a Philosopher,

In buying, and selling ! has reduc'd his thrifte,
 To certaine principles, and i' that method,

35 As hee will tell you instantly, by *Logarythmes*,
 The utmost profit of a stock imployed :

(Be the Commoditie what it will) the place,
 Or time, but causing very, very little,
 Or, I may say, no paralaxe at all,

40 In his pecuniary observations !

He has brought your Neices portion with him, Madam,
 At least the man that must receive it ; Here
 They come negotiating the affaire ;

You may perceive the Contract in their faces ;

45 And read th'indenture : If you'd signe 'hem. So.

1 vi 20 *Syracusa's*] *Syracusa's* F 22 o'th'] o'th F 22-3 shew
 a man | Betroth'd W. shew | A man betroth'd F, F3 27 it.] it F
 34 method,) method ! F 35 *Logarythmes*] *Logorythmes* F
 45 you'd] you'll F3

ACT I. SCENE VII.

To them.

Interest. Bias.

Pal. What is he, Mr. *Compassse*? *Com.* A Vi-politique!
Or a sub-aiding Instrument of State!

A kind of a laborious Secretary

To a great man! (and likely to come on)

Full of attendance! and of such a stride

5

In busines politique, or œconomick,

As, well, his Lord may stoope t'advise with him,

And be prescribed by him, in affaires

Of highest consequence, when hee is dull'd,

Or wearied with the lesse. *Dia.* 'Tis Mr. *Bias*,

10

Lord *Whack'um's* Politique. *Com.* You know the man?

Dia. I ha' seene him waite at Court, there, with his
Maniples

Of papers, and petitions. *Pra.* Hee is one

That over-rules tho', by his authority

Of living there; and cares for no man else

15

Neglects the sacred letter of the Law;

And holds it all to be but a dead heape,

Of civill institutions: the rest only

Of common men, and their causes, a farragoe,

Or a made dish in Court; a thing of nothing:

20

Com. And that's your quarrell at him? a just plea.

Int. I tell you sister *Loadstone*—— *Com.* (Hang your
cares

This way: and heare his praises, now *Moath* opens)

Int. I ha' brought you here the very man! the Jewell

Of all the Court! close Mr. *Bias*! Sister,

25

Apply him to your side! or you may weare him

Here o' your brest! or hang him in your eare!

He's a fit Pendant for a Ladies tip!

A Chrisolite, a Gemme: the very Agat

1. vii.] Enter Sir Moth Interest and Bias G, continuing the scene
14 over-rules tho'.] over-rules, tho' F3

- 30 Of State, and Politie : cut from the Quar
 Of Macchiavel, a true Cornelian,
 As *Tacitus* himselfe ! and to be made
 The brooch to any true State-cap in Europe !
Lad. You praise him brother, as you had hope to sell
 him.
- 35 *Com.* No Madam, as hee had hope to sell your Neice
 Vnto him. *Lad.* 'Ware your true jests, Mr. *Compassse* ;
 They will not relish. *Int.* I will tell you, sister,
 I cannot cry his Carract up enough :
 He is unvaluable : All the Lords
- 40 Have him in that esteeme, for his relations,
 Corrant's, Avises, Correspondences
 With this Ambassadour, and that Agent ! Hee
 Will screw you out a Secret from a Statist—,
Com. So easie, as some Cobler wormes a Dog.
- 45 *Int.* And lock it in the Cabinet of his memory—. *Com.* Till 't turne a politique insect, or a Fly !
 Thus long. *Int.* You may be merry Mr. *Compassse*,
 But though you have the reversion of an office,
 You are not in <i>t, Sir. *Bia.* Remember that.
- 50 *Com.* Why, should that fright me, Mr. *Bi-*, from telling
 Whose -as you are ? *Int.* Sir, he's one, can doe
 His turnes there : and deliver too his letters,
 As punctually, and in as good a fashion,
 As ere a Secretary can in Court.
- 55 *Iro.* Why, is it any matter in what fashion
 A man deliver his letters, so he not open 'hem ?
Bia. Yes, we have certaine precedents in Court,
 From which wee never swerve, once in an age :
 And (whatsoere he thinks) I know the Arts,
- 60 And Sciences doe not directlier make
 A Graduate in our Vniuersities ;
 Then an habituall gravitie prefers
 A man in Court. *Com.* Which by the truer stile,

Some call a formall; flat servility.

Bia. Sir, you may call it what you please. But wee 65
(That tread the path of publike businesses)

Know what a tacit shrug is, or a shrink ;

The wearing the Callott ; the politique hood :

And twenty other *parerga*, o' the by,

You Seculars understand not : I shall trick him, 70

If his reversion come, i' my Lords way.

Dia. What is that, Mr. *Practise* ? you sure know ?

Mas' *Compasses* reversion ? *Pra.* A fine place

(Surveyor of the Projects generall)

I would I had it. *Pal.* What is't worth ? *Pra.* O Sir, 75

A *Nemo scit.* *Lad.* Wee'l thinke on't afore dinner.

Chorus.

Boy. Now, *Gentlemen*, what censure you of our *Protasis*,
or first *Act* ?

Pro. Well, *Boy*, it is a faire Presentment of your *Actors*.
And a handsome promise of somewhat to come hereafter.

Dam. But, there is nothing done in it, or concluded : 5
Therefore I say, no *Act*.

Boy. A fine peice of Logick ! Doe you looke, Mr. *Dam-*
play, for conclusions in a *Protasis* ? I thought the Law of
Comedy had reserv'd (<'hem) to the *Catastrophe* : and that
the *Epitasis*, (as wee are taught) and the *Catastasis*, had 10
beene interveening parts, to have beene expected. But you
would have all come together, it seemes : The Clock should
strike five, at once, with the *Acts*.

Dam. Why, if it could doe so, it were well, *Boy*.

Boy. Yes, if the nature of a Clock were to speake, not 15
strike. So, if a Child could be borne, in a *Play*, and grow up
to a man, i' the first Scene, before hee went off the Stage :
and then after to come forth a Squire, and bee made a
Knight : and that Knight to travell betweene the *Acts*, and

1 vu 71 come F3. came F 72 that,] that F CHORUS. 6 no
Act F originally : noAct most copies of F (type deranged) 8 Protasis]
Protasis F 9 Comedy . . . reserv'd corr F. Comedy, . . . reserv'd,
F originally 'hem] them G 12 together,] together F

Ple. Sweet Mistris *Practise* ! *Kee.* Gentle Mistris *Practise* !

Ple. Faire, open Mistris *Practise* ! *Kee.* I, and close,
And cunning Mrs. *Practise* ! *Pla.* I not like that ;

The Courtiers is the neater calling. *Ple.* Yes,

15 My Lady *Silke-worme.* *Kee.* And to shine in Plush.

Ple. Like a young night Crow, a *Diaphanous Silkeworme.*

Kee. Lady *Diaphanous* sounds most delicate !

Ple. Which would you choose, now, Mistris ? *Pla.* Can-
not tell.

The copie does confound one. *Ple.* Here's my Mother.

ACT II. SCENE II.

Polish. Keepe. Placentia. Pleasance. Needle.

Pol. How now, my dainty charge, and diligent Nurse ?

* To her daughter kneeling What were you chanting on ? (*God blesse you Maiden.)

Kee. Wee were enchanting all ; wishing a husband
For my young Mistris here. A man to please her.

5 *Pol.* Shee shall have a man, good Nurse, and must have a
man :

A man, and a halfe, if wee can choose him out :

We are all in Counsell within, and sit about it :

The Doctors, and the Schollers, and my Lady ;

Who's wiser then all us——. Where's Mr. *Needle* ?

10 Her Ladship so lacks him to prick out

The man ? How does my sweet young Mistris ?

You looke not well, me thinkes ! how doe you, deare charge ?

You must have a husband, and you shall have a husband ;

There's two put out to making for you : A third,

15 Your Vncle promises : But you must still

Be rul'd by your Aunt : according to the will

Of your dead father, and mother (who are in heaven.)

Your Lady-Aunt has choise i' the house for you :

Wee doe not trust your Vncle ; hee would keepe you

11. i 18 now,] now F Cannot] 'Cannot F? 11. ii.] Enter
Polish. G. continuing the scene 11 After 'man?' Exit *Pleasance. G*

A Batchler still, by keeping of your portion : 20
 And keepe you not alone without a husband,
 But in a sicknesse : I, and the greene sicknesse,
 The Maidens malady ; which is a sicknesse :
 A kind of a disease, I can assure you,
 And like the Fish our Mariners call *remora*——. 25

Kee. A *remora* Mistris ! *Pol.* How now goody Nurse ?
 Dame *Keepe* of *Katernes* ? what ? have you an oare
 I' the Cockboat, 'cause you are a Saylor's wife ?
 And come from *Shadwell* ? I say a *remora* ;
 For it will stay a Ship, that's under Saile ! 30
 And staies are long, and tedious things to Maids !
 And maidens are young ships, that would be sailing,
 When they be rigg'd : wherefore is all their trim else ?

Nee. True ; and for them to be staid——. *Pol.* The stay
 is dangerous :
 You know it Mr. *Needle* *Nee.* I know somewhat . 35
 And can assure you, from the Doctors mouth,
 Shee has a Dropsie ; and must change the ayre,
 Before she can recover. *Pol.* Say you so, Sir ?

Nee. The Doctor saies so. *Pol.* Sayes his worship so ?
 I warrant 'hem he sayes true, then ; they sometimes 40
 Are Sooth-sayers, and alwayes cunning men.
 Which Doctor was it ? *Nee.* E'ene my Ladies Doctor .
 The neat house-Doctor But a true stone-Doctor.

Pol. Why ? heare you, Nurse ? How comes this geare to
 passe ?
 This is your fault in truth : It shall be your fault, 45
 And must be your fault : why is your Mistris sicke ?
 Shee had her health, the while shee was with me.

Kee. Alas good Mistris *Polish*, I am no Saint,
 Much lesse, my Lady, to be urg'd give health,
 Or sicknesse at my will : but to awaite 50
 The starres good pleasure, and to doe my duty.

ii. ii. 20 Batchler] Batchelor F3 26 A] A F 29 Shadwell] Shawdell
 F3 After 'Shadwell?' Enter Needle. G 35 Mr F3 Mrs F 42
 E'ene] Eeene F 44 geare] jeer F3 50 awaite] waite F3

- Pol.* You must doe more then your dutie, foolish Nurse :
 You must doe all you can ; and more then you can,
 More then is possible : when folkes are sick,
 55 Especially, a Mistris ; a young Mistris.
Kee. Here's Mr. Doctor himselfe, cannot doe that.
Pol. Doctor *Doo-all* can doe it. Thence he's call'd so.

ACT II. SCENE III.

Rut. Polish. Lady. Keepe. Placentia.

- Rut.* Whence ? what's hee call'd ? *Pol.* Doctor, doe all
 you can,
 I pray you, and beseech you, for my charge, here.
Lad. She's my tendring Gossip, loves my Neice.
Pol. I know you can doe all things, what you please, Sir,
 5 For a young Damsel, my good Ladies Neice, here !
 You can doe what you list. *Rut.* Peace *Tiffany*.
Pol. Especially in this new case, o' the Dropsie.
 The Gentlewoman (I doe feare) is leuen'd.
Rut. Leuen'd ? what's that ? *Pol.* Puft, blowne, and't
 please your worship.
 10 *Rut.* What ! Darke, by darker ? What is blowne ?
 puff'd ? speake
 English——. *Pol.* Tainted (and't please you) some doe call
 it.
 She swels, and swels so with it——. *Rut.* Give her vent,
 If shee doe swell. A Gimblet must be had :
 It is a *Tympanites* she is troubled with ;
 15 There are three kinds : The first is *Ana-sarca*
 Vnder the Flesh, a Tumor : that's not hers.
 The second is *Ascites*, or *Aquosus*,

11 11 56 that.] that *F* *Exit.* | *Enter lady Loadstone and Rut.* add G
 11 11. G continues the scene 7 Especially corr *F* Especially'
F originally Jonson probably wrote Especially, (cf Ind 133, 154, 11. ii.
 55) 10 darker ? What corr *F*: darker what *F* originally
 10, 11 speake | English—— *Pol*] speake English—— | *Pol* *F*3
 11 English——, corr. *F*: English—— *F* originally 12 it——, corr.
F: it. *F* originally : at first corrected in *F* to it—— her vent corr
F: heaven *F* originally 14 with, corr. *F*: with *F* originally

A watry humour : that's not hers neither.
 But *Tympanites* (which we call the Drum.)
 A wind bombe 's in her belly, must be unbrac'd, 20
 And with a Faucet, or a Peg, let out,
 And she'll doe well : get her a husband. *Pol.* Yes,
 I say so Mr. *Doctor*, and betimes too. *Lad.* As
 Soone as wee can : let her beare up to day,
 Laugh, and keepe company, at Gleeke, or Crimpe. 25
Pol. Your Ladiship sayes right, Crimpe, sure, will cure her.
Rut. Yes, and Gleeke too ; peace Gossip *Tittle-Tattle*,
 Shee must, to morrow, downe into the Countrey,
 Some twenty mile ; A Coach, and six brave Horses :
 Take the fresh aire, a moneth there, or five weekes : 30
 And then returne a Bride, up to the Towne,
 For any husband i' the *Hemisphere*,
 To chuck at ; when she has dropt her *Timpane*.
Pol. Must she then drop it ? *Rut.* Thence, 'tis call'd a
 Dropsie.
 The *Timpanites* is one spice of it ; 35
 A toy, a thing of nothing, a meere vapour :
 Ile blow't away. *Lad.* *Needle*, get you the Coach
 Ready, against to morrow morning. *Nee.* Yes Madam.
Lad. Ile downe with her my selfe, and thanke the Doctor.
Pol. Wee all shall thanke him. But, deare Madam, thinke, 40
 Resolve upon a man, this day. *Lad.* I ha' done't.
 To tell you true, (sweet Gossip ;) here is none
 But Master *Doctor*, hee shall be o' the Counsell :
 The man I have design'd her to, indeed,
 Is Master *Practise* : he's a neat young man, 45
 Forward, and growing up, in a profession !
 Like to be some body, if the Hall stand !
 And Pleading hold ! A prime young Lawyers wife,

II. III 18 hers *corr* F : hers, F *originally* 19 Drum)] Drum) F
 20 bombe's] bombes F 23-4 too *Lad* As | Soone] too | *Lady*
L. Assoon G 28 must,] must F 29 mile] miles F 3 30 weekes
corr F. weekes ! F *originally* 33 *Timpane*] *Timpany* F 3
 38 *Exit* add G 42 To *corr* F : (To F *originally* 44 to *corr*.
 F. too F *originally* 45 *Practise* *corr.* F *Practise* ! F *originally*
 man, *corr* F : man ? F *originally*

- Is a right happy fortune. *Rut.* And shee bringing
 50 So plentifull a portion, they may live
 Like King, and Queene, at common Law together I
 Sway Judges ; guide the Courts ; command the Clarkes,
 And fright the Evidence ; rule at their pleasures,
 Like petty Sovereignes in all cases. *Pol.* O, that
 55 Will be a worke of time ; she may be old
 Before her husband rise to a chiefe Judge ;
 And all her flower be gone : No, no, a Lady
 O' the first head I'd have her ; and in Court :
 The Lady *Silk-worme*, a *Diaphanous* Lady :
 60 And be a Vi-countesse to carry all
 Before her (as wee say .) her Gentleman-usher,
 And cast-off Pages, bare, to bid her Aunt
 Welcome unto her honour, at her lodgings.
Rut. You say well, Ladies Gossip ; if my Lady
 65 Could admit that, to have her Neice precede her.
Lad. For that, I must consult mine owne Ambition,
 My zealous Gossip. *Pol.* O, you shall precede her .
 You shall be a Countesse ! Sir *Diaphanous*,
 Shall get you made a Countesse ! Here he comes,
 70 Has my voice certaine : O fine Courtier !
 O blessed man ! the bravery prick't out,
 To make my dainty charge, a Vi-countesse !
 And my good Lady, her Aunt, Countesse at large !

ACT II. SCENE III.

To them.

Diaphanous. Palate.

Dia. I tell thee *Parson*, if I get her, reckon
 Thou hast a friend in Court ; and shalt command
 A thousand pound, to goe on any errand,
 For any Church preferment thou hast a mind too.

II iii. 61 say) . . -usher,] say) . -usher . F 62 cast-off] cast
 off F 69 comes,] comes , F 70 After ' certaine . ' Enter
 behind Sir *Diaphanous* *Silkworm* and *Palate*, in discourse. G 73 large !
 corr. F large F originally II iv G continues the scene 4 too] to F3

Pal. I thanke your worship : I will so worke for you, 5
 As you shall study all the wayes to thanke me :
 Ile worke my Lady, and my Ladies friends ;
 Her Gossip, and this Doctor ; and Squire *Needle*,
 And Mr. *Compass*, who is all in all :
 The very Fly shee moves by : Hee is one 10
 That went to Sea with her husband, Sir *Iohn Loadstone*,
 And brought home the rich prizes : all that wealth
 Is left her ; for which service she respects him :
 A dainty Scholler in the Mathematicks ;
 And one shee wholly employes. Now *Dominus Practise* 15
 Is yet the man (appointed by her Ladiship)
 But there's a trick to set his cap awry,
 If I know any thing ; hee hath confest
 To me in private, that hee loves another,
 My Ladies woman, Mrs *Pleasance* : therefore 20
 Secure you of Rivalship. *Dia.* I thanke thee
 My noble *Parson* : There's five hundred pound
 Waites on thee more for that. *Pal.* Accoast the Neice :
 Yonder shee walkes alone · Ile move the Aunt :
 But here's the Gossip : shee expects a morsell. 25
 Ha' you nere a Ring, or toy to throw away ?

Dia. Yes, here's a Diamont of some threescore pound,
 I pray you give her that. *Pal.* If shee will take it.

Dia. And there's an Emerald, for the Doctor too ·
 Thou, *Parson*, thou shalt come me : I am thine. 30

Pal. Here Mr. *Compass* comes : Doe you see my Lady ?
 And all the rest ? how they doe flutter about him !
 Hee is the Oracle of the house, and family !
 Now, is your time : goe nick it with the Neice :
 I will walke by ; and hearken how the Chimes goe. 35

11 14 17 awry,] awry F 30 Thou,] Thou F 31 After
 ' comes ' Enter *Compass* G 33 family! corr F family? F
 originally 34 Exit Sir *Dia* add G 35 Walks aside. add G

ACT II. SCENE V.

*To them.**Compassse.*

- Com.* Nay *Parson*, stand not off ; you may approach :
 This is no such hid point of State, wee handle,
 But you may heare it : for wee are all of Counsell.
 The gentle Mr. *Practise*, hath dealt clearly,
 5 And nobly with you, Madam. *Lad.* Ha' you talk'd with
 him ?
 And made the overture ? *Com.* Yes, first I mov'd
 The busines trusted to me, by your Ladiship,
 I' your owne words, almost your very Sillabes :
 Save where my Memory trespass'd 'gainst their elegance :
 10 For which I hope your pardon. Then I inlarg'd
 In my owne homely stile, the speciall goodnesse,
 And greatnesse, of your bounty, in your choice,
 And free conferring of a benefit,
 So without ends, conditions, any tye
 15 But his meere vertue, and the value of it,
 To call him to your kindred, to your veines,
 Insert him in your family, and to make him
 A Nephew, by the offer of a Neice,
 With such a portion ; which when hee had heard,
 20 And most maturely acknowledg'd (as his calling
 Tends all unto maturity) he return'd
 A thanks, as ample as the Curtesie,
 (In my opinion) said it was a Grace,
 Too great to be rejected, or accepted
 25 By him ! But as the termes stood with his fortune,
 Hee was not to prevaricate, with your Ladiship,
 But rather to require ingenious leave,
 He might with the same love, that it was offer'd,
 Refuse it, since he could not with his honesty,

II v. *G continues the scene*
 corr F. veines F originally
 28 offer'd,] offer'd F

8 Sillabes] Syllables F3 16 veines,
 27 ingenious] ingenuous W

(Being he was ingag'd before) receive it. 30

Pal. The same he said to me. *Com.* And nam'd the party?

Pal. He did, and he did not. *Com.* Come, leave your Schemes,

And fine *Amphibolies*, *Parson.* *Pal.* You'll heare more.

Pol. Why, now your Ladiship is free to choose,
The Courtier Sir *Diaphanous* : he shall doe it, 35
He move it to him my selfe. *Lad.* What will you move to him?

Pol. The making you a Countesse. *Lad.* Stint, fond woman.

Know you the partie Mr. *Practise* meanes ? *To Com-*

Com. No, but your *Parson* sayes he knowes, Madam. *passe.*

Lad. I feare he fables ; *Parson*, doe you know 40
Where Mr. *Practise* is ingag'd ? *Pal.* He tell you !
But under seale, her Mother must not know :

'Tis with your Ladiships woman, Mrs. *Pleasance*.

Com. How ! *Lad.* Hee is not mad. *Pal.* O hide the hideous secret

From her, shee'l trouble all else. You doe hold 45

A Cricket by the wing. *Com.* Did he name *Pleasance* ?

Are you sure, *Parson* ? *Lad.* O 'tis true, your Mrs !

I find where your shooe wrings you, Mr. *Compass* :

But, you'll looke to him there. *Com.* Yes, here's Sir *Moath*,
Your brother, with his *Bias*, and the Partie 50

Deepe in discourse : 'twill be a bargain, and sale ;

I see by their close working of their heads,

And running them together so in Councell.

Lad. Will Mr. *Practise* be of Councell against us ?

Com. He is a Lawyer, and must speake for his Fee, 55
Against his Father, and Mother, all his kindred ;

His brothers, or his sisters : no exception

Lies at the Common-Law. He must not alter

ii v. 31 nam'd W name F party ?] party F 40 *Parson*,]
Parson F 44 mad] mad ? W 47 sure,] sure F After 53
Enter at a distance, in discourse, sir Moth Interest, Practise, and Bias G
54 *Practise* be] *Practise* be F

Nature for forme, but goe on in his path——

- 60 It may be he will be for us. Doe not you
Offer to meddle, let them take their course :
Dispatch, and marry her off to any husband ;
Be not you scrupulous ; let who can have her :
So he lay downe the portion, though he gueld it :
65 It will maintaine the suit against him : somewhat,
Something in hand is better, then no birds ;
He shall at last accompt, for the utmost farthing,
If you can keepe your hand from a discharge.

Pol. Sir, doe but make her worshipfull Aunt a Countesse,

- 70 And she is yours : her Aunt has worlds to leave you !
The wealth of six East *Indian* Fleets at least !
Her Husband, Sir *Iohn Loadstone*, was the Governour
O' the Company, seven yeares. *Dia.* And came there home,
Six Fleets in seven yeares ? *Pol.* I cannot tell,
75 I must attend my Gossip, her good Ladiship.

Pla. And will you make me a Vi-countesse too ? For,
How doe they make a Countesse ? in a Chaire ?
Or 'pon a bed ? *Dia.* Both wayes, sweet bird, Ile shew you.

ACT II. SCENE VI.

*To them. Interest. Practise. Bias. Compasse. Palate. Rut.
Ironsides.*

Int. The truth is, Mr. *Practise*, now wee are sure
That you are off, we dare come on the bolder :
The portion left, was sixteene thousand pound,
I doe confesse it, as a just man should.

- 5 And call here Mr. *Compasse*, with these Gentlemen,
To the relation : I will still be just.
Now for the profits every way arising,

11 v 65 him somewhat,] him, somewhat: G 68 *Exit Lady L.* add
G 69 *Pol.] Pol [to Diaphanous] G 75 Exit, add G 76 too ?*
For,] too, sir ? G 78 *Exeunt sir Diaphanous and Placentia add G*
11 vi G continues the scene *Rut* corr F *Rnt.* F originally 1 *Int]*
Sir Moth. [coming forward] G, who continues the scene

It was the Donors wisdome, those should pay
Me for my watch, and breaking of my sleepes ;
It is no petty charge, you know, that summe ; 10
To keepe a man awake, for fourteene yeare.

Pra. But (as you knew to use it i' that time)
It would reward your waking. *Int.* That's my industry ;
As it might be your reading, studie, and counsell ;
And now your pleading ; who denies it you ? 15
I have my calling too. Well, Sir, the *Contract*
Is with this Gentleman, ten thousand pound.
(An ample portion, for a younger brother,
With a soft, tender, delicate rib of mans flesh,
That he may worke like waxe, and print upon.) 20
He expects no more then that summe to be tendred,
And hee receive it : Those are the conditions.

Pra. A direct bargaine, and sale in open market.

Int. And what I have furnish'd him withall o' the by,
To appeare, or so : A matter of foure hundred, 25
To be deduc'd upo' the payment——. *Bia.* Right.
You deale like a just man still. *Int.* Draw up this,
Good Mr. *Practise*, for us, and be speedy.

Pra. But here's a mighty gaine Sir, you have made
Of this one stock ! the principall first doubled, 30
In the first seven yeare ; and that redoubled
I' the next seven ! beside sixe thousand pound,
There's threescore thousand got in fourteene yeare,
After the usual rate of ten i' the hundred,
And the ten thousand paid. *Int.* I thinke it be ! 35

Pra. How will you scape the clamour, and the envie ?

Int. Let 'hem exclaime, and envie : what care I ?
Their murmurs raise no blisters i' my flesh.
My monies are my blood, my parents, kindred :
And he that loves not those, he is unnaturall : 40
I am perswaded that the love of monie

ii. vi. 15 pleading,] pleading, F 21 more corr F . more, F
originally 23 sale in open corr F in open sale F originally, F3
24 withall] with all F: withall F3 27 this,] this F 32 next
seven] nextseven F

- Is not a vertue, only in a Subject,
 But might befit a Prince. And (were there need)
 I find me able to make good the Assertion
- 45 To any reasonable mans understanding,
 And make him to confesse it. *Com.* Gentlemen,
 Doctors, and Schollers, yo'll heare this, and looke for
 As much true secular wit, and deepe Lay-sense,
 As can be showne on such a common place.
- 50 *Int.* First, wee all know the soule of man is infinite
 I' what it covets. Who desireth knowledge,
 Desires it infinitely. Who covets honour,
 Covets it infinitely. It will be then
 No hard thing, for a coveting man, to prove
- 55 Or to confesse, hee aimes at infinite wealth.
Com. His soule lying that way. *Int.* Next, every man
 Is i' the hope, or possibility
 Of a whole world : this present world being nothing,
 But the dispersed issue of <the> first one :
- 60 And therefore I not see, but a just man
 May with just reason, and in office ought
 Propound unto himselfe. *Com.* An infinite wealth !
 Ile beare the burden : Goe you on, Sir *Moath.*
- Int.* Thirdly, if wee consider man a member,
- 65 But of the body poltique, we know,
 By just experience, that the Prince hath need
 More of one wealthy, then ten fighting men.
- Com.* There you went out o' the road, a little from us.
Int. And therefore, if the Princes aimes be infinite,
- 70 It must be in that, which makes all. *Com.* Infinite wealth.
Int. Fourthly, 'tis naturall to all good subjects,
 To set a price on money ; more then fooles
 Ought on their Mrs. Picture ; every piece
 Fro' the penny to the twelve pence, being the *Hieroglyphick*,
- 75 And sacred Sculpture of the Sovereigne.

11 vi. 44 Assertion] Assertion F

standing F

59 the G

63 on,] on F

51 I' what] I w hat F

60 not] cannot F3

73 Mrs.] mistress' G

45 understanding,] under-

53 infinitely.] infinitely, F

62 himselfe] himselfe— W

Com. A manifest conclusion, and a safe one.

Int. Fifthly, wealth gives a man the leading voice,
At all conventions ; and displaceth worth,
With generall allowance to all parties :
It makes a trade to take the wall of vertue ; 80
And the mere issue of a shop, right Honourable.
Sixtly, it doth inable him that hath it
To the performance of all reall actions,
Referring him to himselfe still : and not binding
His will to any circumstance, without him ; 85
It gives him precise knowledge of himselfe ;
For, be he rich, he straight with evidence knowes
Whether he have any compassion,
Or inclination unto vertue, or no ;
Where the poore knave erroneously beleeves, 90
If he were rich, he would build Churches, or
Doe such mad things. Seventhly, your wise poore men
Have ever beene contented to observe
Rich Fooles, and so to serve their turnes upon them :
Subjecting all their wit to the others wealth. 95
And become Gentlemen Parasites, Squire Bauds,
To feed their Patrons honorable humors.
Eightly, 'tis certaine that a man may leave
His wealth, or to his Children, or his friends ;
His wit hee cannot so dispose, by Legacie, 100
As they shall be a *Harrington* the better for 't.

Com. He may intaile a Jest upon his house, though :
Or leave a tale to his posteritie, *Enter Ironside.*
To be told after him. *Iro.* As you have done here ?
T'invite your friend, and brother to a feast, 105
Where all the Guests are so mere heterogene,
And strangers, no man knowes another, or cares
If they be Christians, or Mahumetans,
That here are met ! *Com.* Is't any thing to you brother,

II. vi. 77 Fifthly] Fifthly F3 82 Sixtly] Sixthly F3 85 circum-
stance.] circumstance, F 100 Legacie, corr. F Legacie? F originally
102 though : om. F3, W 108 Mahumetans.] Mahumetans! F
109 met] met. F

- 110 To know Religions more then those you fight for ?
Iro. Yes, and with whom I eat. I may dispute,
 And how shall I hold argument with such,
 I neither know their humors, nor their heresies ;
 Which are religions now, and so receiv'd ?
- 115 Here's no man among these that keeps a servant,
 To'inquire his Master of : yet i' the house,
 I heare it buzz'd, there are a brace of Doctors,
 A Foole, and a Physician : with a Courtier,
 That feeds on mulberry leaves, like a true *Silkworme* :
- 120 A Lawyer, and a mighty Money-Baud,
Sir Moath ! has brought his politique *Bias* with him :
 A man of a most animadverting humor :
 Who, to indeare himselfe unto his Lord,
 Will tell him, you and I, or any of us,
- 125 That here are met, are all pernicious spirits,
 And men of pestilent purpose, meanelly affected
 Vnto the State wee live in : and beget
 Himselfe a thanks, with the great men o' the time,
 By breeding Jealouses in them of us,
- 130 Shall crosse our fortunes, frustrate our endeavours,
 Twice seven yeares after : And this trick be call'd
 Cutting of throats, with a whispering, or a pen-knife.
 I must cut his throat now : I'am bound in honour,
 And by the Law of armes, to see it done ;
- 135 I dare to doe it ; and I dare professe
 The doing of it : being to such a Raskall,
 Who is the common offence growne of man-kind ;
 And worthy to be torne up from society.
- Com.* You shall not doe it here, Sir. *Iro.* Why ? will you
- 140 Intreat your selfe, into a beating for him,
 My courteous brother ? If you will, have at you,
 No man deserves it better (now I thinke on't)
 Then you : that will keepe consort with such Fidlers,
 Pragmatick Flies, Fooles, Publicanes, and Moathes :

And leave your honest, and adopted brother.

145

Int. 'Best raise the house upon him, to secure us ;
Hee'll kill us all ! *Pal.* I love no blades in belts.

Rut. Nor I. *Bia.* Would I were at my shop againe,
In Court, safe stow'd up, with my politique bundels.

Com. How they are scatter'd ! *Iro.* Run away like *Cimici*, 150
Into the cranies of a rotten bed-stead.

Com. I told you such a passage would disperse 'hem,
Although the house were their Fee-simple in Law,
And they possest of all the blessings in it.

Iro. Pray heaven they be not frighted from their stomachs: 155
That so my Ladies Table be disfurnish'd
Of the provisions ! *Com.* No, the *Parson's* calling
By this time, all the covey againe, together.
Here comes good tydings ! Dinner 's o' the boord.

ACT II. SCENE VII.

Compassse. Pleasance.

Com. Stay Mrs. *Pleasance*, I must aske you a question :
Ha' you any suites in Law ? *Ple.* I, Mr. *Compassse* ?

Com. Answer me briefly, it is dinner time.

They say you have retain'd brisk Mr. *Practise*

Here, of your Councell ; and are to be joyn'd

5

A Patentee with him. *Ple.* In what ? who sayes so ?

You are dispos'd to jest. *Com.* No, I am in earnest.

It is given out i' the house so, I assure you ;

But keepe your right to your selfe, and not acquaint

A common Lawyer with your case. If hee

10

Once find the gap ; a thousand will leape after.

Ile tell you more anone. *Ple.* This Riddle shewes

A little like a Love-trick, o' one face,

If I could understand it. I will studie it.

II. VI. 147 After 'all !' *Exit* G After 'belts.' *Exit* G 148 After
'I' *Exit* G 157 *Parson's*] *Parsons* F 159 After 'tydings !'
Enter Pleasance. G Dinner's F3 Dinners F *Exit Ironside.* add G
II. VII.] G continues the scene 12 After 'anone,' *Exit* G 14
Exit. add G

Chorus.

Dam. But whom doth your Poët meane now by this—
Mr. *Bias* ? what Lords Secretary, doth hee purpose to personate, or perstringe ?

Boy. You might as well aske mee, what *Alderman*, or
5 *Aldermans Mate*, hee meant by Sir *Moath Interest* ? or what eminent Lawyer, by the ridiculous Mr. *Practise* ? who hath rather his name invented for laughter, then any offence, or injury it can stick on the reverend Professors of the Law : And so the wise ones will thinke.

10 *Pro.* It is an insidious Question, Brother *Damplay* ! Iniquity it selfe would not have urg'd it. It is picking the Lock of the Scene ; not opening it the faire way with a Key. A *Play*, though it apparell, and present vices in generall, flies from all particularities in persons. Would you aske of
15 *Plautus*, and *Terence*, (if they both liv'd now) who were *Davus*, or *Pseudolus* in the Scene ? who *Pyrgopolinices*, or *Thraso* ? who *Euclio* or *Menedemus* ?

Boy. Yes, he would : And inquire of *Martial*, or any other *Epigrammatist*, whom he meant by *Titius*, or *Seius*
20 (the common *John à Noke*, or *John à Style*) under whom they note all vices, and errors taxable to the *Times* ? As if there could not bee a name for a Folly fitted to the *Stage*, but there must be a person in nature, found out to owne it.

Dam. Why, I can phant'sie a person to my selfe *Boy*, who
25 shall hinder me ?

Boy. And, in not publishing him, you doe no man an injury. But if you will utter your owne ill meaning on that person, under the *Authors* words, you make a Libell of his *Comædy*.

30 *Dam.* O, hee told us that in a *Prologue*, long since.

Boy. If you doe the same reprehensible ill things, still the same reprehension will serve you, though you heard it afore : They are his owne words. I can invent no better, nor he.

CHORUS. I thus] his *W*
17 *Eucho* or] *Eucho* of *F3*

10 insidious insidious *F3* 13 A A F

Pro. It is the solemne vice of interpretation, that deforms the figure of many a faire *Scene*, by drawing it awry ; and indeed is the civill murder of most good *Playes* : If I see a thing vively presented on the *Stage*, that the Glasse of custome (which is *Comedy*) is so held up to me, by the Poet, as I can therein view the daily examples of mens lives, and images of Truth, in their manners, so drawne for my delight, or profit, as I may (either way) use them : and will I, rather (then make that true use) hunt out the *Persons* to defame, by my malice of misapplying ? and imperill the innocence, and candor of the *Author*, by his calumnie ? It is an unjust way of hearing, and beholding *Playes*, this, and most unbecomming a *Gentleman* to appeare malignantly witty in anothers *Worke*.

Boy. They are no other but narrow, and shrunke natures ; shriveld up, poore things, that cannot thinke well of themselves, who dare to detract others. That *Signature* is upon them, and it will last. A halfe-witted *Barbarisme* ! which no Barbers art, or his bals, will ever expunge or take out.

Dam. Why, *Boy* ? This were a strange Empire, or rather a Tyrannie, you would entitle your Poet to, over Gentlemen, that they should come to heare, and see *Playes*, and say nothing for their money.

Boy. O, yes ; say what you will : so it be to purpose, and in place.

Dam. Can any thing be out of purpose at a *Play* ? I see no reason, if I come here, and give my eightene pence, or two shillings for my Seat, but I should take it out in censure, on the *Stage*.

Boy. Your two shilling worth is allow'd you : but you will take your ten shilling worth, your twenty shilling worth, and more : And teach others (about you) to doe the like, that follow your leading face ; as if you were to cry up or downe every *Scene*, by confederacy, be it right or wrong.

Dam. Who should teach us the right, or wrong at a *Play* ?

CHORUS. 40 images] images F3 44 his] this W 64 ten corr. F
ten, F originally

Boy. If your own science can not doe it, or the love of
 70 Modesty, and Truth ; all other intreaties, or attempts—are
 vaine. You are fitter *Spectators* for the *Beares*, then us, or
 the Puppets. This is a popular ignorance indeed, somewhat
 better appareld in you, then the People : but a hard-
 handed, and stiffe ignorance, worthy a Trewel, or a Ham-
 75 mer-man ; and not onely fit to be scorn'd, but to be
 triumph'd ore.

Dam. By whom, *Boy* ?

Boy. No particular, but the generall neglect, and silence.
 Good Master *Damplay*, be your selfe still, without a second :
 80 Few here are of your opinion to day, I hope ; to morrow,
 I am sure there will bee none, when they have ruminated
 this.

Pro. Let us mind what you come for, the *Play*, which will
 draw on to the *Eptasis* now.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Item. Needle. Keepe. Pleasance.

Item. **W**Here's Mr. Doctor ? *Nee.* O Mr. *Tim Item*,
 His learned Pothecary ! you are welcome :
 He is within at dinner. *Ite.* Dinner ! Death !
 That hee will eat now, having such a busines,
 5 That so concernes him ! *Nee.* Why, can any busines
 Concerne a man like his meat ? *Ite.* O twenty millions,
 To a Physician, that's in practise : I
 Doe bring him newes, from all the points o' the Compasse,
 (That's all the parts of the sublunary Globe.)
 10 Of times, and double times. *Nee.* In, in, sweet *Item*,
 And furnish forth the Table with your newes :
 Deserve your dinner : Sow out your whole bag full :
 The Guests will heare it. *Item.* I heard they were out.

CHORUS 70 attempts—] attempts W 73 hard-handed] hard
 handed F 77 *Dam . Boy ?* originally in F at the end of the
 preceding speech. III 1] ACT III SCENE I | *A Room in lady*
Loadstone's House | *Enter Timothy Item, Needle, and Nurse Keep. G*
 1 *Item* corr. F : *Iem* F originally

Nee. But they are piec'd, and put together againe,
You may goe in, you'l find them at high eating : 15

The *Parson* has an edifying stomach,
And a perswading Palate (like his name :)
Hee hath begun three draughts of sack in *Doctrines*,
And fower in *Uses*. *Ite.* And they follow him ?

Nee. No, Sir *Diaphanous* is a Recusant 20
In sack. He onely takes it in French wine,
With an allay of water. In, in, *Item*,
And leave your peeping. *Kee.* I have a moneths mind,
To peepe a little too. <ô> sweet Mas' *Needle*,
How are they set ? *Nee.* At the boords end my Lady——. 25

Kee. And my young Mrs. by her ? *Nee.* Yes, the *Parson*
On the right hand (as hee'l not lose his place
For thrusting) and 'gainst him Mrs. *Polish* :
Next, Sir *Diaphanous*, against Sir *Moath* ;
Knights, one againe another : Then the Souldier, 30
The man of warre, and man of peace the Lawyer :
Then the pert Doctor, and the politique *Bias*,
And Mr. *Compass* circumscribeth all.

Ple. Nurse *Keepe*, nurse *Keepe* ! *Nee.* What noise is that *A noise*
within ? *within.*

Ple. Come to my Mistris, all their weapons are out. 35

Nee. Mischiefe of men ! what day, what houre is this ?

Kee. Run for the cellar of strong waters, quickly.

ACT III. SCENE II.

[To them after]

Compass. *Ironside.*

Com. Were you a mad man to doe this at table ?
And trouble all the Guests, to affright the Ladies,
And Gentlewomen ? *Iro.* Pox upo' your women,
And your halfe man there, Court-Sir *Amber-gris* :

III 1 17 name) corr F name F originally 19 And fower]
And fower F him ? W him F 23 After ' peeping ' Exit
Item G 24 o sweet Editor Sweet F Mas'] Master G 28 thrust-
ing] Query, thrusting in 'gainst] against G 34, 35 Ple] Plea.
[within.] G 37 Exeunt add G III 11] SCENE II ! Another
Room in the Same | Enter Ironside, followed by Compass G

- 5 A perfum'd braggart : He must drinke his wine
 With three parts water ; and have Amber in that too.
Com. And you must therefore breake his face with a
 Glasse,
 And wash his nose in wine. *Iro.* Cannot he drinke
 In Orthodoxe, but he must have his Gums,
 10 And Panyrn Drugs ? *Com.* You should have us'd the Glasse
 Rather as ballance, then the sword of Justice :
 But you have cut his face with it, he bleeds.
 Come, you shall take your Sanctuary with me ;
 The whole house will be up in armes 'gainst you else,
 15 Within this halfe houre ; this way to my lodging.

⟨ACT III. SCENE III.⟩

*Rut. Lady. Polish. Keepe, carrying Placentia over the
 Stage. Pleasance. Item.*

⟨To them *Compassse*⟩

- Rut.* A most rude action ! carry her to her bed ;
 And use the Fricace to her, with those oyles.
 Keepe your newes *Item* now, and tend this busines.
Lad. Good Gossip look to her. *Pol.* How doe you sweet
 charge ?
 5 *Kee.* She's in a sweat. *Pol.* I, and a faint sweat mary.
Rut. Let her alone to *Tim* : he has directions,
 Ile heare your newes *Tim Item*, when you ha' done.
Lad. Was ever such a Guest brought to my table ?
Rut. These boistrous Souldiers ha' no better breeding.
 10 Here Mr. *Compassse* comes : where's your Captaine,
Rudhudibras de Ironside ? *Com.* Gone out of doores.
Lad. Would he had nere come in them, I may wish.
 He has discredited my house, and boord,

III II. 13 Come,] Come F 15 Exeunt add G III III]
 SCENE III. | Another Room in the Same | Enter *Rut, lady Loadstone,*
Polish, and Keepe carrying Placentia ; Pleasance and Item following. G
 7 Exeunt *Item, Polish, Keepe and Pleasance, with Placentia.* add G
 10 After 'comes' Enter *Compass G* where's] where is G II *Rud-*
hudibras] *Rudhudibr* as F

With his rude swaggering manners, and endanger'd
My Neices health (by drawing of his weapon) 15
God knowes how farre ; for Mr. Doctor does not.

Com. The Doctor is an Asse then, if hee say so,
And cannot with his conjuring names, *Hippocrates*,
Galen or *Rasis*, *Avicen*, *Averroes*,
Cure a poore wenches falling in a swoone : 20
Which a poore Farthing chang'd in *Rosa solis*,
Or *Cynnamon* water would. *Lad.* How now ? how does
she ?

Kee. Shee's somewhat better. Mr. *Item* has brought her
A little about. *Pol.* But there's Sir *Moath* your brother
Is falne into a fit o' the *happyplexe*, 25
It were a happy place for him, and us,
If he could steale to heaven thus . All the house
Are calling Mr. Doctor, Mr. Doctor.
The *Parson* he has gi'n him gone, this halfe houre ;
Hee's pale in the mouth already, for the feare 30
O' the fierce Captaine. *Lad.* Helpe me to my Chamber,
Nurse *Keepe* : Would I could see the day no more,
But night hung over me, like some darke cloud ;
That, buried with this losse of my good name,
I, and my house might perish, thus forgotten—— 35

Com. Her taking it to heart thus, more afflicts me
Then all these accidents, for they'll blow over.

ACT III. SCENE III(I)

Practise. Silkworme. Compasse.

Pra. It was a barbarous Injury, I confesse .
But if you will be counsell'd, Sir, by me,
The reverend Law lies open to repaire
Your reputation. That will gi' you damages ;

III III 18 *Hippocrates*,] *Hippocrates*, F 19 *Avicen*,] *Avicen* F
22 After ' would,' Re-enter *Keep* and *Polish* G 28 *Exit Rut* add G
35 *Exeunt Lady L. Keep, and Polish* add G III 19] *Enter Practise*
and sir *Diaphanous Silkworm*. G, continuing the scene

5 Five thousand pound for a finger, I have knowne
Given in Court : And let me pack your Jury.

Silk. There's nothing vexes me, but that he has stained
My new white sattin Doublet ; and bespatter'd
My spick and span silke Stockings, o' the day

10 They were drawne on : And here's a spot i' my hose too.

Com. Shrewd mames ! your Clothes are wounded desperately,

And that (I thinke) troubles a Courtier more,
An exact Courtier, then a gash in his flesh.

Silk. My flesh ? I sweare had he giv'n me twice so much,
15 I never should ha' reckon'd it. But my clothes
To be defac'd, and stigmatiz'd so foulely !
I take it as a contumely done me
Above the wisdom of our Lawes to right.

Com. Why then you'l challenge him ? *Silk.* I will advise,
20 Though Mr. *Practise* here doth urge the Law ;
And reparation it will make me of credit,
Beside great damages (let him pack my Jury.)

Com. He speakes like Mr. *Practise*, one, that is
The Child of a Profession he's vow'd too,
25 And servant to the studie he hath taken,
A pure Apprentice at Law ! But you must have
The Counsell o' the Sword ; and square your action
Vnto their Cannons, and that brother-hood,
If you doe right. *Pra.* I tell you Mr. *Compasse*,
30 You speak not like a friend unto the Lawes,
Nor scarce a subject, to perswade him thus,
Vnto the breach o' the peace : Sir, you forget
There is a Court above, o' the *Starre-Chamber*,
To punish Routs and Riots. *Com.* No, young Master,
35 Although your name be *Practise* there in Terme time,
I doe remember it. But you'l not heare
What I was bound to say ; but like a wild

11. iv. 8 white] wh its F 16 defac'd] de defac'd F
tion W : reputation F (cf. ll 3, 4) 32 Sir.] Sir F
The period faint or missing in F

21 repara-
34 Riots]

Young haggard Justice, fly at breach o' the Peace,
 Before you know, whether the amorous Knight
 Dares break the peace of conscience in a Duell. 40
Silk. Troth Mr. *Compassse*, I take you my friend ;
 You shall appoint of me in any matter
 That's reasonable, so wee may meet faire,
 On even termes. *Com.* I shall perswade no other,
 (And take your learned Counsell to advise you, 45
 Ile run along with him.) You say you'l meet him,
 On even termes. I doe not see indeed
 How that can be, 'twixt *Ironsides* and you,
 Now I consider it. Hee is my brother,
 I doe confesse (wee ha' call'd so twenty yeare :) 50
 But you are, Sir, a Knight in Court, allied there,
 And so befriended, you may easily answer
 The worst successe : He a knowne, noted, bold
 Boy o' the Sword, hath all mens eyes upon him ;
 And there's no *London-Iury*, but are led 55
 In evidence, as farre by common fame,
 As they are by present deposition.
 Then you have many brethren, and neer kinsmen.
 If he kill you, it will be a lasting Quarrell
 'Twixt them, and him. Whereas *Rud: Ironside*, 60
 Although he ha' got his head into a Beaver,
 With a huge feather, 's but a Corriers sonne,
 And has not two old Cordo'van skins, to leave
 In Leather Caps to mourne him in, if he die.
 Againe, you are generally belov'd, he hated 65
 So much, that all the hearts, and votes of men
 Goe with you, in the wishing all prosperity
 Vnto your purpose ; hee's a fat, corpulent,
 Vnweildy fellow : you, a dieted Sparke,
 Fit for the Combat. He has kild so many ; 70
 As it is ten to one his turne is next ;

III. IV. 45 you,] you) F 46 him]] him F 49 brother,]
 brother F 50 confesse (wee] confess we G 60 'Twixt] T'wixt F
 63 Cordo'van] Cordov'an F

You never fought with any ; lesse, slew any :
And therefore have the <fairer> hopes before you.

I hope these things thus specified unto you,

75 Are faire advantages : you cannot encounter
Him upon equall termes. Beside, Sir *Silkworme*,

He hath done you wrong in a most high degree :

And sense of such an Injury receiv'd,

Should so exacute, and whet your choller,

80 As you should count your selfe an host of men,
Compar'd to him. And therefore you, brave Sir,

Have no more reason to provoke, or challenge

Him, then the huge great Porter has to try

His strength upon an Infant. *Silke*. Mr. *Compassse*,

85 You rather spur me on, then any way

Abate my courage to the Enterprize.

Com. All Counsell's as it's taken. If you stand

On point of honour, not t'have any odds,

I have rather then dissuaded you, then otherwise :

90 If upon termes of humour and revenge,

I have encourag'd you. So that I thinke,

I have done the part of a friend on either side :

In furnishing your feare with matter first,

If you have any : Or, if you dare fight,

95 To heighten, and confirme your resolution

Pra. I now doe crave your pardon, Mr. *Compassse* :

I did not apprehend your way before,

The true *Perimeter* of it : you have Circles,

And such fine draughts about ! *Silke*. Sir, I doe thanke you,

100 I thanke you Mr. *Compassse* heartily ;

I must confesse, I never fought before,

And I'll be glad to doe things orderly,

In the right place : I pray you <to> instruct me.

Is't best I fight ambitiously, or maliciously ?

105 *Com.* Sir, if you never fought before, be wary,

III IV. 73 fairer (or better) W conj. 89 I have] I have F
98 *Perimeter*] *Perimeter* F, F3 99 Sir,] Sir F 102 I'll] I'd G
103 me] me, sir G

Trust not your selfe too much. *Silke.* Why? I assure you,
 I'am very angry. *Com.* Doe not suffer, though,
 The flatuous, windy choller of your heart,
 To move the clapper of your understanding,
 Which is the guiding faculty, your reason : 110
 You know not, if you'l fight, or no, being brought
 Vpo' the place. *Silke.* O yes, I have imagin'd
 Him treble arm'd, provok'd too, and as furious
 As *Homer* makes *Achilles* ; and I find
 My selfe not frighted with his fame one jot. 115
Com. Well, yet take heed. These fights imaginary,
 Are lesse then skirmishes ; the fight of shadowes .
 For shadowes have their figure, motion,
 And their umbratile action from the reall
 Posture, and motion of the bodies act : 120
 Whereas (imaginarily) many times,
 Those men may fight, dare scarce eye one another,
 And much lesse meet. But if there be no helpe,
 Faith I would wish you, send him a faire Challenge.
Silk. I will goe pen it presently. *Com.* But word it 125
 In the most generous termes. *Silk.* Let me alone.
Pra. And silken phrase : the courtliest kind of Quarrell.
Com. *He'l make it a petition for his peace.*
Pra. *O, yes, of right, and hee may doe it by Law.*

ACT III. SCENE [I]V.

Rut. Palate. Bias, bringing out *Interest* in a Chaire.
Item. Polish following.

Rut. Come, bring him out into the aire a little :
 There set him downe. Bow him, yet bow him more,
 Dash that same Glasse of water in his face :
 Now tweak him by the nose. Hard, harder yet :

III IV. 118 motion,] motion F 126 the most] themost or them
 ost F 129 Exeunt add G III V] SCENE IV. | *Another*
Room in the Same | *Enter Rut, Palate and Bias* bringing out *sir Moth*
Interest in a chair : Item and Polish following G

- 5 If it but call the blood up from the heart,
 I aske no more. See, what a feare can doe !
 Pinch him in the nape of the neck now : nip him, nip him.
Itē. He feeles, there's life in him. *Pal.* He groanes, and
 stirres.
Rut. Tell him the Captaine's gone. *Int.* Ha ! *Pal.* He's
 gone Sir.
- 10 *Rut.* Gi' him a box, hard, hard, on his left eare.
Int. O ! *Rut.* How doe you feele your selfe ? *Int.* Sore,
 sore. *Rut.* But where ?
Int. I' my neck. *Rut.* I nipt him there. *Int.* And i' my
 head.
Rut. I box'd him twice, or thrice, to move those Sinewes.
Bia. Isweare you did. *Pol.* What a brave man's a Doctor,
 15 To beat one into health ! I thought his blowes
 Would eene ha' kild him : hee did feele no more
 Then a great horse. *Int.* Is the wild Captaine gone ?
 That man of murther ? *Bia.* All is calme and quiet.
Int. Say you so, Cosen *Bias* ? Then all's well.
- 20 *Pal.* How quickly a man is lost ! *Bia.* And soone
 recover'd !
Pol. Where there are meanes, and Doctors, learned men,
 And their Apothecaries, who are not now,
 (As *Chawcer* sayes) their friendship to begin.
 Well, could they teach each other how to win
 25 I' their swath bands——. *Rut.* Leave your Poetry good
 Gossip,
 Your *Chawcers* clouts, and wash your dishes with 'hem,
 Wee must rub up the roots of his disease,
 And crave your peace awhile, or else your absence.
Pol. Nay, I know when to hold my peace. *Rut.* Then
 do it.
- 30 Gi' me your hand Sir *Moath.* Let's feele your pulse.
 It is a Pursinesse, a kind of Stoppage,
 Or tumor o' the Purse, for want of exercise,

III. v 5 but] b ut F 8 groanes] graones F 11 *Rut.* . . . where ?
A new line in F. 22 now] new A. S. Cook conj. 25 Gossip,] Gossip. F

That you are troubled with : some ligatures
I'th' neck of your *Vesica*, or *Marsupium*,
Are so close knit, that you cannot evaporate ; 35
And therefore you must use relaxatives.

Beside, they say, you are so restive growne,
You cannot but with trouble put your hand
Into your pocket, to discharge a reckoning.
And this we sonnes of Physick doe call *chiragra*, 40
A kind of Crampe, or Hand-Gout. You shall purge for't.

Ite. Indeed your worship should doe well to'advise him,
To clense his body, all the three high wayes ;
That is, by *Sweat*, *Purge*, and *Phlebotomy*.

Rut. You say well, learned *Tim*, Ile first prescribe him, 45
To give his purse a purge once, twice a weeke
At Dice, or Cards : And when the weather is open,
Sweat at a bowling Alley ; or be let blood
I' the lending veine, and bleed a matter of fifty,
Or threescore ounces at a time. Then put 50
Your thumbs under your Girdle, and have some body
Else, pull out your purse for you, till with more ease,
And a good habit, you can doe it your selfe.

And then be sure alwayes to keepe good diet ;
And h<a>' your table furnish'd from one end, 55
Vnto the tother : It is good for the eyes.
But feed you on one dish still, ha' your Diet-drinke,
Ever in Bottles ready, which must come
From the *Kings-head* : I will prescribe you nothing,
But what Ile take before you mine own selfe : 60
That is my course with all my Patients.

Pal. Very methodicall, *Secundùm Artem*.

Bia. And very safe *pro captu recipientis*.

Pol. All errant learned men, how they 'spute Latine !

Rut. I had it of a Jew, and a great *Rabbi*, 65
Who every morning cast his cup of White-wine

III v. 34 I'th'] I'th F 45 well,] well F 50-2 G divides at
put your thumbs | Under . . . somebody else | Pull . . . 56 eyes.]
eyes, F: Eyes, F3 59 Kings-head] Kings-head F

With sugar, and by the residence i' the bottome,
 Would make report of any Chronick malady,
 Such as Sir *Moath's* is, being an oppilation,

70 In that you call the neck o' the money bladder,

Enter Nurse Most anatomicall, and by dissection.

Kee. O Mr. Doctor, and his Potheccary !

Good Mr. *Item*, and my Mistris *Polish* !

Wee need you all above ! Shee's falne againe,

75 In a worse fit then ever. *Pol.* Who ? *Kee.* Your charge.

Pol. Come away Gentlemen. *Int.* This fit with the
 Doctor,

Hath mended me past expectation.

ACT III. SCENE V(I).

Compass. *Diaphanous.* *Practise.* *Bias.* *Ironsides.*

Com. O Sir *Diaphanous*, ha' you done ? *Dia.* I ha'
 brought it.

Pra. That's well. *Com.* But who shall carry it now ?

Dia. A friend :

Ile find a friend to carry it ; Mr. *Bias* here

Will not deny me that. *Bia.* What is't ? *Dia.* To carry

5 A Challenge I have writ unto the Captaine.

Bias. Faith but I will Sir. you shall pardon me

For a twi-reason of State : Ile beare no Challenges ;

I will not hazard my Lords favour so ;

Or forfeit mine owne Judgement with his honour,

10 To turne a Ruffian : I have to commend me

Nought but his Lordships good opinion ;

And to't my *Kallygraphy*, a faire hand,

Fit for a Secretary : Now you know, a mans hand

Being his executing part in fight,

15 Is more obnoxious to the common perill——

Dia. You shall not fight Sir, you shall onely search

III v 77 *Exeunt all but Bias* add G III vi *Enter Compass,*
sr Diaphanous Silkworm and Practise G, continuing the scene 2 *Com*]
 The period faint or missing in F

My *Antagonist* ; cōmmit us fairely there
 Vpo' the ground on equall termes. *Bia.* O Sir !
 But if my Lord should heare I stood at end
 Of any quarrell, 'twere an end of me 20
 In a state course ! I ha' read the Politiques ;
 And heard th' opinions of our best Divines.

Com. The Gentleman has reason ! Where was first
 The birth of your acquaintance ? or the Cradle
 Of your strickt friendship made ? *Dia.* We met in *France*,
 Sir. 25

Com. In *France* ! that Garden of humanity,
 The very seed-plot of all courtesies :
 I wonder that your friendship suck'd that alimēt,
 The milke of *France* ; and see this sower effect
 It doth produce, 'gainst all the sweets of travell : 30
 There, every Gentleman professing armes,
 Thinkes he is bound in honour to imbrace
 The bearing of a Challenge for another,
 Without or questioning the cause, or asking
 Least colour of a reason. There's no Cowardize,
 No Poultrounerie, like urging why ? wherefore ? 35
 But carry a Challenge, die, and doe the thing.

Bia. Why, heare you Mr. *Compass*, I but crave
 Your eare in private. I would carry his Challenge,
 If I but hop'd your Captaine angry enough 40
 To kill him : For (to tell you truth) this Knight,
 Is an impertinent in Court, (wee thinke him :)
 And troubles my Lords Lodgings, and his Table
 With frequent, and unnecessary visits,
 Which wee (the better sort of Servants) like not : 45
 Being his Fellowes in all other places,
 But at our Masters boord ; and we disdaine
 To doe those servile offices, oft times,
 His foolish pride, and Empire will exact,

III. vi 23 has reason] hasreason F 25 friendship made] friend-
 shipmade F 28 alimēt] a liment F 37 die, . . thing] do
 the thing and die G 39 private] private ? F After 'private.'
 [takes him aside] G

50 Against the heart, or humour of a Gentleman.

Com. Truth Mr. *Bias*, I'd not ha' you thinke
I speake to flatter you : but you are one
O' the deepest Politiques I ever met,
And the most subtilly rationall. I admire you.

55 But doe not you conceive in such a case,
That you are accessary to his death,
From whom you carry a Challenge with such purpose ?

Bia. Sir, the corruption of one thing in nature,
Is held the Generation of another ;

60 And therefore, I had as leive be accessory
Vnto his death, as to his life. *Com.* A new
Morall Philosophy too ! you'l carry 't then.

Bia. If I were sure, 't would not incense his choller
To beat the Messenger. *Com.* O, Ile secure you,

65 You shall deliver it in my lodging, safely ;
And doe your friend a service worthy thanks.

Bia. Ile venture it, upon so good Induction,
To rid the Court of an Impediment,

Enter Ironside. This baggage Knight. *Iro.* Peace to you all, Gentlemen,
Save to this Mushrome ; who I heare is menacing
Me with a Challenge : which I come to anticipate,
And save the Law a labour : Will you fight Sir ?

Dia. Yes, in my shirt. *Iro.* O, that's to save your
doublet ;

I know it a Court trick ! you had rather have

75 An Ulcer in your body, then a Pinke
More i' your clothes. *Dia.* Captaine, you are a Coward,
If you not fight i' your shirt. *Iro.* Sir, I not meane
To put it off for that, nor yet my doublet :
Yo' have cause to call me Coward, that more feare

80 The stroke of the common, and life-giving aire,
Then all your fury, and the Panoplie.

Pra. (Which is at best, but a thin linnen armour.)

III vi 57 purpose ?] purpose. F 58, 77 Sir,] Sir F 64 O,] O' F
65 lodging, safely,] lodging, safely, F 69 all,] all F 73 After
' shirt,] [Throws off his doublet] G 77 I not] I do not F3 80 life-
giving] life giving F 81 Panoplie] panoply— G

I thinke a cup of generous wine were better,
Then fighting i' your shirts. *Dia.* Sir, Sir, my valour,
It is a valour of another nature, 85
Then to be mended by a cup of wine.

Com. I should be glad to heare of any valours,
Differing in kind ; who have knowne hitherto,
Only one vertue, they call *Fortitude*,
Worthy the name of valour. *Iro.* Which, who hath not, 90
Is justly thought a Coward : And he is such.

Dia. O, you ha' read the Play there, the *New Inne*,
Of *Ionsons*, that decries all other valour
But what is for the publike. *Iro.* I doe that too,
But did not learne it there ; I thinke no valour 95
Lies for a private cause. *Dia.* Sir, Ile redargue you,
By disputation. *Com.* O let's heare this !
I long to heare a man dispute in his shirt
Of valour, and his sword drawne in his hand.

Pra. His valour will take cold ; put on your doublet. 100

Com. His valour will keepe cold, you are deceiv'd ;
And relish much the swe(e)ter in our eares :
It may be too, i' the ordinance of nature,
Their valours are not yet so combatant,
Or truly *antagonistick*, as to fight ; 105
But may admit to heare of some divisions,
Of *Fortitude*, may put 'hem off their Quarrell.

Dia. I would have no man thinke me so ungovern'd,
Or subject to my passion, but I can
Reade him a Lecture 'twixt my undertakings, 110
And executions : I doe know all kinds
Of doing the busines, which the Towne cals valour.

Com. Yes, he has read the Towne, *Towne-top's* his
Author !

Your first ? *Dia.* Is a rash head-long unexperience.

Com. Which is in Children, Fooles, or your street Gallants 115
O' the first head. *Pra.* A pretty kind of valour !

Com. Commend him, he will spin it out in's shirt,

Fine, as that thred. *Dia.* The next, an indiscreet
Presumption, grounded upon often scapes.

- 120 *Com.* Or th' insufficiencie of Adversaries,
And this is in your common fighting Brothers,
Your old *Perdu's*, who (after a time) doe thinke,
The one, that they are shot-free; the other, sword-free.
Your third? *Dia.* Is nought but an excesse of choller,
125 That raines in testy old men——. *Com.* Noblemens
Porters,

And selfe-conceited Poets. *Dia.* And is rather
A peevishnesse, then any part of valour.

Pra. He but rehearses, he concludes no valour.

- Com.* A history of distempers, as they are practiz'd,
130 His *Harangue* undertaketh, and no more.

Your next? *Dia.* Is a dull desperate resolving.

Com. In case of some necessitous misery, or
Incumbent mischiefe. *Pra.* Narrownesse of mind,
Or ignorance being the root of it.

- 135 *Dia.* Which you shall find in Gamesters, quite blowne up.

Com. <Or> bankrupt Merchants, undiscovered Traytors.

Pra. Or your exemplified Malefactors,
That have surviv'd their infamy, and punishment.

Com. One that hath lost his eares, by a just sentence

- 140 O' the *Starre-Chamber*, a right valiant Knave——

And is a *Histrionicall* Contempt,
Of what a man feares most; it being a mischiefe
In his owne apprehension unavoidable.

Pra. Which is in Cowards wounded mortally,

- 145 Or Theeves adjudg'd to die. *Com.* This is a valour,

I should desire much to see encourag'd :

As being a speciall entertainment

For our rogue People; and make oft good sport

Vnto 'hem, from the Gallowes to the ground.

III. vi 121 Brothers,] Brothers *F* 123 shot-free] shot free *F*
other, *corr.* *F*: other *F* originally sword-free] sword free. *corr.* *F*:
sword free, *F* originally 126 selfe-] selfe *F* 135 you shall]
shou shall *F*: thou shalt *F* 136 Or *Editor*. In *G* *conj.*
139 hath] h ath *F*

Dia. But mine is a Judiciall resolving, 150
Or liberall undertaking of a danger——.

Com. That might be avoided. *Dia.* I, and with assurance,
That it is found in Noble-men, and Gentlemen,
Of the best sheafe. *Com.* Who having lives to lose,
Like private men, have yet a world of honour, 155
And publike reputation to defend——.

Dia. Which in the brave historified *Greeks*,
And *Romans* you shall reade of. *Com.* And (no doubt)
May in our Alder-men meet it, and their Deputies,
The Souldiers of the Citie, valiant blades, 160
Who (rather then their houses should be ransack'd)
Would fight it out, like so many wild beasts ;
Not for the fury they are commonly arm'd with .
But the close manner of their fight, and custome,
Of joyning head to head, and foot to foot. 165

Iro. And which of these so well-prest resolutions
Am I to encounter now ? For commonly,
Men that have so much choise before 'hem, have
Some trouble to resolve of any one.

Bia. There are three valours yet, which Sir *Diaphanous*, 170
Hath (with his leave) not touch'd. *Dia.* Yea ? which are
those ?

Pra. He perks at that ! *Com.* Nay, he does more, he
chatters.

Bia. A Philosophicall contempt of death,
Is one : Then an infused kind of valour,
Wrought in us by our *Genu*, or good spirits ; 175
Of which the gallant *Ethnicks* had deepe sense
Who generally held, that no great States-man,
Scholler, or Souldier, ere did any thing
Sine divino aliquo afflatu.

Pra. But there's a Christian valour, 'bove these too. 180

Bia. Which is a quiet patient toleration,
Of whatsoever the malitious world

III vi 180 too] two *W* conj.

With Injury doth unto you ; and consists
In passion, more then action, Sir *Diaphanous*.

185 *Dia.* Sure, I doe take mine to be Christian valour——.

Com. You may mistake though. Can you justifie

On any cause, this seeking to deface,

The divine Image in a man ? *Bia.* O Sir !

Let 'hem alone : Is not *Diaphanous*

190 As much a divine Image, as is *Ironsides* ?

Let images fight, if they will fight, a God's name.

ACT III. SCENE VI(I).

To them inter-vening.

Keepe. Needle. Interest.

Kee. Where's Mr. *Needle* ? Saw you Mr. *Needle* ?

Wee are undone. *Com.* What ailes the frantick Nurse ?

Kee. My Mistris is undone, shee's crying out !

Where is this man trow ? Mr. *Needle* ? *Nee.* Here.

5 *Kee.* Run for the party, Mrs. *Chaire* the Mid-wife.

Nay, looke how the man stands, as he were gok't !

Shee's lost, if you not haste away the party.

Nee. Where is the Doctor ? *Kee.* Where a scoffing man is.

And his Apothecary, little better ;

10 They laugh, and geere at all : will you dispatch ?

And fetch the party quickly to our Mistris :

Wee are all undone ! The Timpanie will out else.

Int. Newes, newes, good newes, better then butter'd
newes !

My Neice is found with Child, the Doctor tels me,

15 And false in labour. *Com.* How ? *Int.* The portion's paid !

The portion——ô the Captaine ! Is he here ? *Exit.*

Pra. H'has spi'd your swords out ! put 'hem up, put up,
Yo' have driven him hence ; and yet your quarrell's ended.

Iro. In a most strange discovery. *Pra.* Of light gold.

III vii *Enter Nurse Keepe hastily* G, continuing the scene 4 *After*
'*Needle*' *Enter Needle* G *After 'Here' Takes her aside.* G 6 gok't]
gowked G 12 *Exeunt Needle and Keepe.* | *Enter srr Moth Interest.*
add G 15 *After 'How ?' Exit.* G 16 ô] o' F : O' F3

Dia. And crack't within the Ring. I take the *Omen*, 20
As a good *Omen*. *Pra.* Then put up your Sword,
And on your Doublet. Give the Captaine thanks.

Dia. I had beene slur'd else. Thanke you noble Captaine :
Your quarrelling caus'd all this. *Iro.* Where's *Compassse* ?

Pra. Gone,
Shrunke hence ; contracted to his Center, I feare. 25

Iro. The slip is his then. *Dia.* I had like t' have beene
Abus'd i' the busines, had the slip slur'd on me,
A Counterfeit. *Bias.* Sir, we are all abus'd :
As many as were brought on to be Suitors ;
And we will joyne in thanks, all to the Captaine, 30
And to his fortune that so brought us off.

Chorus.

Dam. This was a pittifull poore shift o' your Poët, *Boy*,
to make his prime woman with child, and fall in labour, just
to compose a quarrell.

Boy. With whose borrowed eares, have you heard, Sir, all
this while, that you can mistake the current of our *Scene* so ? 5
The streame of the *Argument*, threatned her being with child
from the very beginning, for it presented her in the first of
the second *Act*, with some apparent note of infirmity, or
defect : from knowledge of which, the Auditory were rightly
to bee suspended by the *Author*, till the quarrell, which was 10
but the accidentall cause, hastned on the discovery of it, in
occasioning her affright ; which made her fall into her
throwes presently, and within that compasse of time allow'd
to the *Comedy*, wherein the Poet exprest his prime Artifice,
rather then any errour, that the detection of her being with 15
child, should determine the quarrell, which had produc'd it.

Pro. The *Boy* is too hard for you. Brother *Damplay*, best
marke the *Play*, and let him alone.

Dam. I care not for marking the *Play* : Ile damne it,

III. vii. 23 Captaine *corr* F. Captaine! *F* originally 25 hence;
corr. F : hence, [*F* originally 31 *Exeunt* add G CHORUS.] 17 you.
Brother *Damplay*,] you, brother *Damplay* ; G

20 talke, and doe that I come for. I will not have *Gentlemen*
lose their priviledge, nor I my selfe my prerogative, for neere
an overgrowne, or superannuated Poët of 'hem all. Hee
shall not give me the Law ; I will censure, and be witty,
and take my Tobacco, and enjoy my *Magna Charta* of
25 reprehension, as my Predecessors have done before me.

Boy. Even to license, and absurdity.

Pro. Not now, because the *Gentlewoman* is in travell : and
the Midwife may come on the sooner, to put her and us out
of our paine.

30 *Dam.* Well, looke to your busines afterward, *Boy*, that all
things bee cleare, and come properly forth, suited, and set
together ; for I will search what followes severely and to the
naile.

Boy. Let your naile run smooth then, and not scratch :
35 lest the *Author* be bold to pare it to the quick, and make it
smart : you'll find him as severe as your selfe.

Dam. A shrewd Boy ! and has mee every where. The
Mid-wife is come, she has made haste.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Chaire. Needle. Keepe

C*Ha.* Stay Mr. *Needle*, you doe prick too fast
Vpo' the busines : I must take some breath :
Lend me my stoole, you ha' drawne a stitch upon me,
In faith, sonne *Needle*, with your haste. *Nee.* Good Mother,
5 Peice up this breach ; Ile gi' you a new Gowne,
A new silke-Grogoran Gowne. Ile do it, Mother.

Kee. What'll you doe ? you ha' done too much already
With your prick-seame, and through-stitch, Mr. *Needle*.

I pray you sit not fabling here old tales,

10 Good Mother *Chaire*, the Mid-wife, but come up.

IV 1] ACT IV SCENE I. | *A Room in lady Loadstone's House.* | *Enter*
Mother Chaire, and Needle. G 4, 5 Verse re-arranged by W : '*Nee.*
Good Mother', in l 5 in F 5 Peice] peice F 6 do it,
W. do't F *Enter Nurse Keepe.* add G 8 -stitch.] -stitch. F
Needle.] *Needle*, F 10 *Exeunt Chaire and Needle* add G

ACT III. SCENE II.

Compassse. Keepe. Practise.

Com. How now Nurse, where's my Lady? *Kee.* In her Chamber

Lock'd up, I thinke : shee'll speake with no body.

Com. Knowes shee o' this accident? *Kee.* Alas Sir, no ;
Would she might never know it. *Pra.* I thinke her Ladiship
Too vertuous, and too nobly innocent, 5
To have a hand in so ill-form'd a busines.

Com. Your thought Sir is a brave thought, and a safe one,
The child now to be borne is not more free,
From the aspersion of all spot, then she.
She have her hand in plot, 'gainst Mr. *Practise*, 10
If there were nothing else, whom she so loves ?
Cries up, and values ? knowes to be a man
Mark'd out, for a chiefe Justice in his cradle ?
Or a Lord Paramount ; the head o' the Hall ?
The Top, or the Top-gallant of our Law ? 15
Assure your selfe, she could not so deprave
The rectitude of her Judgement, to wish you
Vnto a wife, might prove your Infamy,
Whom she esteem'd that part o' the Common-wealth,
And had <cried> up for honour to her blood. 20

Pra. I must confesse a great beholdingnesse
Vnto her Ladiships offer, and good wishes.
But the truth is, I never had affection,
Or any liking to this Neice of hers.

Com. You fore-saw somewhat them? *Pra.* I had my notes, 25
And my Prognosticks. *Com.* You read Almanacks,
And study 'hem to some purpose, I beleeve ?

Pra. I doe confesse, I doe beleeve, and pray too :
According to the Planets, at sometimes.

iv. ii. Enter Compass and Practise G, continuing the scene
4 After 'it.' Exit. G 9 she. F3 : she ? F 10 Practise,] Practise
F : Practise, F3 16 deprave] deprave, F 20 cried Editor :
raised G 29 Planets,] Planets F

- 30 *Com.* And doe observe the signe in making Love ?
Pra. As in Phlebotomy. *Com.* And choose your Mistris
 By the good dayes, and leave her by the bad ?
Pra. I doe, and I doe not. *Com.* A little more
 Would fetch all his Astronomie from *Allestree*.
 35 *Pra.* I tell you Mr. *Compass*, as my friend,
 And under seale, I cast mine eye long since,
 Vpo' the other wench, my Ladies woman,
 Another manner of peice for handsomnesse,
 Then is the Neice (but that is *sub sigillo*,
 40 And as I give it you) in hope o' your aid,
 And counsell in the busines. *Com.* You need counsell ?
 The only famous Counsell, o' the kingdome,
 And in all Courts ? That is a Jeere in faith,
 Worthy your name, and your profession too,
 45 Sharpe Mr. *Practise*. *Pra.* No, upo' my Law,
 As I am a Bencher, and now double Reader,
 I meant in meere simplicity of request.
Com. If you meant so. Th' affaires are now perplex'd,
 And full of trouble, give 'hem breath, and settling,
 50 Ile doe my best. But in meane time doe you
 Prepare the *Parson*. (I am glad to know
 This ; for my selfe lik'd the young Maid before,
 And lov'd her too.) Ha' you a Licence ? *Pra.* No ;
 But I can fetch one straight. *Com.* Doe, doe, and mind
 55 The *Parsons* pint t'ingage him <i> the busines ;
 A knitting Cup there must be. *Pra.* I shall doe it.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

Bias. Interest. Compass.

Bia. 'Tis an affront, from you Sir ; you here brought me,
 Vnto my Ladies, and to wooe a wife,
 Which since is prov'd a crack'd commoditie ;
 Shee hath broke bulke too soone. *Int.* No fault of mine,

iv 11 48 so] so, W
 56 *Exit* add G
 continuing the scene

55 him 1' *Editor* him— F: him in W
 iv 111 *Enter Bias, and sir Moth Interest G,*
 1 'Tis Tis F

If she be crack'd in peeces, or broke round ; 5
 It was my sisters fault, that owes the house,
 Where she hath got her clap, makes all this noise.
 I keepe her portion safe, that is not scatter'd :
 The money's rattle not ; nor are they throwne,
 To make a Musse, yet, 'mong the gamesome Suitors. 10

Com. Can you endure that flout, close Mr. *Bias*,
 And have beene so bred in the Politiques ?
 The injury is done you, and by him only ;
 He lent you imprest money, and upbraids it :
 Furnish'd you for the wooing, and now waves you. 15

Bia. That makes me to expostulate the wrong
 So with him, and resent it as I doe.

Com. But doe it home then. *Bia.* Sir, my Lord shall
 know it.

Com. And all the Lords o' the Court too. *Bia.* What a
 Moath

You are, Sir *Interest* ! *Int.* Wherein, I intreat you, 20
 Sweet Master *Bias* ? *Com.* To draw in young States-men,
 And heires of policie into the noose
 Of an infamous matrimonie. *Bia.* Yes,
 Infamous, *quasi in communem famam* :
 And Matrimony, *quasi*, matter of Money. 25

Com. Learnedly urg'd, my cunning Mr. *Bias*.

Bia. With his lewd, knowne, and prostituted Neice.

Int. My knowne, and prostitute : how you mistake,
 And run upon a false ground, Mr. *Bias* !
 (Your Lords will doe me right) Now she is prostitute, 30
 And that I know it (please you understand me.)

I meane to keepe the portion in my hands :
 And pay no monies. *Com.* Marke you that, *Don Bias* ?
 And you shall still remaine in bonds to him,
 For wooing furniture, and imprest charges. 35

Int. Good Mr. *Compasse*, for the summes he has had
 Of me, I doe acquit him : They are his owne.

Here, before you, I doe release him. *Com.* Good !

Bia. O Sir. *Com.* 'Slid take it : I doe witsesse it :

40 Hee cannot hurle away his money better.

Int. He shall get so much Sir, by my acquaintance,

To be my friend : And now report to his Lords

As I deserve, no otherwise. *Com.* But well :

And I will witsesse it, and to the value ;

45 Foure hundred is the price, if I mistake not,

Of your true friend in Court. Take hands, you ha' bought him,

And bought him cheap. *Bia.* I am his worships servant.

Com. And you his slave, Sir *Moath.* Seal'd, and deliver'd.

Ha' you not studied the Court Complement ?

50 Here are a paire of Humours, reconcil'd now,

That money held at distance : or their thoughts,

Baser then money.

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

Polish. Keepe. Compasse.

Pol. Out thou catife witch !

Baud, Beggar, Gipsej : Any thing indeed,

But honest woman. *Kee.* What you please, Dame *Polish,*

My Ladies Stroaker. *Com.* What is here to doe ?

5 The Gossips out ! *Pol.* Thou art a Traytor to me,

An *Eve*, the *Apul*, and the Serpent too :

A Viper, that hast eat a passage through me,

Through mine owne bowels, by thy retchlesnesse.

Com. What frantick fit is this ? Ile step aside

10 And hearken to it. *Pol.* Did I trust thee, wretch,

With such a secret, of that consequence,

Did so concerne me, and my child, our livelihood,

And reputation ? And hast thou undone us,

iv. iii. 43 deserve.] deserve F 49 *Exeunt Sir Moth and Bias.*
add G iv. iv. *Enter Polish driving in Nurse Keepe. G, continuing*
the scene 5 After 'out!' *Aside G* 10 After 'it' *Retires. G*
13 us, F3 us ? F

By thy connivence, nodding in a corner,
 And suffering her be got with child so basely ? 15
 Sleepie unlucky Hag ! Thou bird of night,
 And all mischance to me. *Kee.* Good Lady Empresse !
 Had I the keeping of your Daughters clicket
 In charge ? was that committed to my trust ?
Com. Her Daughter ? *Pol.* Softly Divell, not so lowd, 20
 You'd ha' the house heare, and be wisse, would you ?
Kee. Let all the world be wisse. Afore Ile
 Endure the Tyrannie of such a tongue——
 And such a pride——. *Pol.* What will you doe ? *Kee.*
 Tell truth,
 And shame the She-man-Divell in puff'd sleeves ; 25
 Run any hazzard, by revealing all
 Vnto my Lady : how you chang'd the cradles,
 And chang'd the children in 'hem. *Pol.* Not so high !
Kee. Calling your Daughter *Pleasance*, there *Placentia*,
 And my true Mistris by the name of *Pleasance*. 30
Com. A horrid secret, this ! worth the discovery !
Pol. And must you be thus lowd ? *Kee.* I will be lowder :
 And cry it through the house, through every roome,
 And every office of the Lawndry-maids :
 Till it be borne hot to my Ladies eares. 35
 Ere I will live in such a slavery,
 Ile doe away my selfe. *Pol.* Didst thou not sweare
 To keepe it secret ? and upon what booke ?
 (I doe remember now) *The Practice of Piety.*
Kee. It was a practice of impiety, 40
 Out of your wicked forge, I know it now,
 My conscience tels me. First, against the Infants,
 To rob them o' their names, and their true parents ;
 T(o)'abuse the neighbour-hood, keepe them in errour ;
 But most my Lady : Shee has the maine wrong : 45
 And I wil let her know it instantly.
 Repentance, (if it be true) nere comes too late.

iv. iv 15 be got F3 : begot F 20 After ' Daughter ? ' *Aside* G
 lowd] low'd F 31 discovery I] discovery ; F 47 *Exit.* add G

- Pol.* What have I done? Conjur'd a spirit up
 I sha' not lay againe? drawne on a danger,
 50 And ruine on my selfe thus, by provoking
 A peevish foole, whom nothing will pray of,
 Or satisfie, I feare? Her patience stirr'd,
 Is turn'd to fury. I have run my Barke,
 On a sweet Rock, by mine owne arts, and trust:
 55 And must get off againe, or dash in peeces.
Com. This was a busines, worth the listning after.

ACT IIII. SCENE V.

Pleasance. Compasse. <Palate.>

- Ple.* O Mr. *Compasse*, did you see my Mother?
 Mistris *Placentia*, my Ladies Neice,
 Is newly brought to bed o' the bravest boy!
 Will you goe see it? *Com.* First, Ile know the father,
 5 Ere I approach these hazards. *Ple.* Mistris Midwife
 Has promis'd to find out a father for it,
 If there be need. *Com.* Shee may the safelier do't,
 By vertue of her place. But pretty *Pleasance*,
 I have a newes for you, I thinke will please you.
 10 *Ple.* What is it, Mr. *Compasse*? *Com.* Stay, you must
 Deserve it ere you know it. Where's my Lady?
Ple. Retir'd unto her Chamber, and shut up.
Com. She heares o' none o' this yet? well, doe you
 Command the Coach; and fit your selfe to travell
 15 A little way with me. *Ple.* Whither, for Gods sake?
Com. Where Ile intreat you not to your losse, beleewe it.
 If you dare trust your selfe. *Ple.* With you the world ore.
Com. The newes will well requite the paines, I assure you.
 And i' this tumult you will not be mist.
 20 Command the Coach, it is an instant busines,
- iv iv. 52 satisfie,] satisfie F 55 Exit add G 56 Com]
 Com [coming forward] G iv. v Enter Pleasance. G, continuing
 the scene 2 Neice,] Neice, F. Neice, F3 10 is it, W:
 18't F 14 travell corr. F: travell? F originally 15 sake?
 corr. F: sake. F originally

Wu' not be done without you. *Parson Palate*
Most opportunely met, step to my Chamber :
Ile come to you presently. There is a friend,
Or two, will entertaine you. *Mr. Practise*,
Ha' you the Licence ?

25

ACT IV. SCENE VI.

Practise. Compasse. Pleasance. Palate.

Pra. Here it is. *Com.* Let's see it :
Your name's not in't. *Pra.* Ile fill that presently ;
It has the Seale, which is the maine : And registred.
The Clarke knowes me, and trusts me. *Com.* Ha' you the
Parson ?

Pra. They say hee's here, he 'pointed to come hither. 5

Com. I would not have him seene here for a world,
To breed su(s)pition. Doe you intercept him,
And prevent that. But take your Licence with you,
And fill the blanke : or leave it here with me,
Ile doe it for you ; stay you for us at his Church, 10
Behind the old Exchange, wee'll come i'th' Coach,
And meet you there within this Quarter at least.

Pra. I am much bound unto you, *Mr. Compasse*,
You have all the Law, and parts of Squire *Practise*
For ever at your use. Ile tell you newes, too : 15
Sir, your Reversion's fall'n : *Thin-wit's* dead,
Surveyor of the Projects generall.

Com. When died he ? *Pra.* Eene this morning, I receiv'd
it

From a right hand. *Com.* Conceale it *Mr. Practise*,
And mind the maine affaire, you are in hand with. 20

iv v 21 After 'you' Exit Pleasance | Enter Palate G 24 you .
Practise, corr F : you, . . *Practise*. F originally After 'you.' Exit
Palate G iv vi G continues the scene 3 registred F3
registred, F 8 take] trke F originally 10 you ; F3 : you, F
for 1716, W with F (caught up from 'with' in l 9), F3 11 i'th'
i'th F 16 *Thin-wit's*] *Thin-wits* F 20 Exit *Practise* | Re-enter
Pleasance add G

Ple. The Coach is ready Sir. *Com.* 'Tis well, faire *Pleasance*,

Though now wee shall not use it; bid the Coach-man
Drive to the Parish Church, and stay about there,
Till Mr. *Practise* come to him, and imploy him :

25 I have a Licence now, which must have entry
Before my Lawyers. Noble *Parson Palate*,
Thou shalt be a marke advanc't : here's a peece,
And doe a feat for me. *Pal.* What, Mr. *Compasse* ?

Com. But run the words of Matrimony, over
30 My head, and Mrs. *Pleasances* in my Chamber :

There's Captaine *Ironsides* to be a witnesse :
And here's a Licence to secure thee. *Parson* !
What doe you stick at ? *Pal.* It is after-noone Sir,
Directly against the Canon of the Church ;

35 You know it Mr. *Compasse* : and beside,
I am ingag'd unto our worshipfull friend,
The learned Mr. *Practise*, in that busines.

Com. Come on, ingage your selfe . Who shall be able
To say you married us, but i' the morning,

40 The most canonicall minute o' the day,
If you affirme it ? That's a spic'd excuse,
And shewes you have set the Common Law, before
Any profession else, of love, or friendship.
Come Mrs. *Pleasance*, wee cannot prevaile

45 With th' rigid *Parson* here ; but Sir, Ile keepe you
Lock'd in my lodging, 'till 't be done elsewhere,
And under feare of *Ironsides*. *Pal.* Doe you heare, Sir ?

Com. No, no, it matters not. *Pal.* Can you thinke Sir
I would deny you any thing ? not to losse

50 Of both my Livings : I will doe it for you,
Ha' you a wedding Ring ? *Com.* I and a Poesie :

Annulus hic nobis, quod scit uterq; dabit. *Pal.* Good !

iv. vi 21 well,] well F 22 it; F3: it, F 24 Exit *Pleasance*.
add G 26 After 'Lawyers' Re-enter *Palate*. G 27 Gives him
money add G 34 Directly] Dure ctly F 37 *Practise*,]
Practise F 42 Common] Canon F3, W, G 43 Re-enter
Pleasance. add G 46 'till 't] 'till't F

This Ring will give you what you both desire.
Ile make the whole house chant it, and the Parish.

Com. Why, well said *Parson*. Now to you my newes, 55
That comprehend my reasons, *Mrs. Pleasance*.

ACT III. SCENE VII.

Chaire. Needle. Polish. Keepe.

Cha. Goe, get a Nurse, procure her at what rate
You can : and out o'th' house with it, sonne *Needle*.
It is a bad Commoditie. *Nee.* Good Mother,
I know it, but the best would now be made on't.

Cha. And shall : you should not fret so, *Mrs. Polish*, 5
Nor you Dame *Keepe* ; my Daughter shall doe well,
When she has tane my Cawdle. I ha' knowne
Twenty such breaches piec'd up, and made whole,
Without a bum of noise. You two fall out ?
And teare up one another ? *Pol.* Blessed woman ! 10
Blest be the Peace-maker. *Kee.* The Pease-dresser !
Ile heare no peace from her. I have beene wrong'd,
So has my Lady, my good Ladies worship,
And I will right her, hoping shee'll right me.

Pol. Good gentle *Keepe*, I pray thee Mistris Nurse, 15
Pardon my passion, I was misadvis'd,
Be thou yet better, by this grave sage woman,
Who is the Mother of Matrons, and great persons,
And knowes the world. *Kee.* I doe confesse, she knowes
Something—and I know something—. *Pol.* Put your
somethings 20

Together then. *Cha.* I, here's a chance falne out
You cannot helpe ; lesse can this Gentlewoman ;
I can and will, for both. First, I have sent
By-chop away ; the cause gone, the fame ceaseth.
Then by my Cawdle, and my Cullice, I set 25

IV. VII] SCENE II. | Another Room in the Same. | Enter Mother Charr
with a child, Polish, Keep, and Needle. G 4 Exit with the child
add G 10 another ? corr. F : another. F originally woman !]
woman ? F

My Daughter on her feet, about the house here :
 Shee's young, and must stirre somewhat for necessity,
 Her youth will beare it out. She shall pretend,
 T'have had a fit o' the Mother : there is all.

- 30 If you have but a Secretary Landresse,
 To blanch the Linnen——Take the former counsels
 Into you ; keepe them safe i' your owne breasts ;
 And make your Merkat of 'hem at the highest.
 Will you goe peach, and cry your selfe a foole
 35 At Granam's Crosse ? be laugh'd at, and dispis'd ?
 Betray a purpose, which the Deputie
 Of a double Ward, or scarce his Alderman,
 With twelve of the wisest Questmen could find out,
 Imployed by the Authority of the Citie ?
 40 Come, come, be friends : and keepe these women-matters,
 Smock-secrets to our selves, in our owne verge.
 Wee shall marre all, if once we ope the mysteries
 O' the Tying-house, and tell what's done within :
 No Theaters are more cheated with apparances,
 45 Or these shop-lights, then th'Ages, and folke in them,
 That seeme most curious. *Pol.* Breath of an Oracle !
 You shall be my deare Mother ; wisest woman
 That ever tip'd her tongue, with point of reasons,
 To turne her hearers ! *Mistris Keepe*, relent,
 50 I did abuse thee ; I confesse to penance :
 And on my knees aske thee forgivenessse. *Cha.* Rise,
 She doth begin to melt, I see it——. *Kee.* Nothing
 Griev'd me so much, as when you call'd me Baud :
 Witch did not trouble me, nor Gipsie ; no,
 55 Nor Beggar. But a Baud, was such a name !
Cha. No more rehearsals ; Repetitions
 Make things the worse : The more wee stirre (you know
 The Proverbe, and it signifies a) stink.
 What's done, and dead, let it be buried.
 60 New houres will fit fresh handles, to new thoughts.

ACT IV. SCENE VIII.

Interest, with his Foot-boy. To them <the *Lady*.>
Compassse. <To them.> *Ironside*. *Silkeworme*. *Palate*.
Pleasance. And after *Practise*.

Int. Run to the Church, Sirrah. Get all the Drunkards
 To ring the Bels, and jangle them for joy
 My Neice hath brought an Heire unto the house,
 A lusty boy. Where's my sister *Loadstone* ?
 Asleepe at afternoones ! It is not wholesome ; 5
 Against all rules of Physick, Lady sister.
 The little Doctor will not like it. Our Neice
 Is new deliver'd of a chopping Child,
 Can call the Father by the name already,
 If it but ope the mouth round. Mr. *Compassse*, 10
 He is the man, they say, fame gives it out,
 Hath done that Act of honour to our house,
 And friendship, to pompe out a Sonne, and Heire,
 That shall inherit nothing, surely nothing
 From me at least. I come t'invite your Ladiship 15
 To be a witnesse ; I will be your Partner,
 And give it a horne-spoone, and a treene dish ;
 Bastard, and Beggars badges, with a blanket
 For Dame the Doxey to march round the Circuit,
 With bag, and baggage. *Com*. Thou malicious Knight, 20
 Envious Sir *Moath*, that eates on that which feeds thee,
 And frets her goodnesse, that sustaines thy being ;
 What company of Mankind would owne thy brother-hood,
 But as thou hast a title to her blood,
 Whom thy ill nature hath chose out t(o)'insult on, 25
 And vexes thus, for an Accident in her house,

iv. viii] To them the *Lady* — in F after '*Pleasance*' as if she entered late. And after] and after F, preceded by 'To them the *Lady* :'
 SCENE III. | Another Room in the Same | Enter sir Moth Interest, and Servant. G 4 After 'boy' [Exit Servant] G After '*Loadstone*?' Enter lady Loadstone. G 13 friendship,] friendship F pompe] pump W 15 After 'least.' Enter Compass G

As if it were her crime ! Good innocent Lady !
 Thou shew'st thy selfe a true corroding Vermine,
 Such as thou art. *Int.* Why, gentle Mr. *Compassse* ?

- 30 Because I wish you joy of your young Sonne,
 And Heire to the house, you ha' sent us ? *Com.* I ha' sent
 you ?

I know not what I shall doe. Come in, friends :
 Madam, I pray you be pleas'd to trust your selfe
 Vnto our company. *Lad.* I did that too late ;

- 35 Which brought on this calamity upon me,
 With all the infamy I heare ; your Souldier,
 That swaggering Guest. *Com.* Who is return'd here to you,
 Your vowed friend, and servant ; comes to sup with you,
 So wee doe all ; and 'll prove he hath deserv'd
 40 That speciall respect, and favour from you,
 As not your fortunes, with your selfe to boote,
 Cast on a Feather-bed, and spread o'th' sheets
 Vnder a brace of your best Persian Carpets,
 Were scarce a price to thanke his happy merit.

- 45 *Int.* What impudence is this ? can you indure
 To heare it, sister ? *Com.* Yes, and you shall heare it ;
 Who will indure it worse. What deserves he
 In your opinion, Madam, or weigh'd Judgement,
 That, things thus hanging (as they doe) in doubt,
 50 Suspended, and suspected, all involv'd,
 And wrapt in errour, can resolve the knot ?
 Redintegrate the fame, first of your house ?
 Restore your Ladships quiet ? render then
 Your Neice a Virgin, and unvitiated ?
 55 And make all plaine, and perfect (as it was)
 A practise to betray you, and your name ?

Int. Hee speakes impossibilities. *Com.* Here he stands,
 Whose fortune hath done this, and you must thanke him :
 To what you call his swaggering, wee owe all this.

iv. viii. 27 Lady !] Lady, F 32 in.] in F After 32 Enter
Ironsides, sir Diaphanous Silkworm, Palate, and Pleasance. G 39 and
 'll] and I'll F3 deserv'd] deserv'd, F 46 it.] it F 49 doe] in
 doubt,] doe in doubt) F 52 Redintegrate F3 : Redintegrate F

And that it may have credit with you Madam, 60
Here is your Neice, whom I have married, witnesse
These Gentlemen, the Knight, Captaine, and Parson,
And this grave Politique Tell-troth of the Court.

Lad. What's she that I call Neice then? *Com.* Polishes
Daughter;

Her Mother Goodwy' *Polish* hath confess'd it 65
To Granam *Keepe*, the Nurse, how they did change
The children in their Cradles. *Lad.* To what purpose?

Com. To get the portion, or some part of it,
Which you must now disburse intire to me, Sir,
If I but gaine her Ladiships consent. 70

Lad. I bid God give you joy, if this be true.

Com. As true it is, Lady, Lady, i' th' song.
The portion's mine, with interest, Sir *Moath*;
I will not 'bate you a single *Harrington*,
Of interest upon interest. In meane time, 75
I doe commit you to the Guard of *Ironsides*,
My brother here, Captaine *Rudhudibras* :
From whom I will expect you, or your Ransome.

Int. Sir, you must prove it, and the possibility,
Ere I beleeve it. *Com.* For the possibility, 80
I leave to triall. Truth shall speake it selfe.

O Mr. *Practise*, did you meet the Coach?

Pra. Yes Sir, but empty. *Com.* Why, I sent it for you.
The busines is dispatch'd here, ere you come ;
Come in, Ile tell you how : you are a man 85
Will looke for satisfaction, and must have it.

All. So doe wee all, and long to heare the right.

Chorus.

Dam. Troth, I am one of those that labour with the same
longing, for it is almost pucker'd, and pull'd into that knot,

rv viii 64 Daughter,] Daugh some copies of F through failure to print
the end of a long line 65 Goodwy'] goody G confess'd] con-
fess'd F 73 interest,] interest F 76 Ironside,] Ironside. F 79
Sir,] Sir F 81 After ' triall.' Enter Practise. G 87 Exeunt. add G

by your Poët, which I cannot easily, with all the strength of my imagination, untie.

- 5 *Boy.* Like enough, nor is it in your office to be troubled or perplexed with it, but to sit still, and expect. The more your imagination busies it selfe, the more it is intangled, especially if (as I told, in the beginning) you happen on the wrong end.
- 10 *Pro.* He hath said sufficient, Brother *Damplay*; our parts that are the Spectators, or should heare a *Comedy*, are to await the processe, and events of things, as the *Poet* presents them, not as wee would corruptly fashion them. Wee come here to behold *Playes*, and censure them, as they
- 15 are made, and fitted for us; not to beslave(r) our owne thoughts, with censorious spittle tempering the *Poets* clay, as wee were to mould every *Scene* anew: That were a meere Plastick, or Potters ambition, most unbecomming the name of a *Gentleman*. No, let us marke, and not lose the busines
- 20 on foot, by talking. Follow the right thred, or find it.

Dam. Why, here his *Play* might have ended, if hee would ha' let it; and have spar'd us the vexation of a *fift Act* yet to come, which every one here knowes the issue of already, or may in part conjecture.

- 25 *Boy.* That conjecture is a kind of Figure-tinging, or throwing the Dice, for a meaning was never in the *Poets* purpose perhaps. Stay, and see his last *Act*, his *Catastrophe*, how hee will perplexe that, or spring some fresh cheat, to entertaine the *Spectators*, with a convenient delight, till some
- 30 unexpected, and new encounter breake out to rectifie all, and make good the *Conclusion*.

Pro. Which, ending here, would have showne dull, flat, and unpointed; without any shape, or sharpenesse, Brother *Damplay*.

- 35 *Dam.* Well, let us expect then: And wit be with us, o' the *Poets* part.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Needle. Item.

Nee. **T**Roth Mr. *Item*, here's a house divided,
And quarter'd into parts, by your Doctors
ingine.

H'has cast out such aspersions on my Ladies
Neice here, of having had a Child ; as hardly
Will be wip'd off, I doubt. *Ite.* Why, is't not true ? 5

Nee. True ! did you thinke it ? *Ite.* Was shee not in
labour ?

The Mid-wife sent for ? *Nee.* There's your errour now !
Yo' ha' drunke o' the same water. *Item.* I beleev'd it,
And gave it out too. *Nee.* More you wrong'd the party ;
She had no such thing about her, innocent creature ! 10

I(t)em. What had she then ? *(Nee.)* Only a fit o' the
Mother !

They burnt old shoes, Goose-feathers, *Assafætida*,
A few horne shavings, with a bone, or two,
And she is well againe, about the house ;—

Ite. Is't possible ? *Nee.* See it, and then report it. 15

Ite. Our Doctors Vrinall-Judgement is halfe crack'd then.

Nee. Crack't i' the case, most hugely, with my Lady,
And sad Sir *Moath*, her brother ; who is now
Vnder a cloud a little. *Ite.* Of what ? Disgrace ?

Nee. He is committed to *Rud-hudibras*, 20
The Captaine *Ironsides*, upon displeasure,
From Mr. *Compasse*, but it will blow off.

Ite. The Doctor shall reverse <t>his, instantly,
And set all right againe : if you'll assist
But in a toy, Squire *Needle*, comes i' my noddle now. 25

Nee. Good, *Needle* and Noddle ! what may 't be ? I long
for't.

v. i] ACT V. SCENE I | A Room in Lady Loadstone's House Enter
Needle and Item G 7 Nee] Ite. F3 11 Item] Iem F:
Jem. F3 Nee. Only 1716, W: only F 12 Assafætida] Assa
fatida F 23 this G. his F 25 toy, F3: toy; F

Ite. Why, but to goe to bed : faine a distemper
 Of walking i' your sleepe, or talking in't
 A little idly, but so much, as on't,
 30 The Doctor may have ground, to raise a cure
 For 's reputation. *Nee.* Any thing, to serve
 The worship o' the man I love and honour.

ACT V. SCENE II.

Polish. Pleasance. Chaire. Placentia. Keepe.

Pol. O ! gi' you joy *Mademoiselle Compasse !*
 You are his Whirle-poole now : all to be married,
 Against your Mothers leave, and without counsell !
 H'has fish'd faire, and caught a Frog, I feare it.
 5 What fortune ha' you to bring him in dower ?
 You can tell stories now : you know a world
 Of secrets to discover. *Ple.* I know nothing
 But what is told me ; nor can I discover
 Any thing. *Pol.* No, you shall not, Ile take order.
 10 Goe, get you in there : It is *Ember-weeke !*
 Ile keepe you fasting from his flesh a while.
Cha. See, who's here ? she'has beene with my Lady ;
 Who kist her, all to kist her, twice or thrice.
Nee. And call'd her Neice againe, and view'd her *Linnen.*
 15 *Pol.* You ha' done a Miracle, Mother *Chaire.* *Cha.* Not I,
 My Cawdle has done it. Thanke my Cawdle heartily.
Pol. It shall be thank'd, and you too, wisest Mother ;
 You shall have a new, brave, foure-pound Beaver hat,
 Set with enamell'd studs, as mine is here :
 20 And a right paire of Cristall Spectacles,
 Cristall o'th' Rock, thou mighty Mother of Dames,
 Hung in an Ivory Case, at a gold Belt,
 And silver Bels to gingle, as you pase

V. 11] SCENE II. | Another Room in the Same. | Enter Polish and Pleasance G 10 After 'there' Exit Pleasance G 11 Enter Chaire and Keepe with Placentia add G 12 See, who's here ?] See who is here ! G 12, 13 Printed as prose in F. 13 Who] who F 23 pase] puss F3 : pass W

Before your fiftie Daughters in procession
To Church, or from the Church. *Cha.* Thanks Mrs. *Polish.* 25
Kee. She does deserve as many pensions,
As there be peeces in a—Maiden-head ;
Were I a Prince to give 'hem. *Pol.* Come sweet Charge,
You shall present your selfe about the house,
Be confident, and beare up ; you shall be seene. 30

ACT V. SCENE III.

Compassse. Ironside. Practise.

Com. What ? I can make you amends, my learned
Counsell,
And satisfie a greater Injury
To chafed Mr. *Practise.* Who would thinke
That you could be thus testie ? *Iro.* A grave head !
Gi'n over to the study of our Lawes. 5
Com. And the prime honours of the Common-wealth.
Iro. And you to mind a wife. *Com.* What should you doe
With such a toy as a wife, that might distract you,
Or hinder you i' your Course ? *Iro.* He shall not thinke on't.
Com. I will make over to you my Possession, 10
Of that same place is falne (you know) to satisfie,
Surveyor of the Projects generall.
Iro. And that's an office, you know how to stirre in.
Com. And make your profits of. *Iro.* Which are (indeed)
The ends of a gown'd man : Shew your activity, 15
And how you are built for busines. *Pra.* I accept it
As a *P(o)ssession*, be 't but a *Reversion*.

Com. You first told me 'twas a Possession. *Pra.* I,
I told you that I heard so. *Iro.* All is one,
Hee'll make *Reversion* a *Possession* quickly. 20
Com. But I must have a generall Release from you.
Pra. Doe one, Ile doe the other. *Com.* It's a match

v. ii 29-30 Printed as prose in F 30 Be] be F v. iii] SCENE III.
Another Room in the Same | Enter Compass, Ironside, and Practise. G
4 head !] heap ! F3 11 satisfie,] satisfie F

Before my brother *Ironside*. *Pra.* 'Tis done.

Com. Wee two are reconcil'd then. *Iro.* To a Lawyer,
 25 That can make use of a place, any halfe title,
 Is better then a wife. *Com.* And will save charges
 Of Coaches, Vellute Gownes, and cut-worke Smocks.

Iro. Hee is to occupie an office wholly.

Com. True, I must talke with you neerer, Mr. *Practise*,
 30 About recovery o' my wives portion,
 What way I were best to take. *Pra.* The plainest way.

Com. What's that, for plainenesse? *Pra.* Sue him at
 Common-Law :

Arrest him on an Action of Choke-baile,
 Five hundred thousand pound ; it will affright him,
 35 And all his sureties. You can prove your marriage? *Com.*
 Yes.

Wee'll talke of it within, and heare my Lady.

ACT V. SCENE IV.

Interest. Lady. Rut. Item.

Int. I'am sure, the Vogue o' the house went all that way ;
 She was with Child, and Mr. *Compass* got it.

Lad. Why, that you see, is manifestly false,
 H'has married the other ; our true Neice, he sayes :

5 He would not wooe 'hem both : hee is not such
 A Stallion, to leape all. Againe, no Child
 Appeares, that I can find with all my search,
 And strictest way of Inquiry, I have made
 Through all my family. A fit o' the Mother,

10 The women say she had, which the Mid-wife cur'd,
 With burning bones and feathers : Here's the Doctor.

Enter Doctor. *Int.* O noble Doctor, did not you, and your *Item*,
 Tell me our Neice was in labour? *Rut.* If I did,
 What followes? *Int.* And that Mother Mid-night

V. IV] SCENE IV. | *Another Room in the Same.* | *Enter srr Moth Interest,*
and Lady Loadstone. G 1 Vogue 1716, W : Rogue F, F3 : voice F.
Cunningham conj. 4 Neice,] Neice F

Was sent for ? *Rut.* So she was ; and is i'the house still. 15

Int. But here has a noise been since, she was deliver'd
Of a brave boy, and Mr. *Compass*'s getting.

Rut. I know no rattle of Gossips, nor their noyses.
I hope you take not me for a Pimpe errant,
To deale in smock Affaires ? Where's the Patient ? 20
The infirme man, I was sent for, Squire *Needle* ?

Lad. Is *Needle* sick ? *Rut.* My 'Pothecary tels me *Enter*
Hee is in danger ; how is't *Tim* ? where is he ? *Tim.*

Ite. I cannot hold him downe. Hee's up, and walkes,
And talkes in his perfect sleepe, with his eyes shut, 25
As sensibly, as he were broad awake.

Rut. See, here he comes. Hee's fast asleepe, observe him.

ACT V. SCENE V.

Rut. Needle. Interest. Item. Lady. Polish. Chaire.
Keepe. Placentia.

Rut. Hee'll tell us wonders : What doe these women
here ?

Hunting a man halfe naked ? you are fine beagles !
You'd have his dousets. *Nee.* I ha' linnen breeks on.

Rut. He heares, but hee sees nothing. *Nee.* Yes, I see
Who hides the treasure yonder. *Int.* Ha ? what treasure ? 5

Rut. If you aske questions, he 'wakes presently :
And then you'll heare no more, till his next fit.

Nee. And whom she hides it for. *Rut.* Doe you marke
Sir ? list.

Nee. A fine she spirit it is, an Indian Mag-pie.
She was an Aldermans Widow, and fell in love 10
With our Sir *Moath*, my Ladies brother. *Rut.* (Heare you ?)

Nee. And she has hid an Aldermans estate ;
Dropt through her bill in little holes, i' the Garden,
And scrapes earth over 'hem ; where none can spy
But I, who see all by the Glowwormes light, 15

v. iv 27 *Rut* om F3 After 27 *Enter Needle, followed by Polish,*
Chaw, Keepe, and Placentia. G v. v.] *G continues the scene. Line*
x is the last line of scene iv. in F

- <Exit
Needle.> That creeps before. *Pol.* I knew the Gentlewoman ;
 Alderman *Parrots* Widow, a fine Speaker,
 As any was i' the Clothing, or the Bevy ;
 She did become her scarlet, and black Velvet,
 20 Her greene, and purple—— *Rut.* Save thy colours, Raine-
 bow,
 Or she will run thee over, and all thy lights.
Pol. She dwelt in *Doo-little* Lane, a top o' the hill there ;
 I' the round Cage, was after Sir *Chime Squirrel*'s.
 Shee would eate nought but Almonds, I assure you.
 25 *Rut.* Would thou had'st a dose of pilles, a double dose,
 O' the best purge, to make thee turne tale, tother way.
Pol. You are a foule-mouth'd, purging, absurd Doctor ;
 I tell you true, and I did long to tell it you.
 You ha' spread a scandall i' my Ladies house here,
 30 On her sweet Neice, you never can take off
 With all your purges, or your plaister of Oathes ;
 Though you distill your Dam-me, drop by drop,
 I' your defence. That she hath had a Child,
 Here she doth spit upon thee, and defie thee ;
 35 Or I do't for her. *Rut.* Madam, pray you bind her
 To her behaviour. Tye your Gossip up,
 Or send her unto *Be'tlem.* *Pol.* Goe thou thither,
 That better hast deserv'd it, shame of Doctors :
 Where could she be deliver'd ? by what charme
 40 Restor'd to her strength so soone ? who is the Father ?
 Or where the Infant ? Aske your Oracle,
 That walkes, and talkes in his sleepe. *Rut.* Where is he ?
 gone ?
 You ha' lost a fortune listning to her Tabour.
 Good Madam lock her up. *Lad.* You must give loosers
 45 Their leave to speake, good Doctor. *Rut.* Follow his footing
 Before he get to his bed : This rest is lost else.

v. v 16 After 'before.' *Exeunt Needle, Charr, Keep, and Placentia.* G
 26 tale] Tail F3 27 foule-mouth'd] foule mouth'd F 32 Dam-
 me] Damm F3 39 charme] charme ? F 42 is he ? gone ?]
 is he gone ? F3 43 to her] to her, to her F, F3 *Aside to Sir*
Moth. add G 46 *Exeunt Rut and Sir Moth* add G

ACT V. SCENE VI.

Compassse. Practise. Ironside. Polish. Lady.

Com. Where is my wife? what ha' you done with my wife,

Gossip o' the Counsels? *Pol.* I, sweet Mr. *Compassse*?

I honour you, and your wife. *Com.* Well, doe so still.

I will not call you Mother tho', but *Polish*.

Good Gossip *Polish*, where ha' you hid my wife?

5

Pol. I hide your wife? *Com.* Or she is run away.

Lad. That would make all suspected, Sir, a fresh.

Come we will find her, if she be i' the house.

Pol. Why should I hide your wife, good Mr. *Compassse*?

Com. I know no cause, but that you are good'y *Polish*,

10

That's good at malice; good at mischief; all

That can perplex, or trouble a busines, throughly.

Pol. You may say what you will: yo' are Mr. *Compassse*,

And carry a large sweep, Sir, i' your Circle.

Lad. Ile sweep all corners, Gossip, to spring this,

15

If't be above ground. I will have her cry'd,

By the Common-cryer, th(o)rough all the Ward,

But I will find her. *Iro.* It will be an Act

Worthy your justice, Madam. *Pra.* And become

The integrity, and worship of her name.

20

ACT V. SCENE VII.

Rut. Interest. Item. Needle.

Rut. 'Tis such a Fly, this Gossip, with her buz,

Shee blowes on every thing, in every place!

Int. A busie woman, is a fearefull grievance!

Will hee not sleepe againe? *Rut.* Yes instantly,

v vi] Enter *Compassse, Practise, and Ironside* G, continuing the scene
2 Counsels? corr. F, F3: Counsels F originally 6 she is W she's F
10 good'y] goo'dy F 15, 16 this, . . . ground W: this . . .
ground, F 17 thorough G 20 Exeunt. add G
v. vi] SCENE V. | Another Room in the Same. | Enter *Rut* and *sir Moth*
Interest. G

- 5 As soone as he is warme. It is the nature
 Of the disease, and all these cold dry fumes,
 That are melancholicke, to worke at first,
 Slow, and insensibly in their ascent,
 Till being got up, and then distilling downe
 10 Vpo' the braine ; they have a pricking quality
 That breeds this restlesse rest, which we, the sonnes
 Of Physick, call a walking in the sleepe,
 And telling mysteries, that must be heard
 Softly, with art, as we were sowing pillowes
 15 Vnder the Patient elbowes, else they'd fly
 Into a phrensie, run into the Woods,
 Where there are Noises, huntings, shoutings, hallowings,
 Amidst the brakes, and furzes, over bridges,
 Fall into waters : Scratch their flesh : Sometimes
 20 Drop downe a præcipice, and there be lost.
Enter How now ! what does he ? *Ite.* He is up againe,
Item. And 'gins to talke. *Int.* O' the former matter, *Item* ?
Ite. The treasure, and the Lady : That's his argument.
Int. O mee, <most> happy man ! he cannot off it.
 25 I shall know all then. *Rut.* With what appetite
 Our owne desires delude us ! Heare you *Tim* ?
 Let no man interrupt us. *Ite.* Sir *Diaphanous*,
 And Mr. *Bias*, his Court-friend, desire
 To kisse his Neices hands, and gratulate
 30 The firme recovery of her good fame,
 And honour—— *Int.* Good, say to 'hem, Mr. *Item*,
 My Neice is on my Ladies side : they'll find her there.
 I pray to be but spar'd, for halfe an houre :
 Ile see 'hem presently. *Rut.* Doe, put 'hem off, *Tim*.
 35 And tell 'hem the importance of the busines.
 Here, he is come ! sooth ; and have all out of him.

v vii. 13 heard *F*3 · heard. *F* 14 sowing] sewing *F*3
 18 bridges,] bridges *F* 21 st dir *Enter Item.* corr. *F* · omitted in
F originally, *F*3 21 he] her *F*, *F*3 24 most *G* (cf l. 45)
 26 After 'us !' [*Aside*] *G* 28 -friend *Editor* (cf v vii. i, 18, x,
 122) : friend's *F* 32 is corr *F* is, *F* originally After 36
Enter Needle, talking as in his sleep. *G*

Nee. How doe you Lady-bird ? so hard at worke, still ?
What's that you say ? Doe you bid me walke, sweet Bird ?
And tell our Knight ? I will. How ? walke knave, walke ?
I thinke y'are angry with me *Pol.* Fine *Pol !* 40

Pol's a fine bird ! O fine Lady *Pol !*

Almond for Parrat ; Parrat's a brave bird :

Three hundred thousand peeces ha' you stuck,

Edge-long into the ground, within the Garden ?

O, bounteous Bird ! *Int.* And me, most happy creature. 45

Rut. Smother your joy. *Nee.* How ? and drop'd twice so
many——

Int. Ha ! where ? *Rut.* Containe your selfe. *Nee.* I' the
old Well ?

Int. I cannot, I am a man of flesh, and blood :

Who can containe himselfe, to heare the Ghost

Of a dead Lady, doe such workes as these ?

And a Citie Lady too, o' the streight waste ?

Rut. Hee's gone. *Nee.* I will goe try the truth of it.

Rut. Follow him, *Tim* : See what he does ; if he bring
you

A 'ssay of it now. *Int.* Ile say hee's a rare fellow :

And has a rare disease. *Rut.* And I will worke

As rare a cure upon him. *Int.* How, good Doctor ?

Rut. When he hath utter'd all, that you would know of
him ;

Ile clense him with a pill (as small as a pease)

And stop his mouth : for there his issue lies,

Betweene the Muscles o' the tongue. *Int.* Hee's come. 60

Rut. What did he, *Item* ? *Ite.* The first step he stept

Into the Garden, he pull'd these five peices

Vp, in a fingers bredth one of another.

The durt sticks on 'hem still. *Int.* I know enough.

Doctor, proceed with your Cure, Ile make thee famous,

Famous among the sonnes of the Physicians, 65

v. vii. 45 O.] O' F 52 G transposes *Rut's* and *Needle's* speeches
in this line, and adds *Exit* after 'it.' 53 After 'does ;' [*Exit*
Item.] G 60 After 'tongue.' Re-enter *Item.* G

Machaon, Podalirius, Esculapius.

Thou shalt have a golden beard, as well as he had ;

And thy *Tim Item* here, have one of silver :

70 A livery beard. And all thy 'Pothecaries

Belong to thee. Where's Squire *Needle* ? gone ?

It. Hee's prick'd away, now he has done the worke.

Rut. Prepare his pill, and gi' it him afore Supper.

Int. Ile send for a dozen o' labourers to morrow,

75 To turne the surface o' the Garden up.

Rut. In mould ? bruise every clod ? *Int.* And have all sifted ;

For Ile not loose a peice o' the Birds bounty,

And take an Inventory of all. *Rut.* And then,

I would goe downe into the Well—— *Int.* My selfe ;

80 No trusting other hands : Sixe hundred thousand,

To the first three ; nine hundred thousand pound——

Rut. 'Twill purchase the whole Bench of Aldermanity,
Stript to their shirts. *Int.* There never did accrew

So great a gift to man, and from a Lady,

85 I never saw but once ; now I remember,

Wee met at Merchants-Taylors-hall, at dinner,

In *Thred-needle* street, *Rut.* Which was a signe Squire
Needle

Should have the thredding of this thred. *Int.* 'Tis true ;

I shall love Parrots better, while I know him.

90 *Rut.* I'd have her statue cut, now, in white marble.

Int. And have it painted in most orient colours.

Rut. That's right ! all Citie statues must be painted :
Else, they be worth nought i' their subtile Judgements.

v vii. 73 *Exit Item* add G
I'd F now,] now F

83 accrew] accrew, F

90 I'd]

ACT V. SCENE VIII.

Interest. Bias. Rut. Palate.

Int. My truest friend in Court, deare Mr. *Bias* ;
You heare o' the recovery of our Neice
In fame, and credit ? *Bia.* Yes, I have beene with her,
And gratulated to her ; but I am sorry
To find the Author o' the fowle aspersion 5
Here i' your company, this insolent Doctor.

Int. You doe mistake him : He is cleare got off on't.
A Gossips Jealousie first gave the hint.
He drives another way, now, as I would have him.
Hee's a rare man, the Doctor, in his way. 10
H'has done the noblest cure here, i' the house,
On a poore Squire, my sisters Taylor, *Needle*,
That talk'd in's sleepe ; would walke to Saint *Iohn's* wood,
And *Waltham* Forrest, scape by all the ponds,
And pits i' the way ; run over two-inch bridges ; 15
With his eyes fast, and i' the dead of night !
He ha' you better acquainted with him. Doctor,
Here is my deare, deare, dearest friend in Court,
Wise, powerfull Mr. *Bias* ; pray you salute
Each other, not as strangers, but true friends. 20

Rut. This is the Gentleman you brought to day,
A Suitor to your Neice ? *Int.* Yes. *Rut.* You were
Agreed, I heard ; the writings drawne betweene you ?

Int. And seald. *Rut.* What broke you off ? *Int.* This
rumour of her ?
Was it not, Mr. *Bias* ? *Bia.* Which I find 25
Now false, and therefore come to make amends
I' the first place. I stand to the old conditions.

Rut. Faith give 'hem him, Sir *Moath*, what ere they were.
You have a brave occasion now, to crosse
The flanting Mr. *Compass*, who pretends 30

Right to the portion, by th'other Intaile.

Int. And claimes it. You doe heare he's married ?

Bia. We heare his wife is run away from him,

Within : She is not to be found i' the house,

35 With all the Hue, and Cry is made for her,
Through every roome ; the Ladders ha' beene search'd,
The Bak-houses, and Boulting-tub, the Ovens,
Wash-house, and Brew-house, nay the very Fornace,
And yet she is not heard of. *Int.* Be she nere heard of,

40 The safety of Great *Brittaine* lyes not on't.

You are content with the ten thousand pound,

Defalking the foure hundred garnish money ?

That's the condition here, afore the Doctor,

Enter Palate. And your demand, friend *Bias*. *Bia.* It is, Sir *Moath*.

Rut. Here comes the *Parson* then, shall make all sure.

Int. Goe you with my friend *Bias*, *Parson Palate*,
Vnto my Neice ; assure them, wee are agreed.

Pal. And Mrs. *Compass* too, is found within.

Int. Where was she hid ? *Pal.* In an old Bottle-house,
50 Where they scrap'd trenchers ; there her mother had thrust
her.

Rut. You shall have time, Sir, to triumph on him,
When this fine feate is done, and his *Rud-Ironside*.

ACT V. SCENE IX.

Compass. Pleasance. *Lady*. [*Ironside*.] *Practise*.

Polish. *Chaire*. *Keepe*. &c.

Com. Was ever any Gentlewoman us'd
So barbarously by a malicious Gossip,
Pretending to be Mother to her too ?

Pol. Pretending ! Sir, I am her Mother, and challenge
5 A right, and power for what I have done. *Com.* Out, Hag.

v. viii. 37 -tub, corr. F. -tub. F originally 44 18,] 18 F
47 them,] them F 52 Exeunt. add G v. ix] SCENE VI. { Another
Room in the Same. | Enter Compass, Lady Loadstone, Practise, Polish,
Chair, and Keepe. G

Thou that hast put all nature off, and woman :
 For sordid gaine, betray'd the trust committed
 Vnto thee by the dead, as from the living :
 Chang'd the poore innocent Infants in their Cradles :
 Defrauded them o' their parents, chang'd their names, 10
 Calling *Placentia, Pleasance ; Pleasance, Placentia.*

Pol. How knowes he this ? *Com.* Abus'd the neighbour-
 hood ;

But most this Lady. Did'st enforce an oath,
 To this poore woman, on a pious booke,
 To keepe close thy impiety. *Pol.* Ha' you told this ? 15

Kee. I told it ? no, he knowes it, and much more,
 As he's a cunning man. *Pol.* A cunning foole,
 If that be all. *Com.* But now to your true daughter,
 That had the Child, and is the proper *Pleasance*,
 Wee must have an account of that too, Gossip. 20

Pol. This's like all the rest of Mr. *Compass*.

ACT V. SCENE X.

Enter to them running, Rut.

Rut. Helpe, helpe for Charity ; Sir *Moath Interest*
 Is false into the Well. *Lad.* Where ? where ? *Rut.* I' the
 Garden.

A rope to save his life. *Com.* How came he there ?

Rut. He thought to take possession of a fortune,
 There newly drop't him, and the old *Chaine* broke, 5
 And downe fell hee i' the Bucket. *Com.* Is it deepe ?

Rut. We cannot tell. A rope : helpe with a rope.

Sil. He is got out againe. The Knight is sav'd.

Iro. A little sows'd i' the water : *Needle* sav'd him.

Ite. The water sav'd him, 'twas a faire escape.

Nee. Ha' you no hurt ? *Int.* A little wet. *Nee.* That's
 nothing.

Enter
Silke-
worme.
Ironsides.
Item.
Needle,
and
Interest.

v ix 12 After 'this ?' [*Aside.*] G 15 *Aside to the Nurse.* add G
 20 Gossip.] Gossip ; F v. x.] *Enter Rut running* G, continuing the
 scene 7 'St dir. *Interest*] *Interest-Rut* F

Rut. I wish'd you stay Sir till to morrow : And told you,
It was no lucky houre : since sixe a Clock

[*Lady.*] All starres were retrograde. *Lad.* I' the name

15 Of fate, or folly, how came you i' the Bucket ?

Int. That is a *Quære* of another time, sister,

The Doctor will resolve you—who hath done

The admirable'st cure upon your *Needle* !

Gi' me thy hand, good *Needle* : thou cam'st timely.

20 Take off my hood and coat. And let me shake

My selfe a little. I have a world of busines.

<Enter> Where is my Nephew *Bias* ? and his wife ?

Bias. Who bids God gi' 'hem joy ? Here they both stand

Palate. As sure affianced, as the *Parson*, or words

25 Can tie 'hem. *Rut.* Wee all wish 'hem joy, and happinesse.

Silk. I saw the Contract, and can witnesse it.

Int. He shall receive ten thousand pounds to morrow.

You look'd for't, *Compasse*, or a greater summe,

But 'tis dispos'd of, this, another way.

30 I have but one Neice, verely *Compasse*.

Com. Ile find another. *Varlet*, doe your office.

Varlet. *Var.* I doe arrest your body, Sir *Moath Interest*,

In the Kings name : At suite of Mr. *Compasse*,

And Dame *Placentia* his wife. The Action's entred,

35 Five hundred thousand pound. *Int.* Heare you this, sister ?

And hath your house the eares, 'to heare it too ?

And to resound the affront ? *Lad.* I cannot stop

The Lawes, or hinder Justice. I can be

Your Baile, if 't may be taken. *Com.* With the Captaines,

40 I aske no better. *Rut.* Here are better men,

Will give their Baile. *Com.* But yours will not be taken,

Worshipfull Doctor ; you are good security

For a suit of clothes, to th' Taylor, that dares trust you :

But not for such a summe, as is this Action.

45 *Varlet*, You know my mind. *Var.* You must to prison, Sir,

v. x. 15 folly, F3. folly F 16 *Quære*] The *a* badly printed in F
19 hand,] hand F 22 *Bias* at l 21, *Palate.* at l. 23 in F 23
gi' 'hem] gi'hem F 30 verely] verily, Master G Enter a *Serjeant*.
add G

Vnlesse you can find Baile the Creditor likes.

Int. I would faine find it, it you'd shew me where.

Silk. It is a terrible Action ; more indeed,

Then many a man is worth. And is call'd *Fright-Baile*.

Iro. Faith I will baile him, at mine owne apperill. 50

Varlet, be gone : Ile once ha' the reputation,

To be security for such a summe.

Bear up, Sir *Moath*. *Rut.* He is not worth the Buckles

About his Belt, and yet this *Ironsides* clashes.

Int. Peace, lest he heare you, Doctor ; wee'll make use of him. 55

What doth your brother *Compassse*, Captaine *Ironsides*,

Demand of us, by way of challenge, thus ?

Iro. Your Neices portion ; in the right of his wife.

Int. I have assur'd one portion, to one Neice,

And have no more t'account for, that I know of : 60

What I may doe in charity—if my sister,

Will bid an Offring for her maid, and him,

As a Benevolence to 'hem, after Supper,

Ile spit into the Bason, and intreat

My friends to doe the like. *Com.* Spit out thy gall, 65

And heart, thou Viper : I will now no mercy,

No pittie of thee, thy false Neice, and *Needle* ;

Bring forth your Child, or I appeale you of murder,

You, and this Gossip here, and Mother *Chaire*.

Cha. The Gentleman's falne mad ! *Ple.* No, Mrs. Mid-wife. *Pleasance* steps out.

I saw the Child, and you did give it me,

And put it i' my armes, by this ill token,

You wish'd me such another ; and it cry'd.

Pra. The Law is plaine ; if it were heard to cry,

And you produce it not, hee may indict 75

All that conceale't, of Felony, and Murder.

Com. And I will take the boldnesse, Sir, to doe it :

Beginning with Sir *Moath* here, and his Doctor.

Silk. Good faith, this same is like to turne a busines.

v. x. 53 up,] up E
F. charity F originally

445.6

55 you,] you F
79 faith,] faith F

61 charity— corr.

- 80 *Pal.* And a shrewd busines, marry : they all start at't.
Com. I ha' the right thred now, and I will keepe it.
 You good'y *Keepe*, confesse the truth to my Lady,
 The truth, the whole truth, nothing but the truth.
Pol. I scorne to be prevented of my glories.
- 85 I plotted the deceit, and I will owne it.
 Love to my Child, and lucre of the portion
 Provok'd me ; wherein though th'event hath fail'd
 In part, I will make use of the best side.
 This is my Daughter, and she hath had a Child
- 90 This day, (unto her shame, I now professe it.)
 By this meere false-stick Squire *Needle*, but
 Since this wise Knight, hath thought it good to change
 The foolish Father of it, by assuring
 Her to his deare friend, Mr. *Bias* ; and him
- 95 Againe to her, by clapping of him on
 With his free promise of ten thousand pound,
 Afore so many witnesses. *Silk.* Whereof I
 Am one. *Pal.* And I another. *Pol.* I should be unnaturall
 To my owne flesh, and blood, would I not thanke him.
- 100 I thanke you Sir : and I have reason for it.
 For here your true Neice stands, fine Mrs. *Compassse*.
 (He tell you truth, you have deserv'd it from me.)
 To whom you are by bond engag'd to pay
 The sixteene thousand pound, which is her portion,
- 105 Due to her husband, on her marriage-day.
 I speake the truth, and nothing but the truth.
Iro. You'll pay it now, Sir *Moath*, with interest ?
 You see the truth breaks out on every side of you.
Int. Into what nets of cous'nage am I cast
- 110 On ev'ry side ? each thred is growne a noose :
 A very mesh : I have run my selfe into
 A double breake, of paying twice the money.
Bia. You shall be releas'd, of paying me a penny,

v x 89 After ' Daughter,' [*Points to Placentia.*] G 92 change
 corr F : change, F originally 98 unnaturall corr. F. unnaturall
 F originally 100 have] have F originally 103 pay corr. F :
 pay, F originally 110 noose] noofe F : Noof F3

With these conditions. *Pol.* Will you leave her then ?

Bia. Yes, and the summe, twice told, ere take a wife, 115
To pick out Mounsieur *Needles* basting threds.

Com. Gossip, you are paid : though he be a fit nature,
Worthy to have a Whore justly put on him ;
He is not bad enough to take your Daughter,
On such a cheat. Will you yet pay the portion ? 120

Int. What will you 'bate ? *Com.* No penny the Law
gives.

Int. Yes, *Bias's* money. *Com.* What ? your friend in
Court ?

I will not rob you of him, nor the purchase,
Nor your deare Doctor here ; stand altogether,
Birds of a nature all, and of a feather. 125

Lad. Well, wee are all now reconcil'd to truth.
There rests yet a Gratuitie from me,
To be conferr'd upon this Gentleman ;
Who (as my Nephew *Compasse* sayes) was cause,
First of th'offence, but since of all th'amends. 130

The Quarrell caus'd th'affright ; that fright brought on
The travell, which made peace ; the peace drew on
This new discovery, which endeth all
In reconcilment. *Com.* When the portion

Is tender'd, and receiv'd. *Int.* Well, you must have it, 135
As good at first as last. *<Lad.>* 'Tis well said, brother.

And I, if this good Captaine will accept me,
Give him my selfe, endow him with my estate,
And make him Lord of me, and all my fortunes :
He that hath sav'd my h<on>oure, though by chance, 140
He really study his, and how to thanke him.

Iro. And I imbrace you, Lady, and your goodnesse,
And vow to quit all thought of warre hereafter ;
Save what is fought under your colours, Madam.

Pal. More worke then for the *Parson* ; I shall cap 145

v. x. 117 Gossip,] Gossip F 124 here,] here, F altogether,]
altogether. F: all together, W 130 amends] amends, F 132
peace,] The semicolon imperfect in some copies of F 136 Lad. F3
said,] said F 140 honour] honour 1716, W: houre F: hour F3

The *Loadstone* with an *Ironside*, I see.

Iro. And take in these, the forlorne Couple, with us,
Needle, and 's *Thred*, whose portion I will thinke on ;

As being a busines, waiting on my bounty :

150 Thus I doe take possession of you, Madam,
My true *Magnetick* Mistris, and my Lady.

The end.

CHORUS

Changed into an EPILOGUE :

To the KING.

WELL, Gentlemen, I now must under seale,
And th' Authors charge, waive you, and make my'
appeale

To the supremest power, my LORD, the KING ;
Who best can judge of what wee humbly bring.
Hee knowes our weaknesse, and the Poets faults ;
Where he doth stand upright, goe firme, or halts ;
And hee will doome him. To which voice he stands,
And prefers that, 'fore all the Peoples hands.
